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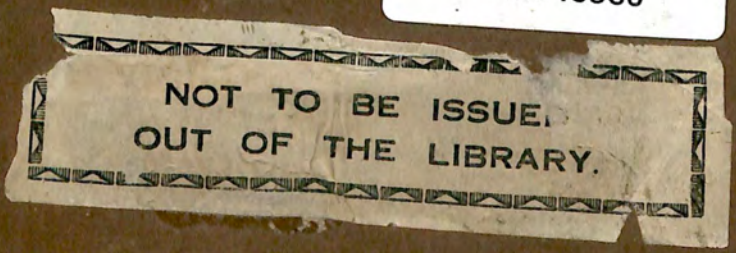
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THE

# BENGALEE

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

OR

# SKETCHES OF SOCIETY IN THE EAST.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

CALCUTTA:

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# THE BENGALEE.

## THE PICTORIAL ART IN INDIA.

"To claim the Sketch—and tempt the Artist's hand."
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

PAINTING, as an accomplishment to a man of education, as an elegant resource to a man of leisure, and as an amusement and means of gratification to almost every one, stands forth peculiarly eminent in the list of polite acquirements. Although in the same degree with a few other ornamental portions of education, it is not altogether an indispensable portion of our studies—yet it has this advantage over most others, that, while its attainment opens a source of continued and ever-increasing delight to its followers,

the produce of its skill, unlike the evanescent performance of the sister art, music, remains with us, or with our friends, as a lasting memento of our efforts.

The above, it will be seen, treats of painting as a recreation only, and a mere accomplishment:—its advanced study is a higher branch of art. It then assumes either as historical painting, as a living portraiture of the feelings and emotions of the mind, or as more elegant composition and the delineation of the grander works of art and nature, a more important character. It demands a wider range of intellectual pursuit, a loftier acquaintance with almost every other branch of science, and in addition to mental qualifications of no ordinary stature, it exacts a life of patient and laborious assiduity, a practical command of hand, a toilsome and most minute familiarity with every mechanical detail. Excellence in it is to be attained only by a course of study and application, little less than that

necessary for scientific attainments of the profoundest and gravest character.

In the following little chapter on the subject, it is not intended to do more than consider the preliminary outlines of the art, or to view the art itself, except in the light of an elegant and pleasing accomplishment. As such it is, here, within the aim and reach of all of us, and particularly of our native brother-subjects, and those young students in India, who may have advanced a little in the common acquirements of European education. Confined to the lighter limits, it will still secure to its votaries many a glad feeling of enjoyment in the admiration of this rich and picturesque country, and in the delineation of the varied scenery around us. It will still innocently and agreeably employ many an hour of leisure, to the exclusion possibly of far less harmless avocations. It will teach us to preserve the record of places and pleasures long known and admired, or what

is almost as delightful, afford the means of placing in the hand of those we love, and would fain be remembered by, many a little token of our own skill and affection.

It is observed by Hazlitt, himself no contemptible painter, that there is a pleasure in the exercise of the art, which none can truly appreciate, except painters themselves. It is, indeed, the case. The moment the votary is fairly seated at his pencil, and sees form after form, or tint after tint, growing before him—his own little handy-work—at once every thought becomes plâcid and delightful. It is not with him the simple gratulation and complacency of a self-soothing vanity, or the mere childish admiration of his own performance. But although it must partake of something not wholly unmingled with, or unindicative of these sentiments, still there is a rising good nature—a living succession of happy ideas, flitting pleasingly before one, an absence of worldly envies, stings, and irritabilities,

a joyous satisfaction with ourselves, and all before us in our own little world of bright hues and growing imagery—that whatever the real source of the enjoyment, there *is* assuredly an happiness in the quiet studio of an artist, and more essentially so in that of the enthusiastic unfettered amateur—which if he cannot altogether explain, he yet finds it—how unlike many other exciting charms of life! increasing upon acquaintance, and becoming more vividly and sensibly dear to him under each repetition and return. We candidly for ourselves avow, that even exile and India never seem so endurable, we had almost said, so amiable—our friends around us never more kind—our hopes, aspirations and future prospects never more alluring—nay, life itself more glistening in *couleur de rose*, than when seated uninterrupted at our easel, with some loved friend quietly niched at our elbow, and ourselves in the full honors and enjoyments of our little art—tenderly

scumbling over some distant mountain in a landscape, giving the few bright touches of crispness, and effect to the sunlit copse, on the expanded bosom of the deep-blue lake —perhaps tinting the cheek of some fair portrait; or playfully fretting and teasing the varying forms of a growing little cluster of ever changeful foliage.

But in sadness we must avow it, India has little to boast of in its own pictorial efforts. It is at least four or five centuries behind Europe in the commonest branches of the art. While the native artist has the same delicacy of touch and finished softness of handling, the same patience at ornamental detail, and the same love of exuberant ornament itself, the same richness of hues and brilliancy of colouring, which long obtained in Europe, and were all conspicuous in the few paintings which remain of an era before the reformation, or rather of that period when oil-painting was first discovered by John Vanek in the middle

of the fourteenth century;—there exists still in all native attempts at painting, the same ignorance of drawing—the same ill adjustment of parts of the painting—the same unacquaintance with perspective, and absence of aerial gradation of colouring—the same false taste, distortion of form, and want of prismatic effect—in fact the same errors and deformities that characterized the old paintings before the rise of the Italian school, or the correcter acquaintance with the true principles of drawing. Thus the exquisite finish we have to admire in some of the little miniature productions of the up-country artists serves only to prove the delicacy and capability of their handling—and is, after all, so much waste of real skill and dexterity *sui generis*. Some of the Patna fabricators of the common *talc* representations of trades and native figures would prove valuable pupils in the studio of a London artist. The latter would soon render available their facility of copying,

and their correctness of eye and hand, and by simply giving their patience and positive talent for the art a proper direction contrive to render them useful as assistants. The imitative power of a native painter is wonderful.

If mere exactness of similitude and minuteness of detail in following the lines, and peculiarities of a subject, whether in delineating a leaf, an eye-brow, a piece of brocade, or an insect, constitute the value of representation, no country can exhibit more patient and successful copyists than India. In proof of their ability in this particular, we may call to mind the numerous instances of their ingenious forgeries, and in some cases even their imitations of copper-plate impressions with figures, or arabesque designs, all of which we have heard have been managed by hand, and with the aid of a fine common hair pencil. It is therefore not in the mechanical part of the task that the native artist would be

expected to fail. Even freedom and execution, though little perceptible at present in their efforts, might in time be duly acquired by them. But it is in the higher and scientific application of the rules of art, that they are most deficient and palpably incapable. Their eye, taste, feeling, and idea of perspective must undergo a radical change ere the crude, ill-drawn, gaudy, and laboured painting of the native can admit of improvement. As for the chiaro oscuro of a picture, the harmony of the tints, the tone of an entire piece of colouring, and correct prismatic effect, or the fitting arrangement of light and shadow—they are perfectly innocent of all attempts either to exhibit them, or even to understand their first principles. There have been some beautiful painters on ivory among them, and it is stated of some of their accomplished princes and nobles, that they were adepts in the art, but the few common artists who have come among us, while they have shown a

most enviable facility of correctly pourtraying the lineaments and features of those who sat to them, while there was also a softness and delicacy in their colouring which many of our English miniature painters would gladly have attained; yet there was ever an absence of expression—a want of roundness and retiring in the form and feature—an ignorance of half tint—a stiffness in the figure (even where corrected by others into tolerable drawing)—an unsoftened preservation of outline—the beau ensemble of which produced at last a most melancholy, solemn, and unsatisfactory likeness.

We doubt however, except in a few rare cases, whether much pains has been hitherto taken by their European brethren of the pencil to instil into them a better style and practice. It is said that some few natives, who have betrayed talent, have at times improved under the instruction of artists and amateurs; and we have seen one, who

certainly evinced considerable advancement from the hints and valuable aid of Sir C. D'. the most distinguished amateur lately in India. It would be of benefit if the public institution of a class, or school for drawing, could be established. The *eleves* might be rendered in time invaluable assistants to our survey and engineer departments.

If the native scale of talent is at a low ebb, we cannot speak favorably of the increasing success in India of our English school of painting. At this moment we have not a portrait painter of any considerable celebrity, even in the metropolis of British India*. One or two miniature or portrait painters of talent, but boasting of little profitable success in their profession, are our sole present boast in this line of art in our vaunted city of palaces. Paintings

*. We have had several eminent men, portrait and landscape painters, temporarily in India—Zoffani, Daniel, Havell, and others.

of value are seldom to be met with here, and the reason is obvious. Our European sojourners in the east are but strangers in the land, and cannot be induced to look upon India as their home. No one, even where wealth has conferred the power, has the desire to add valuable works of art to his temporary domicile. A few prints and occasional paintings and portraits, more to fill the blank white-washed spaces of our bare walls, than arrogating to themselves any pretension to adornment, are at times met with;—but as each change or movement of the family consigns the collection to a sale by auction, these articles are little estimated, even as similar pieces of family furniture are cherished in England; and thus they are either disposed off for a mere trifle, or suffered to become the early prey of the insect, or of the other destructive ravagers of the climate. Our English artists, moreover, are not much patronised. Mr. Home, the patriarch of our late professors,

by a long life passed in the exercise of most respectable talent, had been for years enabled to retire to ease and comfort in the upper provinces. About twenty or thirty years ago he was the Calcutta artist of the day, and chronicled more men's faces than has fallen to the lot of most painters. His likenesses were excellent; unerring and striking;—his colouring good and natural, and altogether, his art was of a high order. But his pictures wanted variety and animation, and there was an unvarying smoothness of character in his flesh, a ruddiness and seeming partiality to Indian red in the complexion, and a heaviness of form in his drapery, and in the general arrangement of his subject, which have left us no very pleasing reliques of our papas and mammas of the earlier portion of this century. He was a great favorite however with them, and deservedly so. A few years ago, he transmitted from Cawnpore a likeness of himself, for the exhibition then open at the Town

Hall—as capital a painting of the kind as could have been exhibited in any existing collection at a metropolis of Europe.

After Mr. Home came our old teacher and friend, Mr. George Chinnery, the very life and soul of painting for many a long year of his unrivalled triumph and success in Calcutta. Blest with a happy constitution, an ever growing admiration of his beloved art, a clear, quick, and apprehensive mind, and a very passable portion of information and common literary attainment; with a love of social intercourse, (perhaps too much for his own domestic quiet and happiness,) that made him the sought and ever recherché object of the gay and elegant circle of his admirers. With all these recommendations, leaving aside his eminence as an artist and as a man of real genius in his own profession, no wonder, that for a long series of years he lived supreme in the hearts and admiration of his friends and many amateur pupils. He had his errors and peculiar

failings, like many another bright star in our unhappy hemisphere; and if, as was once thrown in the teeth of a young and ambitious artist in London, he sometimes "learned to spend his guinea ere he earned it;"—the difficulties that at last awaited him, were rather those of the reckless and habitually improvident, than of the dashing spend-thrift, or the unprincipled speculator. But in speaking of art, we have naught with this—we may lament and deplore his failings and his misfortunes, for in the last we are all involved as far as we are concerned in Calcutta,—we have lost himself and his talents in consequence—but as an artist, few are the faults we have to arraign him with; and as a friend and social acquaintance, the man must live a long life, and enjoy ample field and opportunity, and rare good luck to boot, who meets in his earthly pilgrimage with George Chinnery's fellow and his compeer.

As a draughtsman, a finished penciller,

and a bold and peculiarly powerful master of outline—as a fearless and successful distributor of broad masses of light and shade—as a sweet colourist in his landscapes, as a delineator of nature,—and of remarkable fidelity, in painting cattle and the picturesque Hindoo rusticity of Bengal, no painter who has resided among us has ever come near to Mr. Chinnery. As a miniature painter, he first introduced himself to notice; and before his failing eye-sight prevented his painting minuter subjects, his likenesses were much admired, and his depth of colouring resembled somewhat the rich tones and strength of the late Mrs. Mee's productions of European celebrity. Afterwards, he restricted himself to oil-paintings in his portraits, and then it must be confessed, his extreme boldness of colour, and violent shadows and strong intervening half tints gave a want of delicacy to his painting, to which mellowness nor familiarity with his style have served to reconcile us. An

anecdote is told of Sir Thomas Lawrence, to whom were shewn some beautiful little studies by Chinnery and his opinion will exemplify and prove the foregoing observation. The late president was evidently delighted with these specimens of a brother artist, labouring in a different climate. He looked at them again and again, and at length observed to those who had gathered round him, "No one living could have painted these spirited studies save Mr. Chinnery! There is a peculiarity however in them—these intensely warm shadows and the strong intervening greys, separating them and the rich lights—they are very marked! And yet the principle is good, and supported by a proud example. It was that of Rubens, but Rubens had the power to conceal this principle and art. I have ever essayed to do so. Mr. Chinnery makes a parade of it."

Mr. Chinnery is now in China. We hear his collections of sketches and scenery in the vicinity of Macao and Canton, and of

the Chinese themselves, their manners, implements, and habits, are most extensive and valuable. Would he were again among us!

We have barely left ourselves space for several talented individuals, whom we would yet describe ere we leave our list of Anglo-Indian Artists. A very talented son of Sir C. Beechey is now at Lucknow. Some of his portraits are splendid productions, and his delineations of the Hindoo female are exquisite. With him in Oude was lately M. Casanova, a French gentleman of considerable knowledge of the art. His acquaintance with the various schools and styles, and the higher principles of painting, was unusually great, while his own studies and performances are not a little clever and effective. He is not much known, and works so slowly and deliberately that his works are few; a sporting piece of his was much admired in Calcutta a few years ago.

A gentleman of the name of Hutchinson had considerable talent. His portraits and miniatures are far above mediocrity, though the shadows and retiring tints of the latter are too much of the cold grey French style, but some theatrical paintings, representing our principal amateur actors in character, also a large exhibition of a nautch, interspersed with remarkably clever portraits —some splendid sporting pieces of hog-hunters, and other amusements, have stampt Mr. Hutchinson as a painter whom we may well have been proud of possessing. Our worthy scene-painter too, has great acquired knowledge of his art, and has painted some clever things. We have one or two clever East Indian painters. Mr. Pote exhibits no little talent.

Our amateurs deserve a few words of notice, for we possess some very talented ones. We have already alluded to one who has done as much for the art in India, as a professor could have done. The drop-scene

at the Chowringhee Theatre, the design of another gentleman, and executed by himself and a friend, is a proof that the climate, however enervating its effects, is not altogether destructive to ability in such conception, or to labour in its execution. In 1830, an institution was got up by the Calcutta amateurs, under the unpretending and rather homely title of the Brush Club, and an exhibition under its auspices was opened for two seasons. The paintings were good, but the encouragement to the undertaking was not of a nature to warrant our amateurs putting themselves to the pains and annoyance of procuring pictures from every quarter. It ceased therefore after bringing together for a couple of years various very creditable Anglo-Indian productions, as well as the few paintings by masters which chance and the wealth of former days had left in India.

But it is not the art at large that we are discussing, but that portion of it, which

an amateur would seek as conducive to his amusement only, and we should add, more particularly with reference to its posecution in this country. We have no slight object in this; we have heard it asserted frequently that India is no place for the cultivation of the arts, that it has nothing to interest the painter, that its landscapes are dull and insipid, its scenery unvarying; and it is affirmed that without adverting to the difficulty of keeping up any accomplishment at all in such a climate, and essentially this one, there are positively no fit subjects for its study, nor any field for its prosecution.

We are at issue on this very point. We think India the place of all others for the cultivation of this delightful, soothing, and sedentary accomplishment. Very little care and precaution will conquer much of the first difficulty complained of, that of securing and preserving the usual materials. And as for scenery, or objects of the picturesque and beautiful, the East, we are prepared to

assert, is their very home and birth-place. There is a picture on every hand, at every step. The lowly hut, the common mat inclosure, the neglected plantain rising greenly over its broken and rugged screen —the ruder implements of rustic husbandry in the domestic and daily use of the Hindoo —all—all are essentially and eminently picturesque. Look at every goat at the village side, the bullock, the hackery, the discoloured mosque and ruined wall with its thousand-tinted coating of age and moss, and of every broken form and mellowed hue, so dear to the eye of the artist: these, as Chinnery used enthusiastically to affirm, "ARE MADE TO BE PAINTED." If one would seek a grand Venetian view, and rear a tall architectural pile over the bosom of some reflecting waters, there is not a city on the holy Ganges that presents not a hundred scenes for sketching, such as a Canaletti would have gladdened to exhibit, or our own countryman Prout would not sigh

to see rising beneath the pencil, in his own living touches and details. Is it the mountain and tall forest you prefer? You may revel here in the wildest imagery that ever greeted a Salvator Rosa. The sky-piercing Himalyah on the back-ground, glowing in the white, or azure, or pink and variegated changes of the hour, with the fantastic and yet inexplicably graceful outlines of the midway eminences, and then the endless inumerable changes of undying verdure in the fore ground of every strength and shade of green, from the brilliant crome, to the deep intensity of the rich and dark forest hue of the sunless ravine—all this wealth of colouring beaming upon, or mantling the wildest forms of savage nature that ever frowned in her own dread haunts of untrodden grandeur and magnificence. But let us away from the dark glen and the cliff and the beetling rock, and repose amid the Claude-like sunset of our hallowed river. Ah! the sun is just sinking over yonder

tall tope of palms and spreading mangoes. Bright and dazzling and powerful, though late it appeared, the eye can now almost gaze on the glory itself; it is veiled in its own lustre and its broad undefined disk gives only its rich last lingering light ere it descend. The few clouds hang thin and fleecy o'er the west, save on one side where, clustering into a golden sea, the waves seem heaving in their brightness;

——— "Those beauteous robes of heaven
"Incessant roll into romantic shapes
"The dream of waking fancy!"

And the hot day-breeze has died away, sinking into whispering freshness, and sleeping now upon the bosom of the Ganges, until the stirless waters mirror calmly the glowing splendour above them. Behold how darkly shewn and yet how softly distinct at this moment the outline of yon island mosque before you, with its few palm and date trees rising in bold and lovely relief

from the gleaming background they oppose. The waters barely ripple at their feet, and leave their long reflected forms soft and shadowy in the depths of the wave. The fisher's skiff seems to glide along, oar-less and unurged, on the silent stream, and the long shadow of the motionless fisherman sinks within the river calmly and tremblingly beneath him.

But yet more beautiful! See the colder tints of evening are closing in, and the upper sky and the waters on either hand are now growing blue, and soft, and more retiring, concentrating in all the loveliness of rich contrast the narrowing brilliancy of the still sparkling west! *Is this no subject for a painter?*

But if we seek the more familiar and every day objects around us, what can be more simple and yet more pleasing than the Musulman mosque on every hand? Its round dome surrounded by the dark foliage of the heavy tamarind or lime tree, the

few ornaments on the parapet, and the rude Gothic arches and garniture of the crest and entablature, giving ample exercise for the bold handling and details of the pencil. The light breaking fitfully through some opening in the foliage throws its broad gleams on the face of the building, while in the open vista behind, breaks on you a view of the retiring plain, with the blue, misty, indistinct and subdued colouring of the far villages and topes of trees in the distance.

The broken brick wall of the native cottage with varied earthen front, and occasional interspersing of mat and rude mud plastering: the ruined thatch, the heavy creeper, overspreading the roof, the projecting bamboos, the light pigeon frame in the vicinity, the humble artless vehicles, and implements of husbandry, the gaunt, shaggy fleshless tatoos—the oxen —the natives themselves, their primitive attire, their attitudes—forms—varieties of

castes and occupations, and peculiarities of every picturesque description,—these are on every hand, at every village throughout the country, awaiting the pencil of the artist and courting transfer to his sketch book. It is not idle then to complain of the want of subjects and the insipidity of the country?—the reverse is the positive fact. Why every ghaut in the whole line of the Ganges is a subject, and every group of natives before you, a picture!

## THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

LALLA ROOKH.

"I TELL you, O'Leary, they are the finest women in the world," said the old Major, authoritatively, as he adjusted the snake of his hookah under the right arm of his very roomy Bareillee chair; and after gulping down his tenth bumper of Madeira, since the removal of the table-cloth.

"So you are often pleased to assert, Major," replied the other; "but it would require double even of your lengthened sojourning in this country, and a goodly portion also of your Bengallee habits, before I could consent to believe our Hindoostanee

damsels to be even passable. But there is no accounting for tastes!"

"Tastes!" reiterated the Major: "why it is no matter of conjecture; 'tis downright irresistible, positive fact. Ask young Amorett, there, at the bottom of the table, what he thought of the pretty Golaub, the other evening, at Rajah Nob Kissen's Nautch?"

Amorett heard not a syllable. He might have been thinking of Golaub at the moment, but, at all events, he was too deeply absorbed in meditation to attend to the Major, even on this his own too admired topic.

"Mr. Vice," cried the Major, addressing himself to the Vice-President,—"will you do me the kindness to touch the elbow of your right-hand neighbour, and respectfully apprise him, that I wish to interrogate him as to the charms of his adorable Golaub?"

This appeal roused the attention not only of the ruminating young Officer, but of the

whole Mess-table. The eyes of all became addressed, first to the Major and soon to the now blushing and confused youth at the right hand of the Vice-President.

"Amorett," resumed the Major, "you are a well read young gentleman, and must decide a knotty point between O'Leary and myself: while you were silently in perusal of Golaub's dark eyes, at the Rajah's, the other evening, did you admire them, because, as Alison says on Taste, there was an association of pleasing ideas with their beaming and beauty, or that you positively and *de facto* found them lovely in themselves?

"By the powers! he found them lovely in themselves!" roared out a merry, satirical-looking Lieutenant, at the middle of the table, "for he has been writing poetry upon Eastern Beauty ever since the Nautch. It was only yesterday, at the main-guard, he seized upon the envelope of the guard report as a record for the hallowed

breathings of his Muse; and good luck be praised!—but I have it here!"

"For Heaven's sake! give it to me!"—cried Amorett;—"nay, nay, do not shew it!"

"Mr. President," continued the Lieutenant, "have I your valued permission to delight this good company with the inspirations of our Amorett's Muse, breathed upon, as it has been, by the touching beauty of the incomparable Lady of the Nautch?"

"Of course!"—"certainly!"—"begin!—begin!" was echoed from every part of the Mess-table. The Lieutenant rose up, and adjusting himself theatrically, for the effective recital of the verses in his hand, now commenced gravely and sonorously, to repeat the following lines.

"EASTERN BEAUTY.

"There may be bosoms, that will not confess
The East's fond claim to maiden loveliness;
There may be bosoms, that shall lightly hail
Such Beauty,—hallow'd but in minstrel tale:

These,—midst the fairer visions of the West,
Where Love beams lustre from a snowy vest,
But little deem our Sun can lavish charms,
O'er flowers—where tints but deepen as it warms ;
But there is Beauty—Oh ! who durst deny
The speaking magic of the deep dark eye ?—
Of the veil'd look,—that, stealing to the soul,
Breathes—unassuming there,—a soft control ?
That will not seek your glance,—but, as it meets,
Lingers awhile in love,—nor yet retreats,
Ere it's too dangerous sleepiness of gleam
Instil the lull,—the languor of a dream ;
A Form half-bow'd—receding from the view,
Or mark'd beneath the veil's scarce shadowy hue,
Where, seeming lovelier in their soften'd grace,
Beam forth the features of a Houri face ;
A little hand,—that trembles to the touch,
To tell fond thoughts,—yet shrinks to find them such
A dove-like bosom, where a mimic load
Of swelling ripeness rears it's twin abode,
Breathing young sighs of tenderness, as pure
As ever Love from innocence could lure,
All this *is* Beauty,—or the charm it gives,
Too warmly wakes to life, too wildly lives !"

"Bravo ! Bravo !" resounded round the table. "But where is Amorett ?" exclaimed, at once, half a dozen enquiring voices.—

"Why the man is seriously off in a pet;—he'll have you out, my friend!" observed the Major, to the satirical looking Lieutenant.

"Nay, I hope the poor lad is not annoyed," said the latter; "but he is off sure enough, and you must defer the deciding of your sage argument, I fear, Major, until some better opportunity."

At Gun-fire, in the morning after the conversation just detailed, and which occurred at the Mess-table of one of the Regiments of Native Infantry stationed at Secrole, in the vicinity of Benares, a small detachment of Sepoys was seen moving off the Parade-ground in the direction of the holy city. The men were accoutred as for a march, being provided with their knapsacks, well stuffed with brass *lotahs*, cloths, and that most necessary accompaniment, the hookah. An Elephant, laden with the tents of the party, and four Camels, which, in a string, were carrying the single-poled tent and *routee*

of their Officer, paced slowly along by the side of the men, as they crossed over the extensive Parade-ground of the station, and entered the suburbs of the city, at the road leading towards Doorgakhoond. Straggling behind, and guided each by a half-naked boy, or miserable looking woman, were a few tattoos,—the poor fleshless ponies of the country, which the savings of certain of the Sepoys had enabled them to purchase for the sake of loading them with pots and pans, brass vessels, cotton quilts, and other such appurtenances, for the convenience and consolation of the line of march.

In the farther rear, toiled on, slowly, three or four heavily laden hackeries, or native carts, piled up into shapeless pyramids with charpoys, the primitive bed of Asia, and overgrown bundles enclosed in coarse brown blankets. In one of the hackeries, which was rudely barricadoed up at the sides with a few mats, rode the closely-veiled, but peeping family of one of the

half Mussulmaun, half Portuguese drummers of the detachment. Several beardless lads, their bundles braced on their backs with broad tape, something in the fashion of a knapsack, and with small white linen caps, like the undress ones of the Sepoys, placed buckishly on the summit, or knob, of their well-tied hair, and clad in quilted chintz jackets, and thick sepoy shoes, were sturdily pacing along by the side of the soldiers; and, by striving to catch the military step of their relatives in the ranks, and adopting the air and swagger of their accoutred ensamples, to prove that they were right good aspirants for the honour of a Camp, and the future dignity of enlistment. In fine, the whole picturesque group, as it moved along, was just what may be frequently witnessed in the vicinity of a large military cantonment, on the occasional detaching of a Treasure, or other escort; or on the wonted marching of a relieving party for a distant guard.

A few paces in the front of the detachment, rode the Commanding Officer: rather juvenile, it would have seemed in the eyes of the steady grey veterans of other times, for the charge of so many men. He was a light, florid, fair-haired young man, of two or three and twenty, probably, who appeared to be on good terms with himself, and all the world; and not at all displeased with a new pair of grenadier wings, which his late fortunate promotion to a Lieutenantcy, and appointment as a subaltern to the Grenadier Company, had authorised him to append to his regimentals. A nearer view of his person, and his turning round to the Sepoys to caution them against straggling, as they were approaching the mint, at the entrance of the city, betrayed that he was no other than the poetic Mr. Amorett, whose effusions had been figuring away at the Mess-room on the preceding evening. The good humour depicted on his countenance proved, however, that his temporary irritations at the

liberty taken with his Muse, had long since subsided into forgetfulness of the offence. In fact, it had disappeared before going to bed, on the offending party himself going over to his bungalow, to laugh him out of his ill temper, and while away a midnight hour or two, with *brandy-paunee,* and some of the best of Mr. Vanderhausen's Chinsurah cheroots.

At the period we are now describing, his Highness Omrut Rao, Ex-Peishwah of the Mahrattah states, was permitted by the British Government to reside at Doorga-khoond, a place in the western suburbs of the holy and extensive city of Benares. On the deposition of this Prince from his brief assumption of supreme sovereignty among the Mahrattas, who, from the first, had only looked upon him as the tool and pageant of a party, he had thrown himself upon the English, and the Company allowed him a princely pension of some lacs of Rupees annually; with liberty to remain

near Benares, with two or three hundred of his more faithful followers and dependants. Partly for the purpose of protection and respect, but more, it is presumed, as a salutary check upon himself, or the possible irregularities of his crowd of retainers, a guard of honour of about an hundred men, commanded by a subaltern Officer, was regularly furnished to his Highness from the Sepoy Regiments at Secrole. The instructions of the Officer on this duty were simply to pay due honour to his Highness on every occasion: to turn out the Guard for a royal salute, on the Prince passing to and from his residence; and to report to the Political Agent, the head civil authority of the province,—any movement of the Ex-Peishwah's camp, or unwonted accession to the number of his followers.

It was to take this duty, and relieve the former guard, that the detachment under Lieutenant Amorett was now directing it's course to Doorgakhood. But they

had been warned also, on this occasion, of an additional service for which the party was designed. His Highness, or the Maharajah, as he was commonly called, urged either by a sense of weariness at his state of honorary imprisonment at Benares, or led by the spirit of political intrigue, by which, it is only to be wondered that this deposed sovereign was not oftener actuated, had solicited the Governor General in Council for permission to visit some holy shrine at Bundlecund, in the neighbourhood of the Fort of Kallinger. His application had been complied with; and so little was justly apprehended from his desire to move, that no additional restriction, or increase to the guard, was imposed. Care only had been taken that the officer on such duty should be fitted for it's performance; and as it fell by mere routine of the roster on Lieutenant Amorett, who was considered intelligent enough, and otherwise unobjectionable, his name appeared in orders

for the service. In about an hour from the time of quitting Secrole, the Sepoys had reached the open space before Doorgakhoond and after passing the walls of several suburban palaces, and garden residences of a few of the richer Nobles and Baboos of Benares, they found the old Guard paraded in the due readiness for their reception. The mutual salutes and interchange of orders then took place between the respective officers. The sentries of the late party were relieved by the men newly arrived; the common communication of news and camp gossip had rapidly taken place, and a short time heard the drum and fife of the relieved detachment playing merrily, as it departed, and wound it's way from out the tope of Mangoe trees,—which was the usual site of encamping his Highness's Honorary Guard. The place was, therefore, soon left in undisturbed possession of Lieutenant Amorett and his Sepoys.

The little scene at the Mess-table will have betrayed a few of the peculiarities of our hero to the observation of my reader. He was, in serious truth, at this stage of his Indian career, a perfect philo-Asiatic. If he could have applied himself as perseveringly to the cultivation of the higher Oriental literature, as he did to the adoption of all the attainable habits, and common customs of the natives around him, he would have proved a second Sir William Jones; or even as profound an Orientalist as the sage Gilchrist himself. But although his literary attainments in the Persian and Arabic languages were far from despicable, yet the Orientalism of young Amorett rather consisted of a desire to become half Hindoostanee and native himself, than to prove a dry explorer of their literature. Thus he frequently arrayed himself in the costume of the country; and was once severely reprimanded by his Commanding Officer, for parading through

the city as a young Mussulmaun *Banka*, or beau of the first water, in a rich Benares turban, kingkaup, pyjamah, and silken jamah. For several months, Hindooism became his delight; and, while, under it's influence, he would partake of nothing that could offend the religion or tenets of a Hindoo.

Thus, beef became his avowed detestation, and, for weeks together, he deserted the mess in disgust, simply because a roasted pig was one day unhappily disclosed to his view, on the removal of the dish-covers, at some important mess-entertainment to an Inspecting General Officer, who was said to be partial to pork. How long he would have remained a Hindoo is uncertain, had not the seductive glances of some dancing girl,—a young Mussulmaunee, of a Lucknow Nauch set,—completely withdrawn him from the holy observances of Brahma, to the more voluptuous allurings of the Prophet. At the present juncture of our tale, although

he was assuredly somewhat smitten with the dark eyes and raven ringlets of the younger daughter of the old Colonel of his Regiment; yet his heart, on the whole, was as purely Asiatic as ever: and never perhaps were the day-dreams of a young Oxonian, when wandering solitarily in his college groves, more devotedly given to the secret adoration of certain blue eyes, which he had fallen in with during the last long vacation, than were the ceaseless thoughts of our Amorett silently addressed in homage to the dark-haired daughters, and veiled beauties of the East. It is true, he had never yet fallen in with any who came completely up to his fancied standard of perfection,—but then he had heard of the peerless damsels of Cabul and Cashmere,—nay, rumour, or more properly speaking, the gossiping scandal of the Delhi cantonments, had lately whispered to him a tale of mystery connected with one of the lovely Princesses of the royal

house of Timour itself. The idle romance of his disposition, fostered as it had been by the too dangerous leisure incidental to his military life, and warmed almost to feverish irritation by the country, the climate, and those novel circumstances and situations, in which he was daily thrown, all concurred to awaken in him a turn of mind as truly un-English, as altogether un-European, as could be imagined. His fancy in solitude dwelt solely on stolen looks from the latticed heights of some eastern haram: the tinkling sounds of the sitar, or mundul, dwelt sweetest on his ear;—the mysterious and shadowy gloom of the zenanah seemed far dearer to him than the now faintly remembered attractions of the fairest even of his native home. Fortunately, all with him was but a dream; for fact had, happily, little to do with his admiration. Unlike many of his young contemporaries in the army, his aspirations were too soaring, too visionary in their nature, for any

unlucky entanglement in India. But still his separation from all nearer friends, and the frequent solitariness of his military duties in the Upper Provinces, had seduced him in sheer idleness, to give such loosened reins to his Asiatic day-dreaming and follies, that at last, if his distempered imagination could have been exposed to view, it would have betrayed itself as a receptacle only for the wildest imagery of Moore's *Lallah Rookh,* or the enchantment and characteristic scenery of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments.*

On the second day after the arrival of the new guard at Doorgakhoond, the whole Camp was ordered to be held in readiness for marching. The Maharajah, Omrut Rao, had determined to move at once; thus his followers and family were to break ground in the evening, and encamp in the open space before the grove of trees, so as to form into marching order, and be prepared

for regular departure early on the ensuing morning. Towards night, however, it was announced to Lieutenant Amorett, that a person of consequence from the Ex-Peishwah was in attendance, desiring to communicate with the officer of the guard. On his admission, he apologised, in the name of his Highness, for a change in his intentions; and mentioned that the illness of the young Princess, who had lately joined them from the Dekhan, was the unfortunate, and unavoidable cause. She had been attacked with fever on the way: and, in consequence of severe continued indisposition, on her arrival at Benares, it had been found necessary to postpone her marriage with the Maharajah's eldest son. A sudden relapse, which had just taken place, had induced his Highness to countermand the march for the present.

"Give my respects to the Maha Rajah," said the Lieutenant; "I shall be ready

with my escort, whenever it his Highness' pleasure to command it. I hope the princess is not seriously indisposed."

"She is said to suffer from increased fever," replied the minister; "but little was communicated to me on the subject."

"Humph!" said the young Officer; and, after a short pause, "is she not betrothed to the young Prince, who was in attendance upon his Highness this morning, when the Guard saluted the Maharajah in passing?"

The confidential minister, Simuckjee, in the true diplomatic gravity of his sect, was not disposed to be more than necessarily communicative. He stiffly, but politely, answered, that she had been betrothed to the Prince several years ago; but, as customary, had only lately been allowed to join the family. Her illness had hitherto prevented all festivities, as well as the final ceremonies of the marriage.

"She is very beautiful, I have understood," observed Amorett.

"So it is believed," rejoined the minister.

"Is she so young as they describe her?" enquired the Lieutenant.

"I know not her Highness' age," was the brief reply.

"About twelve, or thirteen, they tell me," perseveringly continued the young man.

"Indeed!" was the still colder reply of the keen looking little old gentleman, who was once famous in the Dekhan for his diplomacy and intrigues.—"But shall I retire from your presence? May I take leave?" said he, bending as in salutation, and apparent anxiety to withdraw. The wonted compliments ensued, and the Minister ceremoniously left the tent.

During the whole of the next night, our hero did nothing but dream of the beautiful sick Princess. Nor were his waking thoughts less devoted to her image. He fancied her, as a matter of course, to be lovely as the fevered imagination could suggest. She was young,—of this he had

positively been assured:—she was beautiful,—he had heard that too; or fancied he had heard: it was a thing of course, as much a matter of fact to his conviction, as if he had seen her, and dwelt for days in silent admiration of her loveliness. There were black eyes,—the large, languid, deep-fringed, sleepy, soul-breathing eyes of the hallowed daughters of Brahma; that pure transparency of skin, so peculiarly their own; the hair braided back upon her brow, that just peeped between the silvery folds of her muslin *doputtah;* all this was as clearly and satisfactorily seen by him, and as much established to his mind's admiring belief, as if the Maharajah himself had presented his betrothed daughter to his gaze. That very circumstance, too,—*betrothed!* and her now sinking under fearful sickness, when at the very point of completing her vows!—Nay, at this very moment, also, the whole camp anxiously awaiting her recovery, and hanging, as it

were, breathlessly, on her very existence! —There was something so touching, so interesting in the whole picture, that he dwelt on it, till the little Princess became as intensely an object of solicitude to the young English soldier, who had never seen her, as she could have been, almost to her very friends, or the attendants immediately about her person.

It is fortunate that the Mahrattahs have less of the characteristic Eastern jealousy, and anxiety to seclude their females from observation, or even remark, than many other nations of Hindoostan, or umbrage must have been conceived at a couple of very respectful, certainly, but rather anxious enquiries, which our hero ventured to make on the ensuing day, regarding the health of the young lady. To the latter, he was informed in reply, that the fever had just quitted her, and that it was expected the Maharajah would order the march to take place on the morrow. It was now decided

that the indisposition of the Princess was evidently a fever of the intermittent description, and thus an early change of air might prove of essential benefit in her present state of convalescence.

On the following morning, they accordingly moved off in the direction of Allahabad, and proceeded by the accustomed route. Without any event of importance, they reached that holy city of the Faithful, situated at the point of junction of the Jumna and Ganges; and thence journeyed on to Currah, famous for it's hundred thousand tombs, and the sad, and far extending token they exhibit of the once sanguinary conflicts between the rival competitors for the Musnud of Delhi. At this place, the minister, Simuckjee, again presented himself at the tent of the British officer, and enquired if, among the public stores for the use of the sepoys, there were any medicines such as were administered at the English hospitals?

"There are medicines of several descriptions," answered young Amorett; "but I trust that no return of illness to the Princess induces the present enquiry!"

The old minister, I should have remarked, had by this time become quite friendly with the officer; and they had frequently ridden together on the line of march. Our hero was possessed of a remarkably fine Arabian horse, which he rode ably and gracefully, a circumstance which had elicited the admiration of the Mahrattahs, who are passionately fond of everything equestrian. This at last had brought up the minister to the side of the Lieutenant, with a request from the Maharajah himself, to know if the horse could be disposed of. It was a gift from a relative in the civil service, and consequently might not be sold: but the conversations that ensued had begotten quite an intimacy between the intelligent and good-tempered

Simuckjee and the juvenile commandant of the sepoy detachment.

"I trust," continued the Lieutenant, "that the Princess is not ill."

"Nay, not worse, Sahib," replied the minister; "but his Highness has been apprised of some far-famed powder, the pulverised tegument of a certain tree; more efficacious than our vaunted cheritah, as a febrifuge, and strengthener of the human frame. The Maharajah anxiously waits to hear if your hospital equipments can furnish any."

"His Highness means bark, possibly," rejoined the officer; "I will immediately ascertain."

He did so, and amongst the medicines, such as usually accompany detachments from the head quarters of regiments, he found an abundant supply. All Europeans in India, from unhappy practical experience, soon acquire a slight general knowledge of the use of the commoner medicines; thus

our hero was able, on offering some bark to the minister, to prescribe, with becoming gravity, the proper mode of exhibiting it to the young and interesting patient.

Before they reached the banks of the Jumna, he had twice repeated his medical assistance to the Princess: and these reiterated appeals to him, added to his frequent solitude in his tent, and the habitual romance of his disposition, had at length so fanned into flame the interest her situation had first awakened in his mind, that he daily looked for his interview with the minister, and the opportunity it afforded of enquiring after the young personage, with all the impatience and feverish anxiety of a lover.

"Is she no better, then?" said he one day with his wonted eagerness;—it almost called a smile on the diplomatic countenance even of Simuckjee. "Has not the bark wrought a cure?" And suddenly, as if struck with a happy and enterprising idea,

he exclaimed, "I can give no more of these powerful, and, at times, dangerous medicines, thus blindfolded,—and ignorant, at each step, of the propriety of venturing to offer them."

"What mean you, Sahib?" questioned the Mahrattah.

"Why, simply," said the Lieutenant, "that it is now some days since you first applied for this aid from our stores, and, if their efficacy has hitherto failed, I fear there has been error in the treatment."

"Sahib!" exclaimed the minister, half alarmed at the manner of his companion, "the family implicitly followed your directions, as his Highness' servants assure me; and with religious care and precision did I convey every syllable, as your instructions reached me, your servant."

"Nay," interrupted our youth, gravely and alarmingly, "who shall answer for accuracy and correctness, while our communications, on which life and death depend,

reach their fated object only through the idle intricacy of a Court, and the tortuous avenues of a secluded haram?"

"'Tis just," observed the minister; "but this difficulty is irremediable."

"How!" exclaimed the other, "are the Mahrattahs too, as blind and prejudiced as their weaker Hindoo neighbours?—I deemed that the light of wisdom had fallen more brightly and freshly upon them.

"What would the Sahib?" asked Simuckjee, looking fixedly at him, as if half divining his present purpose.

"May I not see my patient?" abruptly, and at once said Amorett.

"See the Princess!" half screamed the minister, his eyebrows, in their utter astonishment and upraised wonderment, almost touching the very rim of his prim Mahrattah turban.

"Yes, and why that astonishment? I would not venture such a proposition to a dark and ignorant inhabitant of our

provinces; but have not the Mahrattahs discarded such profanation to all that is wise, and delicate to their wives and daughters? Surely, thy countrymen seclude not their females like the blind, grovelling sons of Brahma or the Prophet? Nay; doth thy Prince wish the betrothed of his son to die lingeringly before him, with the simple means of remedy and proffered health within his reach?"

The young soldier here felt his heart smite him for a moment. The picture of the perhaps really suffering girl passed before him, and the mummery of his present manner and purpose seemed almost sacrilegious. But the minister gave him little time for reflection: for he hastily retired, as if fearful to prolong so delicate a conference; and the Lieutenant was left to his meditations, and to issue orders for the ensuing day's continuance of their march, together with the necessary arrangements preparatory to crossing the Jumna.

Scarcely was our hero seated the next morning at his breakfast table, with his hookah, after seeing the motley assemblage of Mahrattahs and others safely across the river, ere the minister was once more announced: when, with a secret smile playing over his diminutive, but deeply marked features, he frankly stated, that, having communicated the conversation of the preceding evening to the Maharajah, his Highness at once, without the slightest hesitation, had ordered that the English gentleman should be admitted to the presence of his daughter-in-law. Whether he judged as a father, or as a Mahrattah, whose intercourse with Europeans had freed him of some of the darker prejudices of the East, cannot now be determined, but certain it is, that not a shadow of objection to the visit seemed to come across his mind; nor did he affect even to notice the repugnance of the minister to introduce the subject: noon was fixed upon as the hour for introducing

our hero, in his new capacity of physician, to the lovely betrothed; and never was poor mortal, under any circumstance of trembling excitation, more nervously affected than Amorett was, on the sudden prospect of the realization of all his day-dreaming fancies, and in thus being permitted to approach and behold the living, real, most lovely person of an Eastern Princess!

There were yet nearly two hours before the time appointed, and, as he paced up and down his tent, every moment seemed an age to him. Some young Mahrattahs came before the awning of his tent-door, with their active and beautifully managed Dekhanee horses to attract his attention, in there practising their wonted evolutions and amusements. They went through the usual manœuvres at full speed, in an incredibly small space, and almost among the very ropes used for pitching his tent; sometimes alternately pursuing and retreating from each other, or abruptly turning on their

opponents with the rapidity of lightning, the others as quickly and gracefully darting off from the assailants. Again in mazes, performing a figure similar to our numerical sign of eight, and then reining short up, at a word, making their obedient horses curvet, plunge, and bound with the seeming activity of an antelope. But all these feats were to day played off in vain. Amorett saw them not: he was thinking only of the approaching visit; and of all that he pictured to be awaiting him in the zenanah tent of the Maharajah.

The minister, Simuckjee, was punctual in his attendance; and, with a beating heart, our hero followed him towards that part of the encampment, which was divided off for the females of Omrutt Rao's family. From the outside,—for there was a wall of canvas, or common *honauts*, as they term them, encircling the whole,—their daily residence appeared to be composed of several small tents, connected with, and adjoining a larger

one in the centre. A shaumeaneh, or broad extended awning, with it's usual red border, was stretched in front of the larger tent, and formed a sheltering and secluded retirement for the ladies of the family. After passing some matchlock-men at the entrance, our two visitors entered the outer wall, and the minister here pausing, made over his companion to two ancient female attendants, who were appointed to receive him. His tottering and palsied conductresses led him silently through a screened avenue, formed by some upright konauts, and, on reaching it's end, desired him to wait for a few moments, while one of them went forward to ascertain if all was in readiness for the admission of the stranger. At this juncture, the beating of his heart could distinctly be heard in the still silence of the zenanah tents, and the seclusion of the curtained walls around him. Like many other wished-for enjoyments or opportunities, when within reach and attainment, his present situation

seemed painful even to distress; and he almost wished himself any where, rather than in his present trembling predicament.

At length, the old woman re-appeared, and slowly and ceremoniously conducted the Englishman to the inner tent itself. The *cheek*, or bamboo screen of the doorway, was raised, and, entering, he found himself in the presence of the Princess. She seemed to be scarcely emerging from childhood, but was decidedly beautiful,—fairer even than an Asiatic could be supposed to be, and with an air of command and dignity, which our hero had little anticipated so young a girl being in possession of. She was seated in the eastern manner on a chair, that is, she was entirely upon it's seat: one of her feet being thrown easily, and not unelegantly, under the other, the knee of the latter being raised, gracefully enough, for such a position, to the level of her waist. A rich silver worked Benares veil, or *doputtah*, of delicate and most beautiful

manufacture, surrounded her head and person generally, though still betraying, through it's texture, the contour of her lovely and gentle form, as well as her entire features, which were not a little improved by her large dark—yet, from her late indisposition,—softened and languishing eyes. She exhibited few signs of being ill, though, perhaps, the faint flushing of her cheek, which was occasioned by it, rather added to, than detracted from, her general loveliness. Amorett stood silent and abashed near the entrance, nor was he summoned to his recollection, until her Highness, turning round, directed towards him a careless and indifferent glance of mere observation, and made some remark to her women in the Mahrattah tongue, on the strange looks and appearance of the white-haired foreigner. Collecting himself, he approached her, and, with much show of ceremony, taking a chair near her, (which, by the bye, they little thought of offering to him,) he commenced

a conversation by endeavouring to stammer forth some set enquiry as to her health. She simply replied by staring at him; and, on his affecting to take her hand, to feel it's pulse, she at first withheld it, as in dislike of the liberty, or as objecting to be touched by him; and when, at last, she gave it with sovereign unconcern, she looked first at him, and then towards her suite, as if in cold wonderment of the scene before her. In vain he attempted, with studied gentleness, to make enquiry regarding her late indisposition;—she understood him not: and at length glancing carelessly, almost contemptuously, over his whole person, she desired one of her attendants to motion him to withdraw, as if perfectly satisfied with the exhibition of the stranger; in fact, adding, in a few plain words, that she had seen him long enough. It was now time for our poor astounded and mortified hero to look his astonishment:—he rose up and commenced to bow and explain

his utter surprise, but she coldly made signal with her hand, of her permission for him to "retire from the presence;" and then, turning round, commenced a conversation, possibly regarding his appearance, with the servants and suite around her.

The fact became too humiliatingly apparent;—he had been introduced to the Princess, as a sight, as something to look at, and amuse her in her indisposition! In serious truth, the whole circumstance was simply this.—When Omrut Rao signified his permission for the English officer to be admitted, agreeably to his request, her Highness's people and immediate suite, deeming it an indignity to their mistress, had brought about such admittance by asking the young betrothed, if she would not graciously please to look at a "*Ghora admee*," literally a *white man!* Thus the romantic, the impassioned, the poetic, the love-breathing Amorett had been walked into the Zenanah, as a led bear, or tame

monkey, for the honourable amusement and mere gratification of curiosity of a young simple Mahratta girl, of some thirteen or fourteen years of age!

Whether it cured him of his Asiatic mania, I am not able to satisfy my readers. But this is certain,—the secret of Freemasonry—*if* there be a secret,—is not more holily, more religiously preserved by the silent brethren of the craft, than was the history of Amorett's interview with the Princess, and the sad *denouement* of his romance, held sacred, and untold ever after to the profane ears of the world, and the brother officers of his regiment; but, above all, not for empires and all their sceptres, honours, or wealth, would he permit one syllable, one breathing whisper even of it's tale to reach the knowledge, or rouse the ridicule of his excellent friend, the satirical looking Lieutenant of the mess-table.

## THE CALCUTTA COURSE.

"That saunter of the Town."

YOUNG'S LOVE OF FAME.

I hear people complain of the wearisome monotomy of the evening drive,—doomed, as they describe it, to the endless up-and-down repetition of the Calcutta Course; yet our complaining friends are still as constant and indefatigable in their appearance upon it, as the most silent and pleased paticipators in this our little every-day recreation; and which, most fortunately in this instance, the accordant inclination of all Calcutta has placed within the reach of every one. For my own part, I freely avow myself a regular attendant on the Course. My readers may detect me there every evening they may be

pleased to take the trouble of looking out for me. Not only do I admire its immunity from the dust, which so disturbs our enjoyment of a more extended drive; but I like it for the crowd itself. I love it for the many new, and young, and happy faces I meet there. I love it for the many old friends, who smile on, day after day, as they drive past and salute me; and whom, from their various avocations during the day, I should seldom see at all, except for this our joint and common assemblage in the evening. But more than all, I love it from very habit and old usage; simply because, for the last quarter of a century, I have eaten my daily quantum of fresh air in the same social vicinity, either at the present river side, or at the olden strait-forward mall of other days. To me the Calcutta Course is ever associated with the feeling of good health, and careless unconcern; for it is only the absence of the former, or the presence and accumulation of an oppressive

load of business that ever operates to withhold me from its enjoyment.

After this little preface, will the good natured reader consent this evening to accompany me to the scene itself? Will he away with me to the accustomed drive in the hope that we may together extract somewhat of entertainment and interest even from the monotony before us? Well then, the buggy is ready,—let us at once into it, and away! But in kindness take the reins. I hate driving! And now at my ease I'll talk to you about the things and people we are passing.

Do you see, as we approach the turn before us, yonder griff-like cluster of Mugs, with their half-Tartar, half-Malay style of features? How they stare as the strange English vehicles whirl on before them? In their own country they never beheld, amid the fastnesses and swamps of Arracan,

> The Courser paw the ground with restless feet,
> And snorting foam, and champ the golden bit.'

Their tallest steed is the little compact animal we often meet here as the Burmah pony; and as for carriages, one may judge from their fixed stare and gaping admiration, that these are the first locomotives they ever beheld. See how they look on, in silent wonder at each vehicular phenomenon as it passes them! Yonder also are some newly arrived Mhairwarrahs, and a few Seiks, in their trim and close turbans, who are gazing on the busy scene; but with true Hindoo self-complacency, these gravely keep their surprise and admiration to themselves.

Well, they certainly have improved the course by removing it thus to the river side. The new ghaut, with the late Governor General's name so gloriously surmounting the pediment, in honor of his liberally permitting a native to lay out his own money in the erection, is rather a picturesque object in the approach to the road; and then the fresh air from the water itself, and

the view of the near shipping form a pleasing change from the dull, confined, mephitic, stable-like annoyances of the former monotonous concourse on the main centre road. It is true the condition and style of the vehicles themselves are somewhat deteriorated from the splendid equipages and superior cattle, once frequenting the old place of resort: but failures and official fleecings, bankruptcies and half-batta deductions, have effected woful changes in the cut and character of our carriages. It is said that Sir John Gore our some years since naval Commander-in-Chief, when on a visit to Calcutta, was pleased to remark, and with great justice I must say, that the place was changed in nothing so essentially as its evening course. He declared, that when in India in 1805, with the newly arrived Governor General of that day, the Marquis of Cornwallis, just after the regal splendour inculcated every where under the Wellesley sway, there was not a single grandee of

Calcutta who did not esteem four horses too few for his especial dignity: but now, on the contrary, the only emulation seems to be, how many unfortunate human beings can be crammed into one unfortunate garee, to be dragged about by one still more unfortunate and miserable tattoo!

But whatever our present Course may want in the gentle quality of its crowd, it fully makes up for it in its aggregate and quantity. What a host of dim-looking barouches, drawn by grim-looking stud-mares! What a variety of landaulets, from the high and crane-necked pretensions, of the year of our Lord 1806, to the second-hand importations, and low London vehicles of the present day. What a mixture of cattle—from the bits of blood and English tits, belonging to a few Phœnix-like coruscations, glimmering out of the late ruin and decomposition of the mercantile community, down to the humble pony of the military griff, or to the black mourning-coach horses

of an undertaker, in the happy and leisurely enjoyment of fresh air! What a complicated assemblage of buggies of every era since Calcutta first owned a coach-maker:—dog-carts, stanhopes, gigs, double-pannelled buggies, full-bodied, half-pannelled, cart, cab, and cabriolet! What a variety of phaetons, from the heavy style of roadster, jobbed out at home for post-trips, to the light apologies and nondescripts let on hire at Brighton, or at Broadstairs to holiday cocknies and sea-bathing Londoners! But it is in the palkee-carriages that the present collection the more eminently shines. Of them, you behold an endless and most perplexing accumulation. There is the roomy half-coach, half-palkee, dragged along by its sable galloways, evidently our recently alluded to friend, the undertaker's former mourning concern, metamorphosed, with the aid of green paint and a drab lining, into a family vehicle for Mrs. DeSouza and her fair daughters. Next you see the square

and comfortable palankeen carriage, built to express order by Dykes and Co., for some well-to-do tradesman, or the pretty wife of some thriving Europe shop-keeper. Then comes the regular palkee on wheels, with its sliding doors and ceaseless rattle; and lastly, the little *garee* and office-jaun, conveyed along by a diminutive piece of angular anatomy, which may well be denominated a pony, for it is little higher than the liliputian wheels of the tiny vehicle itself.

If such are the coaches and contrivances on wheels, now adorning our Calcutta Course,—we may next essay to make out who are the worthies themselves:

"Quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum collegisse juvat,"

and whom it pleaseth (certain of them at all events) to venture and jeopardize their sweet persons in the crazy caricatures of carriages now faltering on before us.

But hush!—here comes a stately and handsome enough open britska and four

well harnessed bits of blood. It contains the Governor General and one of his pleasing and lady-like sisters. But how very unhappy his Lordship looks! He has to bow, and smile, and salaam the whole way down the interminable course; and but that his evident good breeding and kindliness of disposition prevent him, how preciously pleased, methinks, he would be to shirk the cognizance of all this universal and unmitigated respect, so pertinaciously and pouringly showered down upon his dignity! It is very hard a lord cannot be allowed to partake of the evening air, in peace and quiet like other people:—no sooner has his Lordship graciously achieved one return of an up-lifted hat, and an acknowledgment of a salutation, than quick,—presto!—he is involved in some fifteen dozen following ones!' If I were Governor General of British India, I would not rest, till some clever chap of the hundred and one millions under me, had produced some capital piece of carriage-

mechanism, by which my nobility might be put into pendulous motion, somewhat in the manner of a moving and nodding Mandarin; and thus, thus only, would I essay to acknowledge, from one end of the course to the other, all such superabundant exhibitions of overwhelming respect and attention.

"Avast there!—hold hard!—hulloo, my hearties!—have a care with that buggy of yours!"—Thank heaven, they are past: what a precious escape we have had! They are three jovial tars on a day's leave ashore, and are as happy as grog and an advance of wages can make them. They have been feasting all the afternoon at the Union Jack in the Loll Bazar, and, having prevailed on their rascal of a *valet de place*, who has their purses in his excellent keeping, to procure them a buggy,—they are now in their glory, essaying their humble best to break their own necks, and demolish their neighbours' wheels and pannels in every direction. It was the danger of their too

fearful approach to us, that snatched away from my attention the little palkee carriage which passed on beside us almost at the same moment as his Lordship's equipage. Did you observe the poor widow in her weeds, sitting back in the seat of her lowly carriage, sad and unconscious of the busy scene around her? And did you hear the little lovely urchins, her three young curly-headed cupids of children, screaming out delightedly as his Lordship passed, "Dekho mamma, Lord sahib, dekho mamma!" But she heeded them not. Their sweet young voices thrilled upon her ear in their wonted melody; that sound is now the only consolation that can reach it, and the well-known tones seemed to awaken on her pale features a faint and momentary smile,—but 'twas the mere music of their voices that caused it. Her heart is not here: her every sense and perception, and soul itself, are far, far away! Nor was her mixing at all in this gay scene her own act or thought: the little infant

trio had lured the syce who led them, into a willing confederacy with themselves, to bring them to the course;—and their unconscious parent forbade it not. She knew it not—and naught beside in this busy and uncared for world, save that she is alone in it and poor, and desolate, and wretched. Hers is a sad, though a brief and simple tale. Her late husband was a respectable young pilot. Their attachment had been formed in early youth at home; and his first savings in India had paid for the happy means of her joining him. They were married but four blissful and too fleeting years, and he then fell a victim to the climate in the often dangerous execution of his duty at the Sand-heads. All is now a dream to her, and her life a dreary blank.

But let us on and away. There is something thrillingly painful in meeting that bereaved woman in a place like this. It is like the pale finger of death itself, writing its awful tidings on the wall, amid the

revelling and festive riot of the kingly banquet. 'Tis as the cankerworm within some rose of loveliness,—or the plague-spot betraying its well-known sign, amid the reckless merriment of a thronging carnival. Let us away—and home!—

## THE BAREILLEE CHAIR.

Sat down to rest awhile,
On a rich Chair.

SHAKSPEARE.

IT is not the first time that the sage observation has been advanced, that most people, at a certain time of life, form fancies and predilections which constantly sway them, and steal to light, in their daily intercourse with others. Thus the BENGALEE, whenever he visits at a new house, or enters into a strange society, after satisfying his curiosity with the folks before him, oddly, but invariably, betakes himself to the inspection of the drawing-room furniture; and though few people attach the paramount importance to a portion of it, that he does,

yet, without a possibility of doubt, the use of what he admires supersedes all others in it's valuable share towards our domestic comfort and convenience. The article of furniture alluded to, is a *Chair;* and though his friends may smile, at him, yet the BENGALEE trusts that he shall satisfactorily prove, before he quits the subject, that there is more value in it, than many unreflecting recumbents on it's luxury may at first imagine.

In the first place, is it nothing, that a chair is the visible sign of our civilization, and superiority over the barbarous nations we have conquered? Is it not as much an outward symbol of our proud distinction from among the enslaved millions of the East, as is the black beaver adornment of the head of our countrymen, or the carefully preserved shape and fashion of our coat and nether habiliments? The early savage in his wilds, ere the first dawn of reason gleams upon him, casts himself beast-like

upon the earth, and curtained within the gloom of his own uncombed tresses, and pillowed upon his arm, reclines in utter carelessness, and happy ignorance of comfort. He grovels in the dust, or embeds himself amidst the foulness of the soil. But as his mind awakens, or his instinct prompts him to selection, he seeks the green sward, the sloping bank, or the jutting rock, and resting there his limbs, when weary from the chase, sinks at length into a sweeter slumber. Soon he adjusts the wild bed of heather, prepares and smoothes the grassy mound, or decks the unfashioned moss-covered couch, that naturally rises to woo his rest, in some favourite grotto of repose, But as the paces of civilization advance, then appear the outspread cushions, the silken and downy luxury of barbaric wealth. the costly sofa, the "pillowy softness" of the East, together with the reclining couches for the repast of classic Greece and Rome. Still, however, it required the enlightened

love of convenience, and the ingenuity of after ages, to patronize and adopt the modern chair; nor can civilized art better employ the proud advances of it's talent, even amidst the present march of intellect —than by suggesting elegant improvements, or giving greater comfort and embellishment to this most estimable of all household furniture.

Our Poets, our Lawgivers, our Historians, have ever arrayed it in the importance it deserves. In the loftiest language of the Drama, and in the measured diction of the Muse, we find it's use allied to the mention, and the haughty pomp, of Kings:—

> "Is the *Chair* empty? is the sword unsway'd?
> Is the King dead?"———

It is thus our Shakspeare puts his solemn enquiry, when speaking of that most awful of all political subjects,—the death of Majesty itself,—the demise of England's Monarch! a topic, to which so much dread

and importance is attached by law, that it were high treason for the beloved subjects in our realm to dilate upon such an event.

In our public assemblies also, when power has to be granted to a leading and chief director, he "takes the Chair," and lo! in that one syllable is breathed the magic spell of control, his watchword of authority! In the ages of fulminating anger from our Church when her dictates brought humiliation upon the acts of Kings, and nobles bent in lowly trembling at her voice—whence did the Church give forth her laws,—whence fulminate her wrath, or hurl her anathemas around? why simply—"*ex Cathedra*"—from the Chair! And it was sufficient that they so proceeded to be stamped with the seeming of truth and the sanction of infallibility. "*Ex Cathedra*" was enough,—the Chair was still conclusive in it's fiat, as it was unanswerable in it's dogma!

If we descend to mere domestic and familiar consideration of the matter, we have

only to reflect, that a Chair receives us for at least one half, or it may be more, of our sensible and waking existence. Some people, it is true, love to recline only on a couch, and despise the more erect, but less luxurious accommodation of a Chair. But these, I apprehend, do not desire to think at all, and seek a couch only to soothe or sleep away their every thought, and, with it, the best use and purpose of our being. They have no right to decide.

After this most serious explanation, and the declaration of my deep veneration for the article of furniture alluded to,—it will not appear wonderful that I, the BENGALEE, am a *virtuoso* in Chairs. I remember, when within my study and *sanctum sanctorum*, there was no possible moving, or traversing the room, simply from the many various patterns and descriptions, which at various times had been introduced. Never were there tidings of a new style of easy Chair, or the very rumour even of one in the

neighbourhood, or the whole Presidency, that I did not fidget myself, and strain every nerve to be the possessor of a similar one. All kinds, characters, and natures of Chairs were accumulated in my apartment. There were deep and far-receding morocco ones for reading; one or two to draw out and convert into seeming couches;—some tall and conspicuous, with the upright and unbending backs of Gothic ages,—while others appeared to shrink and fall back from their antiquated brethren, as they sunk luxuriously behind. There were morocco, in all it's hues, green, red, yellow, and blue;—there were chintz and rattaned, plain and China mat:—in fine, where was the pattern that I had not? Even now, when I have long since been obliged to forego the indulgence of my hobby, and consign many of my pet Chairs to the godown,—it often occurs that I am tempted to secure a novel kind:—nay, only the other day produced me the following odd and extraordinary

adventure, and to which I intend to dedicate this, and a few other of my succeeding pages.

I had gone to a large sale at outcry: it was an auction at the house of a late military resident at Calcutta, one long known and respected there, whom death had at last added to his long list of processions, through that most melancholy of all neighbourhoods, Park Street. The wonted advertisements had appeared; the catalogues of his splendid effects and household furniture been circulated, with the glowing description of his carriages and horses, and the well known wines of the deceased. In fact, the hammer of the auctioneer, was fast conveying over to other owners, every description of his property, when I entered the house, and began wandering through the rooms. The family of the deceased had withdrawn; the hall, bed-rooms, and other apartments of the house were now filled by the usual attendants at scenes of the kind, who were

either busily inspecting their intended purchases, or sauntering through the place in the listless indulgence of curiosity, or the mere desire to pass away an idle hour of the morning. I stole into the study of the late owner; the auction people had displaced much of it's economy, and in lotting off the different articles had disarranged many of them; yet there was much in the very state in which it had been left by it's departed possessor; and it awakened more of serious reflection than I had thought to experience, when on looking at a small writing table in the room, there was a note in the hand-writing of the deceased, just commenced, and abruptly left off, after a few words only. There was something impressive in the very sight: it was perhaps written, ere the sickness which consigned it's object to the grave, had betrayed it's lurking, but too fatal symptoms; nay, probably it's sudden and alarming approach had abruptly torn away

the writer from this, his last earthly task! I strove to dispel such melancholy reflections, and turning from the desk, perceived an old Bareillee Chair which attracted my attention.

It was of the usual style of lacquered or gilded manufacture from Bareillee, but must have been made with much attention to shape and convenience. It was a large roomy Chair, with broad and receding back; it's arms had an invitingly easy and shelving breadth, to admit of the elbows resting comfortably; and, altogether, it was exactly the thing to secure the fancy of a virtuoso in these matters, like myself. I immediately left orders for it to be purchased, and by tiffin time, it had reached my house: where, like a child with a new toy, I had not only insisted on it's displacing my last favourite seat at tiffin, but, after that happy meal. I disposed myself quietly to enjoy it's luxurious ease, and in less than ten minutes from the

close of my first chillum, had dropt into a most seducing and pleasurable slumber in it's arms.

I was awakened by the "Sahib! Sahib!" of a clear but small voice, which gently broke in upon my siesta, and solicited my attention. I looked round; there was not a soul near me: I thought it might have been fancy, so disposed myself again to rest, when the same sounds again struck upon my ear and on listening more attentively, they seemed to proceed from the small carved physiognomy, somewhat between a lion's and the human countenance, which adorned the arm of my new Chair. There was something too gentle in the voice to arouse fear; and at length, unbrokenly and clearly, it addressed me in the following manner:

"Grave and truly respected Sahib," exclaimed the voice, which I now plainly discovered to proceed from the little antiquated face, so curiously carved, on

the arm of my newly-purchased Bareillee Chair; "you will be surprised, indeed, at the present address, but the spirit, which watches over the destinies, or is doomed to share the fortunes of all inanimate objects,—of which the grave legends of your own novelists and high historians have so clearly established the nature and existence,—now speaks to the BENGALEE, and in the name of all chairs, wheresoever scattered or employed, gratefully and gladly thanks him for the honour and kindness he has ever conferred on himself and brethren. Take now your pen, therefore and while, in return for the consideration you have bestowed on all classes of chairs, I recount to you the varied adventures which have befallen myself, a conspicuous member of their community, you may, perchance, discover in the matters which I shall reveal, fit subject for the future pages of the BENGALEE."

With pleasure I obeyed so kindly a call:

and after I had adjusted myself comfortably and conveniently for the task, the voice proceeded in the following words:—

"It is nine years since I—or rather the chair over which I am doomed to preside, —was called into existence, in a small hut at the northern suburbs of the bazar of Bareillee. But as soon as the lowly skill and labour of the workman had sufficiently jointed together my component parts, to concentrate and give birth to the spirit now addressing you, I at once discovered, from the conversation of the mistree himself, and one or two of his brethren, who frequently dropt in to examine and compare the work, that a large order for a complete set of very handsome Bareillee chairs had been received in the bazar, and that the number had been allotted out to a dozen or more petty mistres, or minor contractors for the work. All was bustle, and hurry, and anxiety to get the order ready by the time stipulated; and when the workers in cane had woven

the usual rattaned interstices of my seat, I was carried away from the original place of my birth to another hut, to be hastily made over to the people to prepare me for the rich japanning and gold of the desired pattern. No sooner were we ready, than we were packed up, and secured from injury in the usual way, and at once carefully despatched, in hackeries, to the station of Shahabad. We reached it without accident, after a journey of about twelve days, and were immediately carried to the mansion of the Collector, who was expected, in a few days, to arrive at the station with his young and lovely bride.

"After much consultation and bustle among those concerned in fitting up the house, my Bareilly brethren and myself at length found ourselves placed in trim order, around the walls of a splendid hall; and had time to look about us, and admire the elegance of the whole. The room itself was extensively large, with a Mirzapore carpet

stretched along it's length. The space of the apartment seemed to be about forty feet long, and probably twenty-five broad; there was a large marble consultation table in the centre of the room, immediately under a richly painted punkah, with some expensive lustres hanging from the ceiling above it. Broad French mirrors, immediately behind crimson damask couches, were at either end of the room; pictures and triple-branched wall-shades adorned the walls; and other descriptions of couches, with sofa tables, were in the usual situations. Nothing in the upper provinces could exceed the elegant appearance of this hall, and I must be pardoned for entering into a description of it; for it might be naturally expected that a component part of the furniture should feel triumph in the recollection of the rich and successful display of the whole; while I have another motive in being thus particular, for it is not impossible, that you or your friends may call to mind the very

room itself, from the fidelity of my account of it, and thus give me credit for no less truth, when I hereafter come to describe the eventful fate of it's young and thoughtless possessor.

"In a few days, the renewed bustle and preparations, and the lighting up of the house at dusk, told us, that the wished-for arrival of our owners was about to take place. They came;—a carriage had rattled up the avenue of trees in the extensive compound, and when it deposited it's burthen in the portico, the curiosity of all was wound up to it's utmost pitch. We could distinguish the whole group of servants, kidmutgars, bearers, musalchees, peons, and new female attendants, all in seeming anxiety, collected around the entrance, with others of less prominent character in their respective callings, peeping from behind venetians and pillars. At last, all were gratified: Mr. Perwannah entered the hall with his smiling bride hanging

endearingly upon his arm; and never could the fancy, even aided as it was by all the interest of the scene, have conceived a more beautiful being, than the young creature who now looked in happiness around her, and fondly smiled upon her husband, as she idly appreciated his affection, only by the splendour of his preparations to receive her as the mistress of his house.

"That very morning only had seen Honoria Sabine the wife of Mr. Perwannah. She was the daughter of Colonel Sabine, commanding a Regiment at a station only four marches from Shahabad; and on the day in question, after the ceremony, had quitted her father's roof, to proceed by dâk, until they fell in with the carriage of her new Lord. It was at first a sad blow, and inflicted more on her feelings than she had anticipated, when her parent pressed her to his bosom, after the clergyman had pronounced his benediction, and prayed in hurried, but impressive accents, that his

Honoria might be ever happy! When he handed her into her palankeen, even the splendid prospect before her, the often indulged recollection of how much she eclipsed all her young and late fellow passengers of the voyage, in the prouder and earlier connection she was forming, even this died away, as Honoria felt her father's unwonted tears descending upon her cheek, and as his lips impressed their parting, and, it would seem prophetically, their last kiss upon it.

"Honoria, we soon found, hath been an indulged and almost spoiled child, before she came to take possession of her present expensive and extravagant establishment. For several days after her arrival, her chief amusement seemed to be running gaily from room to room, altering, removing, and disarranging every portion of the economy and former positions of the furniture. And when, at length, she had displaced all, so as to meet her own taste and fancy, it

unfortunately occurred, although in the first early season of her honeymoon, that *ennui* had crept unconsciously upon her. She was, however, half tempted to quarrel with her husband and herself, even at the thought that *ennui* could assail her at all, under such fulness of felicity as she had resolutely determined to experience. It is hard that our most fondly cherished dreams should often thus awake to the reality of disappointment and regret; but it was too soon convincingly discovered by the bride, that her estimate of the good qualities of her husband, formed during the few hurried weeks she had known him previous to their engagement, was, alas! more flattering to Mr. Perwannah, than more intimate acquaintance could confirm. Honoria, like many of the young ladies, it has been my after lot to know, or hear of, had been separated from her friends at the tender age of four or five, and was then consigned to a mere boarding school at home, for an European education.

There, every attention was paid to the outward manner and embellishment of the young scholar. The school was a fashionable establishment in one of the London Squares, and the height of it's Mistress's ambition was, that her pupils, when walking within the green inclosure before it, should be remarked as the most ladylike, and best dressed, of all the rival institutions of the vicinity. When the daughter, therefore, returned to India, and found her mother an unhappy recluse, occasioned by the increasing debility of her health; whilst her father had in consequence, seceded from all general society, save only, what absolute civility to the scarcely *eligible* officers of his own regiment required; it naturally followed, that the thoughtless and pretty school girl, just released from her masters, and the confinment of a ship, soon thought herself smitten with the elegant attentions of a person of such up-country importance as Mr. Perwannah, when chance,

and the medium of a few visits to a neighbouring family, had thrown them in the way of each other. She was quite a child too: and the civilian, putting aside the contrasted importance of his reception every where, his personal carriage, and the advantage of situation, when compared with her father's subalterns,—was besides a personage of no little estimation, on his own account even, among the sighing spinsters of the upper provinces. Honoria's fancied triumph was complete, when she saw Mr. Perwannah her avowed admirer; and no wonder she gladly accepted him, when a sudden fit of admiration and fancy for a pretty girl made him happily grant her the wished-for opportunity.

"Days and months now passed by after their marriage. A visit to the gay station of Meerut had intervened, and I could plainly see on her return from it, that her opinion of the domestic society of her lord and master, had not risen in value from

the short change. The husband had long since betaken himself to his wonted daily cutcherry, and the young wife was now relinquished for the live-long day, and coldly left to the indulgence of her own wearying meditations. In the evening when he returned, either fatigued from the labours of his official duty, or at all events, affecting the languid semblance of fatigue, their splendid, though joyless dinner-table was too often the scene of wearisome expostulation and murmurs on the one side, and of cold excuses, or, still more provoking drowsiness, utter inattention, or positive and stupid sleeping, on the other. Thus lingered the first few months of their union; such were the feelings, and such the scenes, I was ceaselessly doomed to witness between this unhappily assorted pair of human beings.

"At last, there was more of excitement, however unpleasing in it's nature, and more of interest in what I witnessed. Mr. Soothly a subaltern officer of some standing of her



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father's corps, and a distant relation of her own, was invited over by Mr. Perwannah to spend a week or two between the monthly muster of his regiment. For the first few days there was nothing remarkable in the visitor; he was only attentive, as might be expected, to his fair relation and to the lady of the house. He accompanied her at the piano, assisted in stringing and preparing her harp, cut her crayons when engaged in drawing, and extracted for her Album, after exhausting his own few original morceaux, sundry pathetic cullings of affection and deep passion from Lord Byron, and other authors.

"'My dear Honoria,' said her husband to her, one evening,—shortly after the departure of Mr. Soothly for his regiment had again consigned them to the dull weariness of their own society,—'My dear Honoria, you seem sadly depressed of late.' He moved to the same couch on which she was seated, and putting his arm gently round

her, continued, with more of kindness in his tone, than she had long experienced;—'You are not well;—nay, why turn from me, Honoria? Has any thing occurred to pain you?'

"'No,—no,—no!' she hastily replied, and made a vain effort to seem composed, 'there is nothing, believe me, nothing,'—but her voice failed her in the assertion,—the kindness of his tone rung knell-like upon her heart, and with another futile effort to repress her emotion, she suddenly withdrew from his support, and throwing herself upon the arm of the couch, wept loud and bitterly.

"Had she then poured forth her whole soul in confidence to her husband,—had she then lamented to him the unlooked-for and dreary solitariness of her situation in his home; his own cold and unanticipated estrangement from her, while he was ceaselessly attending to the exclusive duties of his cutcherry;—had she whispered to him,—

hinted to him only,—of the unhallowed breathings of their young and late insidious friend Soothly, which the two frequent seclusion, and habits of domestic intimacy, had unfortunately given him easy opportunity of instilling,—had she done this, all might yet have been well. Her husband, it is true, looked at her for a moment in painful astonishment;—and there was an abrupt rising of wounded pride, that perhaps flushed his brow for a brief instant of time, as his heart confessed itself, that he had failed to make the young, thoughtless, but ardent being before him, as happy as he had expected;—but at once the painful reflection of his failure subsided into pity for the interesting and weeping object of his choice. He would have welcomed such affectionate confidence with unfeigned kindness, till her present tears, before he had wiped them off, might have changed, perhaps, into the bright dawning of a fonder and more lasting mutual affection.

He would have found that she had shrunk from, and almost abhorred the whisperings of unholy passion,—till the too changeful and renewed blandness of their assailing had veiled over, to her young and unsuspecting fancy, the very guiltiness of their meaning. But alas! she wept on, without a word: there was not a murmur even of explanation or comfort;—their fates seemed as if sealed from that dread moment, and the happiness of their abode had passed from them for ever!

"From that day, Honoria wandered through the house, and from room to room, like one restless, or sinful in mind. Her large dark eyes were ever either swoln in tears, or shaded and averted, as if in secret fearfulness of some unhallowed thought. She would sit for hours at her desk, and weep over pages of closely-written and mysterious writing, unseen by others, and which she would hastily hide beneath her desk, if any obtrusive step sounded upon her ear:—there

was evidently some secret and humiliating understanding, too, between Honoria, and a common domestic of the establishment, who was the messenger and conveyer of these unhallowed writings and their replies:—all this could but last it's term, and fearful, indeed, was it's hastened end, and the catastrophe that ensued!

"There had been, for a day or two, more of marked misery in the manner of Honoria,—more of hurried anxiety in her whole demeanour. She passed and re-passed the hall some fifty times; till uncertainty, and the portentous coming of some sad event, was as clearly betrayed, as if her words had avowed it. Once she threw herself upon me, and wept, wildy wept, it might be for nearly an hour; and then moving from me, and flinging herself down unconsciously on a neighbouring couch, she lay there in a real and unrestrained abandonment of hysteric sobbing. The next evening *she was away!*—she was not there to

take her wonted airing;—the carriage came up to the door at sun-set, and waited, in vain, to receive her. There were strange whispers, and men passing to and fro. She was not in her own apartment, and the voices and fears of the servants became loûder and more distinct. Soon there was a furious clattering of hoofs of a saddle horse from the direction of the Cutcherry, and the voice of the Collector in the portico calling madly, and in almost wordless haste and anger, for his pistols;—and then, again, the hurried and retreating noise of his horse's hoofs sounded along the outer avenue; people were speeding off in various directions,—and when the last faint and fainter echo of the hoofs died upon the ear, all seemed unearthly awful stillness around us; —and the evening darkened gloomily and deathlike within the house.

"The dinner table had been before laid out and prepared, as usual; an old servant came wistfully and anxiously into the room

after a time, to place a single glimmering light upon the table. Never shall I forget that evening;—the single flame of the taper but served to throw greater gloom on the deserted dining-room,—while the rich, but faintly gleaming splendour of the glass, and silver furniture of the table, arranged for those, who might never again enjoy, or partake of it's luxury, seemed to glimmer, every now and then, in bitter mockery of the whole. The clock struck eight;—it seemed an age ere it again told the dull escape of another hour, and it lingered on to ten,—eleven,—and at last midnight!—At this hour, the clattering of hoofs was again heard at a distance, and the bustle of servants again commenced around the house. The galloping of the horse had ceased, and it now appeared to be coming wearily and slowly up the avenue, as if unwilling to approach. At last it reached the portico;—the rider dismounted, and came into the hall. It was the husband, wan, pale, and

dejected; the high resentment which had pealed like thunder in his voice, when he first came to arm himself for the pursuit, had outwearied itself in the unavailing and fruitless exertion of his toil, and he now sank down in a chair, with broken spirit, and in utter misery, while the room and it's idle preparations for his wonted meal, broke sadly upon his view. He said not a word. His servant removed his hat and spurs, and then thought to relieve him from the pistol, which he was still grasping in his hand, as it hung loosely over the arm of the chair. But the attempted removal of the weapon seemed to rouse him;—his eyes again flashed round in lightning anger, and, rising hastily from his seat, he twice or thrice paced heavily up and down the room. But his fatigue soon forbade this exertion,—drawing a chair up to the dining table, which by this time was lighted up, together with several of the wall shades of the room, while some dishes were, by the foolish

assiduity of the servants, being placed on the board, he seated himself, and throwing his head upon his arm, leant down upon the table. Again for a moment he looked wildly up, and filling a tumbler to it's very brim with wine, drank it off fiercely;—and then motioning to the trembling, and almost receding domestics to remove the lights and table service, he again sank upon his arm. Soon the room was as before, with only one light; and save the deep breathing,—nay, weeping,—bitter and downright weeping of that now heart-broken victim of humiliation and wounded pride, not a sound stole upon the dread and melancholy stillness of the night. But hush! he is murmuring to himself incoherent and broken syllables!—wild mutterings of crushed hopes,—faithlessness,—lost angel purity,—the world,—distraction,—break upon the ear! Again there is a pause, and the deep heaving of his breast is distinctly heard,—till with a sudden bound he springs up,—there is a flash!—the

pealing report of a pistol!—and in a brief instant, the outstretched and weltering form of the wretch before us told the harrowing tale of his self-inflicted murder!

"What I farther witnessed in this house, may be comprised in very few words. The alarm was given, people rushed in,—medical aid was summoned; the latter, of course, of little utility, save for the scientific examination of the fatal passage of the ball;—the description of which, unfortunately, was lost to the world, in consequence of there being no Coroner's inquest in that part of India, before which the worthy Assistant Surgeon who had attended, could have given his professional evidence, in all the pride and technicality of his northern erudition. The corpse was removed next day, and in less than a month an auction of the whole property was announced. A shop-keeper from a near station came over to preside at the outcry; the lots were arranged and ticketed;—it happened that I was an odd

chair, from the number then remaining in the hall, and being sold singly, became, in due course of the ceremony, the purchased property of a subaltern officer of a regiment of native infantry in the vicinity.

"Before I proceed to give an account of my new master, to whose little bungalow I was removed, the very day after the sale, I shall interrupt my story, to say a few words of the fate of the lost and fallen Honoria. I ascertained it long afterwards from the conversation of some people, who were discoursing on the subject. Her seducer, Mr. Soothly, was almost immediately obliged to quit the army. Some circumstances relative to this, as well as another unhappy affair, which transpired about the same period, forced upon him the alternative, of either standing a court martial, or tendering his resignation. The former would have been insisted upon by his superiors, as a just punishment for the villany evinced by him, as well as for a

direct breach of some grave military law, which his misconduct also included; but delicacy to other respected members of the Indian community operated to prevent such a step, and his preferred retirement was accepted. He then failed for a time to procure the means of subsistence at Calcutta, and was driven by necessity to become the assistant of a petty indigo planter near Futtyghur. Honoria for a time was with him;—that is, if the pale, spectral, mindless being,—the half witless,—yet still heart-broken, and ever-weeping idiot, who accompanied him to the wretched bungalow on his factory, could be deemed the once accomplished and once beautiful Honoria. She lingered there, a victim not only of her own sorrows, but of the ill usage and cruelty of the wretch who had allured, and heaped them on her;—till, at last, nature could no more! she sunk beneath them! With one short interval of sanity,—enough to prove her dying abhorrence, her Christian

forgiveness of her seducer's crime,—enough to evince her own soul-rending penitence for her own sin, she thus perished at the early age of eighteen;—another victim to the cold and unworthy considerations, which too often prompt the hurried, heartless consummation of an Indian courtship!

"On my removal from the house where I had witnessed the fatal occurrences recorded in my last. I was taken, as I have already mentioned, to the small bungalow belonging to a subaltern of native infantry. He was a fine fresh looking lad, who had been, possibly, about two years in the country. Like most others of his standing, who have joined their eastern brethren, since the peace in Europe, and the consequent familiar intercourse with the continent, he was far more a man of the world, and, in spite of a slight dash of dandyism in his appearance, possessed of a greater portion of the graces and *agrémens* of life, than his less accomplished predecessors

in the service. Whether the change has proved essentially for the better, with regard to the purpose for which all are intended,—to wit, the command of the native soldiery, is yet to be proved. Whether the steady, equally well educated, and sterling, though sometimes unpolished *Koee-hye* of an earlier school, who soon fell into oriental habits and predilections; who patronized the literature, feelings, and usages of the natives, under the same form and character in which they had existed for ages;—whether the very weakness that, amidst the curtained retirement of the zenanah, voluntarily wreathed around itself the ties of blood and family in this country, may not have linked more closely the willing fidelity, and simple regard of the native soldier, is yet a problem, that a very few years more must solve and decide. The real old *Koee-hyes* are now fast receding from the ranks of the army, and their places taken by their more Europeanized,—I had almost said, more

gentlemanly successors;—but, my good Sir," said the voice from the chair, in that peculiar tone, in which compliment is individualised as it were, and personally brought home,—"it would be incorrect, indeed, to ascribe more of the gentleman to any class than belonged to that respected portion of the community, who were friends and contemporaries of the BENGALEE!

"But to the point,—my new master, like yourself, was apparently much pleased with his purchase. But he had not many days of leisure,—for an order suddenly came to the station, for an extensive army to be immediately formed from the neighbourhood of Cawnpore and other stations,—and a very few days saw his battalion on it's march to the point of rendezvous. As for myself, having been previously secured for the rough usage of a campaign, by one or two brass clamps, which you may perceive were given to be more conspicuous for their usefulness, than their ornament,—I was glad

to find that I was selected from among two or three other chairs, to accompany my young subaltern to the army.

"It is not my intention to give a history of a campaign, and I shall merely relate for your information, a few of the events which came immediately before myself. Our force, designated as the central division of the grand army, was to be commanded by the Marquess of Hastings in person, who early joined the division from Cawnpore. All was high expectation, and the proud certainty of successful exploit; but our division of the army was unfortunately doomed to inactivity, by the too prompt submission of the principal opponent, Scyndia, whom it was the intention of the Governor General to have chastised, if necessary, into peacefulness and good behaviour, during the approaching contests in Central India. This very inaction of the troops, when in the neighbourhood of Gualior, brought upon the army more of calamity, than it could have

experienced, probably, in the most ruinous warfare, or disastrous campaigns: and what added to the affliction, it was of a nature no foresight nor human prudence could have averted. It was the devastating hand of sickness, that suddenly came, armed with terrors far more dread than those of the fiercest victorious enemy;—till in less than three days after the appearance of the scourge,—of which you must have heard so much at that period,—our whole force at once shrunk from it's proud bearing of ardour and enthusiasm, and a more dispirited, heart-sunken, or depressed assemblage of human beings cannot be imagined, than those who then lay encamped in melancholy and broken array, in the district adjoining Gualior. At first, a few cases only of sudden and alarming deaths, were subjects of remark and wonder, but in a few hours, as if with the speed and circulating rush of electricity throughout the entire camp,—hundreds, nay thousands, of the soldiers and

the more numerous camp followers were laid victims of the fearful malady. It was then truly an afflicting scene: the officers wandered about from place to place, dreading to be alone, or to wait for the approach of the insidious disease in the seeming unprotection and solitude of their own tents,—and yet society gave no relief. The unspeakable awe which had fastened on men's minds, the terror of a disease like that which lay around them in all directions, writhing in it's agony; the stifled and repressed complaints of those who, newly seized with it's attacks, dared not avow to others, or themselves, the harrowing conviction that they were becoming victims of all they feared;—the loud shrieks, and distorted features of those who were convulsed beneath the full and fatal violence of the disease;—and lastly, the strangely sunken, emaciated, and sepulchral forms, which were either expiring under it's assault, or were waiting

in the colourless and ghastly hue of such a death, to be carried to their hasty and thickly scattered graves :—all this came too heavily on the hearts of all :—and the speaking, and anxious looks that wistfully met each other, amply told how appalling was the sense of horror that pervaded the army. The young subaltern, my master, was one of the very first victims; the delicacy and unformed state of his constitution made him a ready and immediate prey. There is not much delay in a camp under such circumstances ;—he was interred that very evening,—a committee of his brother officers was ordered to take an inventory of his few effects, the moment his death was announced ;—and by the next day, his camels, boxes, pony, tents, accoutrements, and myself, the poor Bareillee Chair, and other articles of his property, were scattered about the camp, having been disposed of, at a kind of martial outcry ;—superintended

by one of the Serjeants, assisted, in his new capacity of auctioneer, by a little Portuguese urchin of a drummer-boy.

"I was removed to the tent of my new possessor, the Surgeon of an European regiment, forming part of one of the numerous brigades of the army. In the evening, he made use of me at dinner at the regimental mess;—and although upwards of forty brother officers, most of them young men, soon assembled under the shelter of the several routees, which, laced together, formed the mess tent for the regiment,—although there were one or two feeble attempts, to awaken the wonted conversation,—and a heartless essay at an unfeeling jest by one member, raised for a moment angry and reproving sensations on the part of the surrounding group, —yet never did a mess dinner in camp go off more gloomily, or an entire evening pass more utterly divested of social pleasure and conversation. There was one man,

who had that morning lost a dear and beloved companion, and from the moment that he seated himself at the table, he commenced drinking bumper after bumper of wine and mingled brandy; till, at length, ere they separated, and ere he was conveyed away to his tent, it was awful to witness, the bursts of maniac and unnatural hilarity, —the uncalled for, and, as all well knew unreal spirits into which his excess had plunged him! His broken laughter, as it rung along the tent, was beyond the nerve of men, under circumstances, even less likely to overpower the mind than the present;—and one by one,—his brother officers were shrinking away from the scene, now too harrowing for their endurance!

"The next morning, before day-break, the general commenced to beat; at this signal, the whole camp began to be in motion. The Commander in Chief had determined to try the effect of a change of

encampment, and the army had been ordered to move about six or seven coss to the banks of the Betwah river. The troops were soon in line, and after a short delay, commenced to move off; the baggage and camp-followers which had been intended to keep on the reverse flank, scattering, and betaking themselves in all directions, as if hurrying in confusion and terror from the scene of misery around them. The hospital doolies were filled immediately, and, had there been fifty times the number, would at once have found miserable and dying occupants for their shelter. Many a poor fellow must have fallen and expired by the way side, and although relief was afforded to the utmost,—though elephants and hackeries were sent back, and despatched in all directions to bring on the miserable sufferers,—it was impossible that these could accommodate a portion even of the crowds of suppliant wretches, who, at last, as the disease overcame them, fell back in

hopelessness to die,—and murmured only their still piteous entreaties for something to allay their thirst.

"In the regiment to which I was now attached, nothing particular occurred, till we approached the close of the march. At this juncture, my master, who had been giving aid in every direction, and by whose side I was constantly carried by one of his servants, was called to attend the same officer, whose sorrow on the preceding evening for the loss of a comrade, had so strangely and unnaturally evinced itself. Between the paroxysms of agony, he calmly and contentedly addressed those around him, and entreated only that they would leave him to his fate. I afterwards learned that they had conveyed him on to the new encampment, but that the state of irritation, and his relaxed state after the excess of the evening before, made him a corpse also, before the hour of posting around the evening picquets.

"Just before noon, after a few of the tents had been pitched on the new ground, —among these, the very comfortable one of my present master,—I began at leisure to examine attentively, and contemplate the person and features of my new possessor. Never did I meet with a more intelligent, or truly benevolent countenance. He seemed to be busily engaged in some professional occupation. It is true, his manner once or twice, while separating or apportioning some drugs before him, seemed strange, and his countenance at times assumed a sudden paleness,—but again, while his features were evidently agitated,—the steadiness with which his fingers pursued their quiet task, betrayed any thing, on this part, but suffering of mind or frame. But the moment his task was concluded, he solved the whole—"Come hither," said he solemnly, to a respectable looking servant, who was in the tent;— "when I return from the hospital doolies,

where many a poor wretch is now praying for my attendance,—take this portion of the drug, which I have put apart, and should the malady, with which I feel too surely I have been seized, by that time, have overpowered myself, let this be immediately administered.—And now," he calmly continued, as he quitted the tent,—" others, and not mine own ills, must claim my attention."

" He returned in about two hours;—they were supporting, and now conveyed him to his couch. He was reproving one of the friends who sustained him,—evidently a medical officer; he bade him look at his fixed and livid hand, as he upheld it to his gaze, and enquired if *that* was not too fatally convincing, too destructive of all hopes,—to one, who, like himself, knew the symptoms———"

With a cry of instinctive terror, I awoke, and burst away from my seat, and from the unhallowed dream that had assailed me. When I had, for a moment, recovered my

recollection—I looked again at the Bareillee Chair; it was the same that had just been so unaccountably addressing me; but the voice was mute. It was then a dream only, and my imagination had conjured up a phantasy, and mere voice, to instil it's melancholy and terror into my soul,—to paint to me the fate, the strange untimely fate of the few of the earlier possessors of this unhappy Chair. One of them, too, the last described,—my own once bosom friend, —and such, alas! the too faithful tale of his death! I turned hastily from the Chair, —nor did I ever look upon it gain. It was ordered away,—and removed, I knew not,— cared not, whither. But such is the heart of man, that though his reason may laugh to scorn the idle fancies of imagination,— yet, ridiculous as it may appear, in my case, no wealth or inducement could lead me again to admit that fearful, and, to me, mysterious piece of furniture, within my walls!

# MR. OCTAVIUS PLANTAGENET TIMMS.

"Tel brille au second rang qui s'eclipse au premier."

In a community like that of Anglo-India, how completely the component parts of its European society are always disappearing, and under the operation of an unceasing change. The members of the different services, the gentlemen engaged in commercial pursuits, or attached to professions, and the courts of law, seem to be undergoing the perpetual process only of renewal or departure. Why we ourselves have witnessed some dozen or more radical changes of actors upon the limited scene even of this our city of Calcutta. No sooner are

we acquainted with one set of the dramatis personæ,—scarcely have we entered into the spirit of the thing, and begin to understand the character and parts our friends are playing, learning too early, perhaps, for our own peace and serenity, to love and admire them, than—quick presto!—there is a dispersion of the whole group. In the place appear a new set of actors to strut away their brief hour in turn,—soon again to depart, and leave the arena once more vacant, for new and still new companies of performers.

We know not a more dismal situation than that of a person condemned himself to linger on in India, and to be obliged thus yearly, as it were, to form a new circle of even common acquaintances. When he has once become interested in a portion of the new assemblage around him, he sees them glide away, family by family, friend by friend, associate by associate, either driven off by the insalubrity of the climate,

removed into the interior of the provinces, or, happily for themselves, returning to their native country. It is perfectly incredible to men who have not had means of long remarking such changes, how frequently the entire face of the community is altered by these incessant withdrawals. Let us suppose a poor unfortunate of a Ditcher who has been a fixture in Calcutta for the last twenty years. In that time what a variety of strange features must have passed in review before him! What an ever varying series of friends, intimates and "bowing acquaintances" he must have moved in! What packs and packs of cards, he must have consumed, in visiting all the wholesale accessions of yearly arriving strangers! Then what a display of autographs and addresses would his own card-racks exhibit, if the names of all the visitors he has been doomed to receive, were now ranged before him in one unscattered heap of exhibition!

Let him try to remember the varied

different assemblies; and if possible recall to mind, the characteristics and component ingredients of each season's array, such as he has been fated to witness at our different *burra khanas*, or within the saloons of the Government-House. The thronging and cheerful parties of Mrs. L——n and of Mrs. E——e, the ladies of high public functionaries who once enjoyed the vice-presidential authority of olden days. Then the courtly assemblages under the aristocratic lead of the Marchioness of Hastings:—giving way, in due time, to the more quiet and prim coteries which were brought together by the staid lady and daughter of the successor of our noble Hastings. Next the mixed, unceremonious, hetorogeneous congregations, resembling nothing in civilized earth except an American President's levee, who were jostling each other under the radical, economising, and gossipping sway of the Bentincks! These in turn succeeded by the frequent, the "free and easy," the piquant

and happy crowds who were allured by the ever kindly hospitality of their honored immediate successor, Sir Charles Metcalfe;—to say nothing of recent transitions and agreeable variations—why the shades and visions of departed visitants would pass before him, flitting away in confusing and distracting myriads, until his mind would falter beneath the dizzying review! It would be worse than the contents of five hundred dozen of magic lanterns dancing before his eyes in rapid, continuous and interminable succession!—a very army upon army in rank and file, of untiring phantoms, and ever marching reminiscencies!

It might farther illustrate and confirm the above remarks, if we were to single out any given era of our society and then mentally enumerate the individuals who flourished in it; calling to mind how early, how invariably, nearly every soul of the number have vanished! In the high and palmy days, for instance, of our Calcutta Drury,

at the close of the Marquis of Hastings' administration, we could name at least forty individuals who figured away on the Chowringhee boards. Strange to say there is not *one* gentleman of the whole amateur assemblage who in the present corps dramatique now remains to delight us!

We have been led insensibly into the foregoing train of thought; not that it has much to do with our present lucubration; but still it presented itself in very natural connection with our subject, in a word, it grew out of the long sleeping recollection of our once excellent friend and companion, Mr. Octavius Plantagenet Timms, who is to form the hero of our present chapter. We were recalling and picturing to ourselves the scenes, and circumstances, under which we had become acquainted with the following passages in the career of Mr. O. P. T—— for so he delighted to designate himself: and in trying to remember who were the happy contemporaries, the brother amateur

performers in the little historiette we are to present, we wondered to discover, that, but for our individual self, and our own very fortunate survivorship, there would not have remained a living being to chronicle the adventures and fair fame of Mr. Octavius Plantagenet Timms.

Mr. Timms—we must describe him—was blest, it may be admitted, with a tolerably good person. He thought it excellent! He said it was the veritably classical Thespic, the admirably exact proportion, the very mean and measure, the soul and incarnation of scenic dignity and stage demeanour! His hair was of rich jetty black; at least it looked so, in all positions except that of an uncivil light, which contrived to give a species of maroon tint, and an unaccountable warm purple to the stiff-dogged curls, which sometimes appeared to stand out in relief, for no other purpose than to catch the light, and tell tales of a sandy substratum, and of Atkinson's imperial dye. He had small grey

eyes, but they were incased in round, reddish, and easily distended lids, so that when our hero designed them to tell of emotion, horror, or surprise, they were indeed, very expressive! They were under such circumstances vastly like the descriptions we read in American writers, of Indian looks peering wildly on you from some forest underwood or deadly thicket. He was rather tall for the stage,—this was allowed by him; he was moreover somewhat "slender, spare and thin," but he could correct the slight deficiency with very little padding, false calves, cotton and other contrivances. And as for his voice—his voice was truly superb! The full deep tones of Burke, the hollow intonation of Kemble, the grating gutturals and rich hoarseness of Kean, the measured *ore-rotundity* of Macready, all shrank to naught, beside the low sepulchral utterings, we had almost said, the base and ursine growlings of Mr. Octavius Plantagenet Timms.

But to proceed. It chanced many years ago that Mr. Timm's employment, as Register, or Assistant to the Magistrate, or some such duty in the civil service, for he had the honor to belong that distinguished body, brought him near a large mofussil station, where it was determined to add to the gaieties of the place by erecting a theatre. The necessary preparations were soon made. An unfortunate oblong bungalow, was immediately gutted,—stript of its party walls and divisions, and underwent in no time, the summary process of a theatrical adaptation. With the aid of a few different earth colours, and ochres red and yellow, a little indigo, whitewash, chunam and congee, and a due proportion of mangoe wood frames, and stretched gudgee cloth, an admirable proscenium and side slips were painted: while a red curwah curtain, spangled and bestarred with tinsel, (it is said the late Town Hall drop scene and decorations were copied from this our

up-country model) soon gave completeness to the thing: and lo! a theatre stood confessed to the enchanted gaze of the assembled amateurs, who soon brought every other man, woman, and child of the station to look privately and admiringly at so happy a consummation of their ingenuity and handy-work.

So far all was well. Now commenced a deep consultation, which play, or walk of drama should claim the honor of leading off the operations. It was the signal for discussion and difficulty. All the gentlemen who cultivated dark whiskers, and who wore their necks open in long-since-sickening imitation of the portraits of my Lord Byron were for tragedy or deeply serious melo-drama. The ladies of the station also rather favored this branch of the amateur confederation, partly because the young men in question had won their support by writing moving verses in their albums, painting little vignettes, furnishing

bad copies of Chinnery, and doing numberless pencil-sketches for their scrap-books. The question was moreover legitimately within their own feminine scope and cognizance, for they were to be consulted, and employed in the preparation of the fitting costume. Tragedy, therefore, carried it hollow; as well it might with such fair co-adjutors. But next came another dilemma and difficulty. What was to be the play itself? "The Iron-chest," said Mr. Octavius Plantagenet Timms, for he had studied from a boy the part of Sir Edward Mortimer, and had actually seen it one winter holidays at the Bath Theatre, with Mr. Ward filling the identical part. His vote and claim to attention were assuredly great, but the piece was declared to want point and animation for a preliminary coup d'essai, and as the general feeling was for Shakespeare, it was at last voted by a considerable majority that "Othello" was to have the glory of introducing the first exhibition of their amateur

ability. But, alas, the biggest difficulty of all still remained. There was no apprehension of not playing up to the palmy excellence and high reaching of Shakespeare. There was no doubt, but that their corps, in its strength and diversified power, could do justice to that bard, as well as to the productions of any other ennobler of the English stage. But it was the assignment and appropriation of the parts, the distributions of the various characters, which now constituted the real puzzle of the matter. No one spoke of himself, but all dilated upon the extreme fitness of a neighbour for this and that character. A Brabantio, a Duke, nay even a Cassio and Iago were easily suggested for *others;* and as for the females, two young ensigns of the station, were positively, they affirmed, created for the characters. Their unfledged chins, untanned cheeks, and hobblety-hoy voices, —the last with a little management to be

sure,—were expressly cut out for Desdemona, and Emelia. But it was evident there was in the back ground some insuperable objection to be got over, some, high predominant claims to be waived, before the cast of the piece could be satisfactorily adjusted. Some talked of a committee of management for the purpose: some proposed that a lady of known taste and judgment who had taken a vast interest in the theatre, should be solicited to assign the parts. This was particularly urged also by one of the gentlemen, who was said to be rather intimate with the family, and whom the lady had once complimented on the Kean-like contour of his features. But even this very proper suggestion was over-ruled, and it was at length determined that each gentleman should separately give in a sealed-note under his own name, with a specification of any of the peculiar parts he felt himself desirous to undertake, or

adequate to fill. From these it was conjectured an amicable adjustment could easily be made.

There were, it should be stated, independent of the two ensigns doomed to the petticoats, no less than thirteen amateurs who had given in their full adherence to this proposal. It was next decided by lot, that three of the party should form a quorum, or committee—to meet at the theatre the following morning to open the sealed tickets. They met. With much seriousness and deliberation they arranged in order on a table, thirteen little packets which had been sent in the evening before, and now they proceeded to the important occupation of opening them! They raised one; it was folded and sealed and secured with evident care; it exhibited on the envelope, the initials of J. T.—Jack Turner, a lieutenant of a native infantry corps at the station. "Well, what character does he prefer?" said one of the committee; "as he

is little more than five feet, one, with a small shrill voice, he probably has chosen one of the senators." "By all that's comical!" exclaimed a committee-man on opening it. "If he has not hit upon Othello!" "The fellow's mad!" exclaimed the whole. "But what says the next?"—Why, to make this part of a long story short, the committee opened the next, and the next, and the next still, and their own three sealed tickets into the bargain; and it turned out that every modest, unpretending individual among them—in a word the whole thirteen of the amateur tribe, comprising thus every living member of the dramatic confederation of the place, except the two poor emasculated ensigns, had pitched upon Othello—Othello only—peremptorily—exclusively! that identical part alone, and no other! The case seemed utterly hopeless, there were thirteen disposeable amateurs—and thirteen Othellos!

The difficulty was really perplexing.

There were discussions, negociations, chits, protocols, and interchanges of we know not how many protests, propositions, and mediatorial suggestions. At last patience became exhausted, and after the candidates had depreciated in every term of sarcasm and ill nature, the claims and pretensions of each other, the matter determined itself into half a dozen hostile messages. These again ended in nothing peculiarly serious, it is true; but there was a regular flare up at the theatre, and all was angry consternation on the stage.

Still it is from evils such as these that worldly prodigies, and wonders ever emanate. It was in some dire convulsion of nature, some gigantic conflict of the earthly elements, some terrific heaving of embowelled tumultuary masses, that the lofty Himalyahs were lifted into being. It was the revolution of a rebel France that raised into preeminence the ascendancy of a Napoleon, and it was the struggle at our amateur

theatre for the privilege of enacting Othello, that fixed at last upon Octavius Plantagenet Timms the towering distinction of playing first fiddle on its boards! How this important event was accomplished, how so masterly a consummation achieved, it may not, at this distance of time, be altogether necessary to detail: but certain it is, he became at last the hero of the piece. And he *was* a hero! Ye gods! how he mouthed, and muttered, and paused, and started! How he writhed in the energetic seeming of a Cooke or Kemble, when Iago was pouring the embittering poison in his ear. How Keane-ly he tore and tugged at his left sleeve, and passed his hand within his hair! How he recoiled and shrank back in inimitable loathing, when his mind had too suddenly and thrillingly conjured up the thought of "Cassio's kisses on her lips!" And then, how frightfully, and all but faithfully, he smothered Desdemona; till the poor ensign who was "doing duty" in

an agony under the bed-clothes, veritably shrieked out, "hang it, man, are you going to choke one?"—to the horror and terrification of an astounded audience! It was, indeed, a triumph for Timms; a golden triumph for the little theatre, a galaxy of glories for the station itself, and all its surrounding community. Even the Europe-shop-keeper and his boy, the indigo-planter's assistants, the gentle uncovenanted of the civil authorities, the sergeant major and quarter-master sergeant, and the very drummers of the battalion who formed part of the audience were elated, and in raptures!

A new life seemed breathed into our hero. He was now stage-mad. He was ever acting, attitudinizing and rehearsing. In cutchery even, in deciding causes, he would be doing a bit of Portia, or displaying, on the very bench, "a Daniel come to judgment!" At a dinner party he was known with a huge carver to stab into an unoffending pigeon-pie, earthen-ware and

all, with a Shakespearian "down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither!" And as for his own house, his servants thought him demented. He seized upon a poor devil of a kitmutgar, roaring into him——

"Villain be sure thou prove my love a ——"

till the scared menial let fall a bottle and glasses he was bringing him, and fled incontinently from the service of one whom he declared to be *paugul ogya!* Nor was this all. He would not allow the plaudits and uproarious echoes of the last play to die away peaceably within the walls of the little theatre: for in less than a month he had again contrived to perpetrate a new piece of tragedy. He soon ranted in Richard, next in Sir Giles Overreach, and Sir Edward Mortimer, and Octavian in the Mountaineers—and finally in every tip-top character of Colman and rich fustian.

It was not likely that so much talent would remain hid under the bushel of a

mere mofussil admiration. The highest local celebrity was inadequate to content the growing ambition of our Timms; and he soon sighed for a fairer and wider field for the exhibition of his vaulting energies. He was fain to persuade himself also that there was something politic in his aspiring to a more public appearance. At the period we speaking of, the Governor General was known to be extremely partial to the theatre. His own personal and favorite staff were performers on the Chowringhee boards; and it was stated, that in more cases than one, (not only under his Lordship, but under other Governors-General of a less Mæcenas-like character,) a successful performance at the theatre, was a speedy passport to place and good appointments. Be that as it may, Mr. Timms applied for leave of absence to visit the Presidency on urgent private affairs; and permission was immediately granted.

What a stir the arrival of Timms made

amongst us. Private letters from the mofussil had preceded him! Correspondence in the *Calcutta Journal* had bepuffed him! And the *India Gazette*, then so redolent of balls and fêtes, and of all the doings of *haut ton* elegancy, had positively declared, that the Calcutta community was on the eve of being electrified with an exhibition of more than common histrionic talent! An editorial itself in the *Calcutta Journal* had prominently announced that Mr. T——, of the civil service, was on the way to "the Presidency, and it was hoped the managers of our Drury would exert themselves," (we here may perceive some of the first dawnings of the freedom and usefulness of the press) "to obtain the temporary aid of his most extraordinary tragic abilities." No wonder that on his arrival no time was lost to make the necessary overtures to him. He was offered a carte blanche, and the entire resources of the theatre were placed at his disposal. After much consultation and

deliberation, his favorite play of the Iron Chest was decided upon, and in that play his own distinguished character—a character he had now literally made his own, by his late inimitable mofussil management of it, was unanimously assigned him. Never was green-room expectation more alive than at the first rehearsal: but like other great performers, Mr. Timms had learned to suppress all unnecessary exertion on these preliminary occasions; and he walked, and talked, and whistled, and lounged through his readings with all the airs of a practised first rate, or a London star going through the dull necessity of a rehearsal for the evident benefit only of the bumpkins who were to act with him. Once or twice he let out a slight gleaming of his manner, and men thought they observed a smile on the quaint visage of our Winterton, but whether of satisfaction, applause, or of wonderment, or other feeling, the little fry could not take upon themselves to determine.

At length, the day, big with the fate of talent and of Timms, arrived! There was a bumper house. Four thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven rupees in the hands of the sircar, as the secretary announced. The Governor-General had taken his seat. There was a more uproarious clapping of hands, and singing of God save the King, on his entrance than had been known for years. Two judges and their ladies, and a member of council and his daughters and three nieces, were in the neighbouring boxes; and as the *India Gazette* editor would have announced it, all Calcutta, its arts, its official dignitaries, its beauty, its bar, its commerce, and mobility were then assembled to do honor to the debut of the distinguished up-country amateur.

The overture had been played: the curtain rose, but it was soon evident that all were anxious only to get over the preparatory cottage scene; that Sir Edward Mortimer might make his expected appear-

ance in the middle of the first act. Never was a Chowringhee audience so breathlessly impatient as on that eventful night. Even old Adam Winterton, with his jokes, and his sharp sly face, and admirable tremor was all but unheeded. The hero of the evening was alone desiderated; and you might truly have heard a pin drop, when the first sound of Timms's stage voice, outside the slips, was breathed upon the silence of the crowd. "Winterton!" was the single opening word, he had to utter from without; and seldom rolled so rich and deep a distant tone upon the ear. "Adam—a Winterton—n—a, come hither-r-a to me" repeated Sir Edward. "What a glorious sepulchral voice!" whispered the critics in the corner of the manager's box. "It reminds me of Canning," gravely observed the Governor General to an aid-de-camp. At length the scene disclosed Sir Edward Mortimer himself in his Library—and the proud debutant stood, or rather sat,

confessed in native dignity, at a writing desk. Heavens! how loud, how gratifying, how deafening a reception! And then his first scene, how fine, how imposing, how unlike any thing a Calcutta audience had ever before witnessed at our Drury,—or we might add, at any Drury in the diversified range of the entire theatrical world.

There is ever a reluctance in the human mind to admit that it has been disappointed. Men cling to a cherished hope, long after the rude hand of reality, has dashed away the frail web that blinded them; and it takes a sad and wearisome time ere the reason can be brought to confess its own fond folly and too easy gullibility. 'Tis thus in the affairs of the poor heart too. The tender maiden can easily array some idle puppy of an admirer in the brighter hues of a dreamy excellence: but how lingeringly, how weepingly she brings herself to the pain of unrobing him of his ideal beauty; and how long it is ere she will recognise

the true picture of the heartless, selfish, insufferable coxcomb who misled her! We have ourselves seen, in our own vicinity, how sad it is to dispossess the military man of the idea of a restored half batta, new regiments, more boons, and princely retiring funds! Nay, the pensive public of Calcutta itself, with its five lawyers, two editors and a reporter, six ex-agents, and some seven members of the trade association—— how loath, how reluctant it is for that sweet public to confess at last that—— it is no public at all! and that Sir John Cam Hobhouse absolutely shouts in derision and laughs in bitter scorn at its every petition, and at each exquisite ebullition of its Town-hall Tomfoolery!

When we reflect, and enter deeply into these feelings we can possibly understand the painful hesitation with which the Chowringhee audience began to think that Mr. Octavius Plantagenet Timms did not *quite* come up to his received character. He

might be great, they all admitted; but in a following scene when Sir Edward has to discover Wilford at the iron chest, prying too curiously into his mysterious secret—lo! the rushing, and ranting, and clutching fierce hold—and the stamping, and striding, and stalking about were so perfectly novel and extra superfine, that people first turned round furtively to make out what others also were thinking of the display, and next they turned again to Timms himself, and again each man looked once more at his neighbour, till their eyes met, and *then* the astonishment and wonderment, gave way to a mutual understanding, and a very great inclination, in spite of Mr. Timms' unrivalled pretensions, to indulge in—a laugh! But now came the scene where closeted with Wilford, Sir Edward discloses his secret. Timms here intended to be striking. His deepest tones came into solemn and unceasing play. His words were fuller and more prolonged. His eyes rolled and enlarged themselves

more tragically than ever. His action became if possible still more emphatic, and at last he approached to the dreadful point of disclosure—separating, and elavorating, and laminating, as it were, every syllable as he enounced it—

"You are the first or-dain'd to hear me say
"I am —— his murder-rer-rer!—"

At this critical moment a young midshipman of one of the Company's vessels at Saugor, roared out from a side box at the full pitch of his mizen top voice, 'By Jove you are a murder-rer-rer!

It was too much, too good, too rich! the house literally shook with laughter! Roar succeeded roar, till the gentlemen shrieked in the agony of enjoyment, and the ladies wept in the wildness of hysterical exstacy. As for the remainder of the play, it might have been Mother Goose, or Cinderella, or any other piece or performance under the Chamberlain's license, for aught the

audience knew about it. On the stage all was mournful dumb shew; in the pit and boxes all was amusement and irrepressible merriment and uproar.

Mr. Octavius Plantagenet Timms laid his dâk for the mofussil the next evening. He has never seen Calcutta since that day; nor since has he ever opened a play book, or even dared to dream about the stage. The young midshipman was the tragic death of him.

# RISQUER LA VIE POUR UNE EPINGLE!

" But after all 'tis nothing but cold snow !"

BYRON.

It is not very long since a family of English travellers in Switzerland, leaving Zurich, crossed Mount Albi, and from the summit of this mountain enjoyed, as tourists invariably do, the splendid scenery there stretched out magnificently around them. The ascent they had found to be difficult, in consequence of some late very unseasonable weather, but they subdued all murmur and complaint, having before them the anticipated pleasure of the sight they were to enjoy. On descending, however, they found their route to be not only difficult,

but attended at several places with no little of danger. The excitement had passed away, and the annoyances of the moment were busily arraying themselves in full force, un-redeemed at this juncture by any alleviating hope such as that which had assisted them in their earlier ascent.

"One has to pay for sight seeing in this part of the world," observed an elderly gentleman of the party.

"*C'est risquer la vie pour une épingle,*" muttered aloud the voiturier.

There was much of truth and good sense in the sturdy moral of the old voiturier—not if applied merely to the party of troublesome tourists who had led him and his horses into the uncomfortable position in which they found themselves, simply too, that they might say with others that they had enjoyed the rich view from Mount Albi—but the remark might extend elsewhere, and leaving Switzerland and Europe, would prove itself equally applicable to our

own unwitting selves, in this land of toiling, perilling, and exposure.

Let us look around. There is the dear and delicate Mrs. Vernour,—during the last week of unmitigated hot wind, with the thermometer even in a well closed Chowringhee house at ninety odd, she has been out visiting her kind friends. Her kind friends, by the way, do not care five sous for her—and she has paid among them, in the burning heat of the daily midhour, no less than fifteen morning visits since Monday last up to the present Saturday. Is the woman mad? No. She is a very sensible, chatty, and intelligent little person —and more than this, she is vastly pretty withal, as much so as languid and somewhat impaired looks, and a tintless cheek can now permit her to be; she is rich moreover and possesses a splendid fellow of a husband who is now a leading partner in one of the best of the new houses established recently under combined London and Liverpool

auspices—and to crown all, she has a trio of as lovely little dittoes of her own dark eyes and most kissable little pouting lips as ever nursery contained in a happy mansion to bless and delight a juvenile mamma. And yet she almost daily deserts these domestic allurements for the entire morning, ruins her own health—harasses her husband's coachman—and sickens his best cattle—to keep up the acquaintance of some dozen or two burra beebees of the Chowringhee road, who often return her kind civility by sending down for the durwan, the moment her back is turned, to scold him handsomely for forgetting to shut the door, and not denying them most peremptorily to the fair intruder. I saw Dr. Rifle's carriage at her house last evening in passing:—so I suppose she is laid up at last. But what can be said of the interesting Mrs. Vernour—but that all last week she has been most sedulously risking her life *pour une epingle!*

My old and esteemed friend Mr. Theodore

Theodosius Bigge, of the civil service, has been some nine and thirty years in India, and has toiled through every grade of the service from an assistant and acting register up to a seat in the Sudder Dewanny Adawlut. He has saved a mint of money, and is known to have had transferred from the old six per cent. remittable, into the new fives, as much paper as would have sent home, happy and contented for life, half a dozen field officers of the army, and more than half a score of half batta captains tumbled into the bargain. But Mr. Bigge is an ambitious man.—He covets, ay *covets* in its most happy and unlimited meaning, the high dignity and rich remuneration of a seat in council. It is true he longs daily for home: his constitution is sinking under his too protracted residence in this climate. He is a martyr to dyspepsia; and even blue pill in his case is losing its sovereign and saving efficacy. Yet he lingers on

year after year,—season after season—sees his social companions and old friends steal away from his side in every ship that clears out for the country of his wishes;—and here he remains uncared for, miserable and alone, to be disappointed at each vacancy in council where his more active juniors are invariably made to supersede him;—and for what?—for the chance—and a poor one it is—of a seat in the supreme government, or as our voiturier would express it,—*pour une epingle!*

Colonel Leander Senex is the bravest man in the Indian army. He has not only maintained in his day, the character of a fearless soldier on the field—but he has proved himself, at the full age of fifty, far bolder than the most adventurous and ardent bachelor of the whole Calcutta community. He has ventured upon matrimony with the young and dashing Leila Courtenay! What could have made the old votary of Mars thus mettlesome in his latter days, his very

intimates even were at a loss to discern. He *had* been what is termed a Lady's man, some thirty years ago;—he was once, when quadrilles and waltzing were first introduced in India, in great request as a very desirable and useful man to make up a set. He was moreover before that time an A. D. C. to the Governor General; and having good interest, was vastly patronised by the aspiring mammas of that era. But of late—nay for the last two dozen years—he has been attending only to the onerous duties of his staff appointment;—and day after day, year after year, he might have been seen taking his early constitutional canter round the course, before breakfast, to prepare for his diurnal task; and at a quarter to ten precisely you might watch him stealing quietly into town, to place his attenuated pair of legs under the accustomed office desk, from which he was as regularly to remove them at the wonted hour of ten minutes past five in the afternoon. And

then he was so cautious and careful. If he dined out in the evening, he took his one glass of sherry after soup; his half tumbler of cold water after meat; and his two moderately filled small glasses of French claret at the desert. He was a very model for clock-work in the regularity of his every movement. He was on the principle of the best mean-going chronometer—and with him there was positively no difference to note. How so steady and immutable a personage could venture upon Miss Courtenay we could none of us at first guess; but he certainly did have the boldness to pop the question; and in a few weeks they were married as a matter of course;—the boldness in his case consisting, not in risking the possible danger of a refusal, but in confronting the moral and most awful certainty of an acceptance.

Well, they were married,—and it was soon evident that the cautious and long considering Colonel Senex had a motive

for the serious step he had entered upon. His house was thrown open;—he commenced burra khanas,—soirees dansantes,—and evening parties—in fact was doing the agreeable and playing the popular,—winning golden opinions on every hand, to aid him in his ambitious aspirations and earnest endeavours to succeed as Adjutant General, Quarter Master General, or as Military Secretary to the Government of India. His own official usefulness and acknowledged talents he knew would establish a tolerably fair public claim to the distinction, and he calculated, that the brilliancy of his new home and domestic arrangements under Leila Courtenay, would farther pave the way for his advancement. But at what personal sacrifice of comfort and habitual ease was not all this change of life, and straining after popularity effected? His hours were all broken into. Messrs. Gibson and Co. pinched up his waist in a new staff uniform, tight as a tourniquet: they doomed

him to couchouc stays, and patent spring belts to compass into befitting juvenility the abdominal exuberance of his person. He was forced to appear at every ball and assembly, in addition to his own endless parties; and might be seen at the reunions and fancy dress balls and bachelors' grand entertainments, with his wife's shawl, and scarf, and fan, and pocket-handkerchief on either arm, standing all statue-like and patient behind the pillars of the Town Hall, —his Leila being engaged only three quadrilles deep, a gallope and two waltzes, at the time all other wise and steady people had retired, and long after the mid-night hour had breathed its somnolency and weariness upon the eye-lids of the disconsolate old colonel.

The poor man's health has evidently sunk under it. But he would have a young wife amid his other aspirings, and he has —— paid for his *epingle!*

Let me now give one more example

before we dismiss the subject. Let us suppose a hot, muggy, close, burning, and most uncomfortable day at the end of the month of September. The rains have ceased for the last three weeks, and have given way to the dull suffocating kind of heaviness, unfanned by a single movement of the air, so peculiarly felt in the intervening period between the rainy moonsoon and the wished-for coming cold weather. Picture now a wide expanse of jheel, with mud and weeds, and patches of miserable looking land scattered over a steamy, miasmatic extent of some three or four miles of marshy country. There is water in abundance, but shallow and interspersed with rank grass and jungle, that no boat bigger than a canoe from a single stem could float upon it, or thread its way through the wilderness of weeds which are here luxuriantly thriving in the richest exuberance of unhealthy vegetation. Amid the glare and dazzling vapour which floats and lingers upon the scene we have described, may be observed a solitary figure

of an European, with a large solah hat, a shot belt thrown over his shoulder, a leather bag on his left side for game, a small brandy-paunee flask in the roomy pocket of his white cotton jacket, and a double barrelled Joe Manton carried heavily in his right hand. His features are swollen with the midday heat, and are scarcely to be distinguished amid the smoke, and gunpowder, and trickling perspiration floating over his now fevered and discoloured cheeks. His jacket is hanging dankly and heavily upon him—and his nether habiliments are drenched with the wet mud, and slime, and mire, and rotten vegetation he has been draggling in, knee-deep, for the last hour or two. But see his gun is brought up to the poise—bang—bang—go both barrels! He has probably hit a couple of snipes—for he is seen splashing and floundering away in a seeming agony of haste to secure them! And this is snipe shooting in India!—Sporting in the East!—Mon Dieu! *C'est risquer la vie pour une epingle!*

## THE SHIPMATES.

"Soon the latent wound
The fading roses of her cheek confess——"
MRS. TIGHE'S PSYCHE.

"How I do hate that Barrackpore," said the pretty Emily Lesgrove to her mamma, a few days after their happy meeting in India; and within a few weeks of the arrival of Miss Lesgrove in one of the large passenger ships of the season, "It is the dullest, stupidest, most annoying place I ever knew."

"Indeed Emily," returned Mrs. Lesgrove, "this abuse of Barrackpore is almost unkind to your good old uncle, the brigadier. It was very considerate of him to receive you at all, until, we could get away from Patna

to the presidency; and I only wonder that he consented to the charge;—such a breaking in, as it must have been, on his old bachelor habits and retirement."

"La! mamma!—It was my uncle that made it so stupid—he would not let me see any one of my shipmates even. There were some very gentlemanly young men who called; but he made me seem downright rude to them. If a blue coat or pair of epaulettes made their appearance, he sent me off at once to my own room;—nay, he looked as if he could have scolded me in real earnest, for once staying in the hall, when the old Brigade-Major happened to drop in. How I do hate Barrackpore!"

"It was rather ridiculous, certainly;" said mamma. "What alarm and fidgeting you must have occasioned to good uncle!"

"I took him by surprise, you know;" resumed Emily; "he had but a table and four chairs in the whole bungalow, on the day we arrived; and he gave up to me the

only bed in the house—it was a Hindoostanee camp-description of couch, with four painted legs; and then his little looking-glass and toilet apparatus!—and the old sirdar bearer, whom he deputed to me,—to be useful, I suppose, as a valet! How the maid, Richards, and I did laugh, mamma, at the entire equipment."

"But you confessed, Emily, that he spared nothing to make you comfortable."

"Comfortable—dearest mamma!—he seemed to think he never could do enough. His subsequent attempts to prove this, were more amusing, even, than the first appearance of his domestic arrangements. The very next morning after our astounding arrival, he sent off to a Calcutta upholsterer; and it would seriously have distressed you, as it nearly killed me with laughing, to see the crowd of useless but most expensive furniture which came pouring into the poor bungalow. Bed-couches—settees—toilet and sofa tables — wardrobes — looking-glasses —

fashionable chairs, to put his unhappy quartette of up-country lacquered ones out of countenance!—And then his dilemma, and utter ignorance how to arrange and methodise all this inundation of finery—Nay —mamma, don't look so grave—I do hate Barrackpore, it is true; but I love, most dearly love my good old uncle!"

A loud warning of the gong, at the outside gate of the compound, here announced some morning visitor; and Emily's face, had it been observed by Mrs. Lesgrove, would have betrayed, from its sudden suffusion, a little secret fluttering of heart, and some apprehension of the particular visitor, whom this signal of the durwan was to introduce.

A card was brought up-stairs. "Mr. Charles Seymour," observed Mrs. Lesgrove, as the jemadar placed it before her. "Who is he?"

"Mr. Seymour was a——a——shipmate of ours," with some confusion and hesitation replied little Emily.

A tall, handsome, though somewhat boyish-looking young man at this moment entering the room, precluded all farther remark. Miss Lesgrove got over the difficult but necessary ceremony of introducing him to mamma—and after they were seated, and the first few wonted dissertations on the peculiar heat of the morning, the attacks of musquitoes, and the mutual enquiries after fellow-passengers, by the young folks, Mrs. Lesgrove had full opportunity to obtain knowledge of a very natural, yet certainly most unanticipated good understanding between this Mr. Charles Seymour and his late lovely ship companion, her daughter.

"A very uninteresting young man that, Emily," observed mamma, after he had taken leave; and after he had converted his morning visit into a most formidable visitation, as far as regarded length, and frequent pauses of silence;—and not before there had been sundry interchanges of most sonorous

sighings, and very tale-telling glances:—"I have seldom seen so dull a youth as this fellow-passenger of your's. He must have been very stupid on the voyage."

Emily did not dare trust herself to look up; but she contrived to murmur. "No,—mamma,—he was much liked, I believe,—by all the passengers."

"Indeed! Did you see much of him?" asked Mrs. Lesgrove.

"Too much, I fear me, now, for my own peace," was the internal admission in reply; but the sounds that escaped to reach Mrs. Lesgrove's ear were "not very——," then a pause, and —— "yes, a good deal, towards the conclusion of the voyage."

"He must have been a sad plague and annoyance to you, Emily,—a very bore—was he not?" wickedly persisted mamma.

"Indeed—no—yes—dear me! I left the Ayah with some of my new dresses laid out up stairs, and must—." Mamma heard no more, as, with a burning cheek and

throbbing heart, poor Emily now made her most necessary escape.

"So—so," ejaculated Mrs. Lesgrove,—what I had so hoped and trusted to guard against, by having out my Emily to India, thus young, has unhappily entangled her after all. That vile ship-board and voyage to India! What *will* Mr. Lesgrove say to this? and my dear Chalmers, too—he will hear of it, as sure as Fate."

Papa, however, treated the affair lightly enough, when with many lamentations and deploring fears, the visitor of the morning was described to him. He laughed at the idea of a lasting regard between a boy and girl who had sighed themselves into mutual fancy, because they were shut up together for a four-months' voyage, and who were now, no doubt, deeply enamoured, simply because they had daily looked at each other across the cuddy table, until they had gazed and dreamed themselves into the very Damon and Delia of an eternal attachment.

As for Mr. Chalmers, he never attended to the idle intimation for a moment. On his arrival, a few days afterwards, from the mofussil, in fulfilment of his long promised visit, to take place on her daughter's arrival, Mrs. Lesgrove very casually gave a hint of her "Emily having been very much admired on her voyage, and of *two* or *three* dying swains in pursuit;" but her guest seemed not to notice the intelligence. He came professedly to admire her himself—and that *he* was at once to be the sole object of her young admiration and humble wonder in return, was as firmly settled to his own satisfaction and conviction as mamma's assurances and no little share of self-conceit could effect it.

Mr. Chalmers had been a very "*nice*" young man, some ten or fifteen years previous to the date of our little tale. Chance had thrown him much into the society of Mrs. Lesgrove, when he was

register at the same station with the judge, her husband—and where mofussil ennui and idleness had decked him in such alluring colours in the languishing eye of Mrs. Lesgrove, that scandal at one time was very busy, and very unsparing on their mutual behalf. After years fully proved the mere platonic nature of their intimacy; for it ended in her darling child Emily, then at school in England, being promised as a reward to her dear friend Chalmers, "her own loved pet and ally for years!" Could she better provide for her child's happiness than by consigning her, when old enough, to the care and affection of one so long known and prized as he was—nay, could she confer on her a greater blessing than to give her to one whom she had so unceasingly and fondly admired herself? The feeling may, to many, seem strange, that could *thus* strive to keep such excellence in the family circle; but we may state the simple truth, and assert that Mrs.

Lesgrove seriously thought she was consulting her daughter's best happiness in this very arrangement. In fact—scandal as it often does, had from the first belied the nature of her own regard for her husband's assistant, while his present rank, expectations and standing in the service, without considering his other amiabilities, were quite sufficient to make her overlook the desparity of years, and induce her to secure, if possible, for her daughrer, the "*nice*" man so long the object of her own patronising esteem and admiration.

But if Mr. Chalmers was every thing with mamma, it was soon evident he did not equally succeed with the foolish and unappreciating Emily. When seated by the ladies in their barouche, on the evening course, his most amusing speeches, his little prettinesses and small talk, so often applauded and smiled upon by Mrs. Lesgrove, were entirely thrown away upon the daughter. Her attention was ever elsewhere

on some fairy dream of her own heart;—her eyes ever on the look-out for a younger possessor of it, whose well known white arab was every moment passing and re-passing the carriage. *Such* looks, too, were often exchanging, that if the "*nice*" Mr. Chalmers had not been all engrossingly taken up in contemplation of his own merits, and amusing powers, he must have beheld them. But, so resolutely unalarmed at rivalry was our ever-smiling Inamorato, that but for a little event on a sad and fatal evening, he would, to the last, have remained blind, deaf, and unobservant—not only in regard to her preference for another, but even her utter repugnance towards himself. It was high time, however, he should be undeceived: for a certain ceremony at St. John's Cathedral was now openly talked of by mamma—such ceremony also being concluded and resolved upon as a mere matter of course by papa—and assented to as a piece of success justly

his due, by the delighted and self-satisfied Mr. Chalmers.

On the eventful evening above alluded to, they were quietly driving down the course, when a couple of young midshipmen from the ship, who were on leave, and enjoying themselves in the happy amusement of steering a hired buggy, suddenly perceived their late passenger and shipmate, Miss Lesgrove, before them. At once they put whip to the nag, and endeavoured, as they termed it, "to carry more sail, and shew off before the pretty passenger in passing her handsomely to windward." But, as bad fortune would have it, at the very moment of their coming up, "hand over hand, and getting abeam of the barouche," the young gentleman at the helm, on turning round with a pleased look of recognition, brought his buggy in unlucky contact with the carriage. There was a scream from the ladies—a "what the devil——?" from Mr.

Chalmers; but the crash, and the noise, and the shock, had alarmed also the horses, and, with a plunge, off they rushed in mad and increasing career to the extremity of the course! 'Twas a moment of breath-suspending terror to all who beheld the imminent danger of the party in the barouche. The horses were soon perfectly unmanageable—wildly rushing by at the angle of the course, where it branches on to Chowringhee, they grazed the parapet by the road side—and although the graze itself was very slight, it was sufficient, in the present velocity of their course, to throw the vehicle from off its proper equilibrium,—'till after poising itself fearfully on the off wheels, apparently for many yards, the barouche was fairly upset, and the whole party precipitated on the road!

Fortunately a carriage, steadily moving on before them, at the moment of this precipitation, had opposed itself to the horses, and, in the mutual indecision of

the pair on which side to pass it, they had suddenly impeded each other, and almost brought themselves up by their momentary disagreement and opposition. This mercifully providential circumstance alone saved the party from destruction: as it was, the ladies were picked up senseless; while Mr. Chalmers was nearly as bad from serious fright, and lay speechless, with a physiognomy most woefully scratched and disfigured!

At the very commencement of the accident, a young gentleman, on a white arab, was observed to follow the carriage in a state of agonising alarm, but still with the good sense to keep behind, so as not to add to the terrified speed of the horses. When the catastrophe finally took place, he was, however, in a moment on his feet, and the young lady of the party was frantically caught up in his arms. He seemed to think of, or care for no one in the wide world besides —and saw not a soul of the gathering crowd around him! His lips remained in breathless

agony close, and almost pressed to her lifelessly half-open and pallid ones—but he was unconscious of it or of aught on earth, save only his beloved, and, he thought, dying Emily!—and, when at last some friends, in another carriage, now drawn up in the vicinity of the shattered vehicle, wished to remove her to their own conveyance, so as to carry her and the whole party to their residence, he would not relinquish the fair burthen he was wildly clasping to his bosom; and it was long ere they could explain to him the peremptory necessity for his coming to his own senses. But still he followed her home, where nothing could induce him to quit the house until he was assured that his Emily had been restored speedily to herself, with no other injury than what remained from the shock and fright.

As might be supposed, there were not wanting, in the circle of Mrs. Lesgrove's Calcutta friends, many kind and consoling

morning visitors, sufficiently intimate to communicate in due time to her, under rather amplified circumstances, the little tender scene of the late picking up. Indeed, the incident itself had been spoken of every where at the presidency, under so many different features and embellishments, it was difficult to recognise it at all, or understand it further than that it established the fact of the gentleman with the white arab being desperately in love with Miss Lesgrove, while the account given of the upraised eyes of the young lady—her fond murmurs—the touching, heart-revealing accents of her exclamation of "my dear Charles!—her whispered vows—her thanks, while for a brief moment she revived upon his bosom, —the detail of all which was most accurately and veraciously superadded to the true version of the story—clearly proved to the community, that her attachment at least equalled his own. Mr. Chalmers, too, came in for a share of no little quizzing from a

few of his intimates, and former cotemporaries of the Buildings—nor was his scratched face allowed to recover itself without many an unlucky remark. At last, the idea seemed to occur to him that he was cutting a foolish and unpleasing figure in the business: with all becoming resolution, he demanded an explanation from mamma,—the only result of which was that poor Emily was more severely catechised than ever—and, after many tears on her part, much upbraiding from mamma, and angry raving from papa, the unhappy girl was consigned, in dire disgrace, on a second visit to her good old uncle, the brigadier, at Barrackpore, to allow, if possible, the disagreeable affair to blow over.

Never was ancient bachelor in so melancholy a situation as the brigadier, now deputed, in his peculiar ignorance of all such matters, to take charge of a disconsolate and despairing maiden. It is true, there were no tears before him, to combat

with, or to seduce him, in any shape, to support and uphold her in her disobedience to her parents; but, what was a hundred times worse, his soft-heartedness was hourly assailed—not by her weeping itself—but by the view of her dim and joyless glance, her pallid and tintless cheek—and, as he sorrowfully declared to his Brigade-Major—"her daily sinking health!" In vain he tempted her with every delicacy which he and his old consumah could think of to recall her departed appetite:—in vain he presented her with a beautiful little pony for her morning rides in the park. A new harp and grand piano were unavailingly added to the recent furniture of his bungalow. All was without success—until, at last human nature could no more—and away went the brigadier to Calcutta. What passed there, we know not; but the same evening saw him returning, in Mrs. Lesgrove's carriage, with mamma herself; and in a moment the sobbing and surprised Emily

was again clasped to the affectionate heart of her parent.

"Nay—my dearest child," said mamma, when the first burst of hysterical sobbing had subsided—"no more of this. Listen to me, my loved Emily—all your sorrows are to be at an end. Papa has seen your young shipmate, who will be here himself in the morning—all is settled, dearest! to your fondest wishes! Mr. Chalmers is off again to his station—Seymour is out of college; and,—and —— on the fifteenth of next month—nay, you silly, silly girl, why are you shrinking thus, and enfolding that face in my veil?—Do listen, Emily—your uncle has promised to pay papa a kind visit from that day—and then Mr. and Mrs. Seymour—(poor Emily! again at bo-peep! —you will positively tear my veil)—are to take possession of this bungalow for a month, or as long as they find Barrackpore agreeable. But I forget——all these sage measures of ours will be frustrated; you

never can submit to any such plan—*you do so hate Barrackpore !*"

Emily—all tears, joy, and blushing, raised her head, in smiling archness, for an instant —then turning affectionately to her uncle fondly threw her arms around the neck of the old brigadier—" No—no—no—not so"—she whispered in his ear—" you know not how dearly *I do love this Barrackpore !*"

# THE TRADE OF THE EAST.

Lucri bonus odor——

I was taking my usual evening drive, a few weeks ago, on the Calcutta course, by the river side, and could not help remarking the crowded state of the Hooghly, during the present year.* It exhibited in sober truth "a forest of tall spars." The various merchantmen of so many nations and flags, of the English, French, American, and of other western countries; together with the numerous picturesque specimens of naval architecture of our Asiatic neighbours. —the mongrel native craft of Coromandel and Malabar, the boats of Arracan, of Ava,

* Written in 1836.

and the Maldives, the prahues of the Straits and junks of Cochin China or Siam, with scores of others equally characteristic in their conformation—all were here congregated in one busy and motley commercial mass. No wonder there was a pleasing interest in the scene, and that it contrived to give no little assurance of the wealth and extensive dealings of this our traffic in the East. I say *our* traffic in the East, for the sight brought with it, in spite of other feelings, a degree of pride and satisfaction at the commercial supremacy of my own loved country — under whose immediate power and protection, all this evidence of energetic enterprise and industry was thus magnificiently arraying itself. About the same time, I had chanced to read in some extract from China of there being no less than ninety square rigged vessels, chiefly British also, assembled at the different anchoring situations near Macoa, all waiting

to carry off the fragrant produce of that tea dispensing vicinity.

What a stupendous power is that of trade! said I to myself, when slowly driving homeward in the dusk. How wide and wonderful its effects! Here around me is an Empire—of what—of opinion? as theorists delight to call it, No!—Of military force and power? Nay, nor of this either, save of as much of it, as is called into being only at the beck of a more stirring and successful controuler of this world's destinies:—'tis of trade, of busy, restless, enterprising trade! An Empire then of haggling, bartering, gain seeking calculating trade! What a humiliating picture of human nature after all, and of its proudest deeds and dominion, does not this exhibit? I see in the dim twilight, it is true, the majestic outline of a huge fortress; and farther to my left are the palatial looking edifices of an aristocratic community, whose homes have procured for Calcutta, its eminence

and distinction amid its sister cities of the world: and yet what are these proud symbols, but the mere subservients, the appendages, the collaterals, the very subordinate signs and common evidences themselves of a ruling and all directing commerce?

Now, it strikes me, I love my country as well as most men, and I laughed like others, who could well afford to laugh, when Napoleon called us—at the moment we best bearded him,—a nation of shop-keepers. But there is something, I do confess me, galling in the conviction that all we can here boast of, is the mere emanation of trade. That man's best and proudest energies, and his highest reaching efforts are but the sordid results of his innate hankering after gain. The reflection was by no means a very ennobling or consolatory one, nor was it heightened at the moment by the rude shouting of a native syce, who at that juncture interrupted my

thoughts, and told me rather unceremoniously to take myself out of the way: and hardly had I time to obey his mandate, ere a light and elegant equipage, the best on our Calcutta course, bounded past me with the giggling and chattering family of one of our newest imported emancipated clerks, now metamorphosed by the promethean touch of fortune, into a Calcutta merchant. "Plague on those Saudaghurs!" murmured I to myself; "they are getting higher and mightier here around us than ever! We had many an excellent, ill-natured fling at them in their late misfortunes; but now Phœnix-like, and be hanged to them! they an resuscitating by their own industry and able exertion into more than former splendour;—brighter even amid the relics of scattered millions, and the ashes of bankrupt crores. How I hate them now again with their boasted good indigo seasons; their Tom Brown here, who has just cleared two lacs; and their Tim Tomkins there, who made

nine hundred maunds last year, and got 225 Rupees all round for it, even to his dust, broken sweepings, and musters.

Does it not make one's own humble fate and empty purse more intolerable than ever, to see all this abundance, this unhoped for exaltation on every side of us! It verily disturbs my bile, incommodes my liver, and as Dr. Combe, the physiologist, would describe it, impedes the flow of gastric juice, stays the churning action of the stomach, delays the chime, perturbs the chyle, and deadens the very peristaltic action itself of the deodenum, the jegunum, and the colon!

It was in spirit such as this that I reached my own little domicile. Forthwith I called for dinner, and sternly began to ladle forth my baburchee's best attempt at *potage aux laitues.*

"Abominable!" I exclaimed, "cut the scoundrel a Rupee for his soup.—Give me wine!"

But it was no better, "The Destournel it

is getting as rank and copperish as Cantenac itself. Quick some water! Why, all goes wrong; the very ice wont cool this evening: the meat is tough, the *cuisse de poulet en papelotte* is as stringy as a stewed elephant. Away, away, away with every thing, and now my hookah!"

"Heigho," I exclaimed, after a few whiffs. "It's very hard a deserving person like myself is doomed for aye to toil and trouble in this eternal hot bed of discomfort, when every busy chap of a counting house clerk is promoted, to his own utter astonishment, into a four anna share of a Calcutta establishment;—when every planter's assistant, with just liver enough to outlast three seasons of galloping over ploughed indigo khates, or going it in a good sporting country, is suddenly lifted up into lacks and pre-eminence. Heigho!" I added between whiles and dosing intervals: "Heigho" I repeated, nodding heavily at each sigh; and sinking at last into as profound a slumber as

ever indigestion and a sullen dinner inflicted on the climate-striken person of an irreclaimable *koee hye !*

How long I slept I know not, for I am a good hand at a siesta as may be remembered in my former nap in a Bareillee Chair, but I suddenly found myself in the unexpected society of three or four leading merchants of Calcutta. There was one of them, a very dapper, well dressed, thin, foppish looking young gentleman, with a black stock and well curled locks, whom I had often seen in the evening course on a recently imported English mare. But he as well as the others immediately opened tongue upon me, and began to rate me unmercifully for my late injurious thoughts and opinions regarding, what they were pleased to term, trade in general, and the Calcutta commercial community in particular. In vain I assured them, that I never ventured to breathe to a living soul an observation against their esteemed high honor

and dignity: that I had the fear of the Lord Chief Justice's admirable admonitions, and the law of libel before my eyes; to say nothing of the big tree, a dozen paces, and hair trigger detonators. That, as for my own peculiar opinions, such as these of the present evening, they arose, I did not doubt, entirely under the influence of bile, and dispepsia. And that if they would only allow me the monastic and healthful infliction of a little starvation, with quant. suff. of other discipline I should assuredly be brought to contrition,—in a day or two find every thing of sheer couleur de rose, and be the first to hail their present most merited exaltation, and happily altered position.

It would not do. One gentleman of the party insisted upon an apology from me to be read out by the Secretary of the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce, at their next periodical meeting. Another proposed that I should be denounced in the *Hurkaru*

newspaper, as a detractor of the bankrupt houses, and a kicker of dead lions! A third looked very knowing, and suggested that I should be invited to join one of their newest house, and be advertised forthwith into the firm of Duck, Doem, Diddler and Co. And a fourth, looking more indignant and savage than his neighbours, insisted, that I should be instanter led off as a culprit to the sovereign tribunal of the Spirit of Trade itself!

This proposition seemed to give the greatest share of satisfaction, and without consulting my own wishes in the matter, they seized upon me at once, and led, or rather dragged me, I know not whither, to be taken before the insulted Genius of Commerce. In vain I struggled, they pulled me on; and it seemed to me, I was soon in a populous city, and they were leading me amid palaces and squares and other residences of aristocracy and reputed wealth. But it was not here they stopt; but plunging

at length into the very heart of the vast city, I found myself in long streets and bazaars of costly goods, and ware-rooms of the richest merchandise. Next we reached a river crowded, it appeared to me, on either bank, with wharfs, and ware houses and capacious dock yards; while fleets and fleets of merchantmen were clustered upon the bosom of the tide. At length after winding through some narrow lanes, and gloomy passages on the banks of the river, resembling possibly, Mark Lane, Mincing Lane, Lower Thames Street, or the vicinity of the London Custom-house, and other such dim trading localities, I was led under a dismal arch-way and alley, into a retired court yard. At the further end of the last mentioned place appeared an open door, with a green brass-nailed and partially glazed spring-door in the rear of the outer entrance. To this we bent our steps. The green door seemed to open of itself, and disclosed a passage leading into several long

dreary offices, where clerks were ranged in places like pews, or coffee house boxes; with high desks and stools, and day books, and journals, and ledgers, and bill books and invoices, and all manner of heavy folios in calf, with parchment bindings and red backs, ranged carefully on every side of them. All seemed busily and earnestly employed, and took not the slightest notice of us, as we passed silently among them: but at last we approached a small inner room, where rose a high desk, with rails and brass rods along its upper part, on which lay sundry imperial ledgers, and account books, and copies of correspondence in all written languages under heaven. Behind all this, exalted on a narrow old fashioned three legged stool, sat ensconced in all his dignity, the presiding Genius of Commerce!

I dared not look up. I heard sundry grave charges alleged against me, for undervaluing and reviling the respectability of the Calcutta Trade,—and one odd looking

little old man, whom I now saw for the first time among my tormentors, announcing himself as the representative of the Calcutta Trade Association, was mouthing away against me most marvellously, until silenced by a wave of the hand of the august personage whom he was addressing. As for myself, my doom seemed to be fixed. I expected to hear in reply the sad award of my sins, or at the very least, to sink beneath some awful censure, or wither beneath some overwhelming reproof. When, to my relief and astonishment, a voice stole upon my ear, bland and gentlemanly in its tone,—and in the mildest possible of all reprehending accents, told me I was in error. I raised my head, and my eyes met those of a small, thin, attenuated elderly gentleman;—his countenance care worn and grave, it is true, but with a bright benevolent and intelligent look, as like that of a late respected and once leading merchant of this place, as could well be imagined.

Indeed throughout our whole subsequent conference there was a striking resemblance between the personage before me, and the lamented individual I have alluded to. Mildly he pointed out to me my ignorance of the real state of the case; told me that I could scarcely have been aware of the power and the influence of trade upon the destinies of mankind—nay he went a little farther on this subject than even my then most supple inclination to be deferential and submissive could clearly follow or admit.

"Sir," said he, "I respect you for your opinions on many subject"—("How in the name of wonder"—whispered I to myself "did the old gentleman find out I am the BENGALEE?")—"your sentiments and delineations are given in your own light and amusing manner, and they are yet valuable for the truth that dictates, and the fidelity that adorns them. But your notions of trade, my good sir—and of Eastern Trade essentially, are crude and incorrect. You may be startled

to hear it—but it is a truth—of which I shall have pleasure in convincing you before we part—that the trade of India—of the East, has been not only the making of our European nations, and the origin of our present power and prosperity in the west, but it is the parent, nay has been the very soul and being of the civilization, the arts, the literature, and supremacy of Europe.

"Surely"—I observed—picking up courage "trade has not this influence."

"Trade has this influence"—he mildly continued—"nay more than this; it has raised your fellow creatures throughout the world from being the mere savage of the world, or the lawless wanderer of the desert, and improved you into the civilized and social beings you now boast yourselves to be. Say where is seen but ignorance and savage barbarism? It is where trade has not yet shed its genial blessings. Where again are elegance and art, and all that enhances and dignifies the little of happiness

that men may enjoy in this sublunary world? is it not where industry and skill have directed best,—under a providence that smiles upon exertion, and the Religion which God hath given for the guidance of the hearts of men,—the energies and activity of an all enobling commerce?"

"Would you like to trace, and see evidence before you, at one glance as it were, of the working of the mighty power I have described?"

I bowed, and the personage waved his hand, and in a moment, the dim dark city window before us, which seemed barely to shed enough of light to allow the presiding Genius of the place to decypher his bulky account books, appeared to open before us, I know not how, into the capacious proscenium of a magnificent theatre. All seemed as the effort of enchantment; and enchantment it assuredly was—the master conjuration and magic of commanding wealth. But the wonder stayed not here;

in the rear of the proscenium, there rose suddenly a boundless view of out-stretched countries, and richly cultivated plains. And tall cities gleamed, brightly interspersed upon the scene; and there were seas, and lakes, and rivers; and uncounted wealth moving in buoyant gladness on the shining bosom of the waters. Corn, and pasture, and crowning vineyards smiled too amid the champaign richness of the landscape, and all was wealth, and peace, and blessing!

"These" said, the dignified old gentleman, whom I now began to look upon with admiration, mingled with no little reverence, —"These are the rich effects of civilizing commerce. Would'st thou see the same wide view, ere yet trade hath shed its influence on the scene?"

In the glancing of an eye I saw the same expanse of country as that just described—but there were woods, and forests, and dreary plains, instead of the high cultivation which even now had

gladdened every where the prospect before us. And the cities had disappeared, and the rivers and waters were lone and tenantless. A solitary hunter was seen, here and there, unravelling his way amid the tangling underwood of the wilderness; or some tyrant chieftain, with a robber horde, was spreading around a worse than devastation on the wretched country within his grasp!

This, said the representative of trade, is what the world has been; and would be yet, but for the blessings my votaries have shed so liberally around them. But hold—we are now to trace for your conviction, as I stated—the progress of my power, in a word the slow but certain progress of EASTERN COMMERCE, and its effect upon the destinies of the western world.

Again he waved his hand, and at the sign—the wilderness and forests melted away. In the diaromic space before us was now spread afar a seeming boundless plain

—a desert and waste of sand, and the sun shone hot and fierce upon it, and as far as the eye could reach, all was deathlike stillness and glare—and burning solitude. But lo! at the distant verge of the desert, there rose to view an uncertain speck, a faint gleaming upon the far horizon; and slowly it enlarged, and slowly it approached; and at last the eye could discern the train of a lengthened caravan of the merchants of the East. There were strings and strings of camels—those patient toilers of the desert—now wending onwards with their loads, and the trader from afar, was slowly advancing to the west. But what is this! the eye soon perceives upon the sandy waste an infant oasis, a city stealing forth from the very bosom of the desert, an islet of green verdure from amid the ocean sand. What was recently the burning plain—now blooms into life and being, amid the freshness of the clustering palm, and the bright verdure of cultivation.

It is the Tadmor of the desert—the classic Palmira of the waste. And soon are rising there—the temples and porticoes and aqueducts of wealth, and the proud palace of the kingly merchant. Lo! the caravans are becoming frequent and more frequent, and are seen passing along in thicker array upon the outstretched scene. And soon are spices and silks, and the barbaric pearl and gems in teeming plenty amid the rich markets of Palmyra. The merchants of Phenice too are there, the traders of Tyre and Sidon, and from the seaward Isles; and all is busy traffic and stirring activity.

But the scene changed. A large army was in motion before me in that part of Asia, stretching from the Caspian beyond the river Oxus. And he of Macedon was leading on his phalanx after phalanx, to farther and to farther conquest. From all quarters are his onward emissaries speeding to him with tidings, and boastings of the wealth and productions of the countries still

lying eastward of his advance. His heart is fired, but his warriors feel not the inspiring glow. They will not beyond the Indus—and the hero weeps and is seen to retrace his steps. But he is no mere soldier only—no common conqueror of vulgar climes. From the first he had wider and prouder views. Lo! on the far Indus is seen his enterprising and adventurous fleet under the exploring Nearchus—and soon the view changes to Egypt, and there rises into being his own Alexandria. The wealth of India pours within it, and from the gulf of Araby, and from Cathay, and the far ocean, the precious imports are now concentrating to the mouth of the Nile; and spreading thence wealth and luxury, and the rewards and excitements of philosophy and science, around the Macedonian and Grecian Empire of the West!

But again were new Actors on the busy Theatre. The star of Greece gave way to the rising splendour of Rome. Alexandria

was seized, and throughout Italy, and beyond its Alpine confines, were soon dispersed the Eastern luxuries—myrrh, and frankincence, and pepper, and cloves, and rich spices and aromatics; and the matrons of Rome passed along the scene—decked in pearls and silks and the rich brocades of Ind:—the gems of Toprobane hung brightly in the ear of Cleopatra; and Cæsar's self, lavished sums, equal to whole patrimonies, for a single pearl!

Again the Diorama changed, a new city rose to view on the Bosphorus—and the Roman empire reposed within her walls. She stirred on her warriors of the West to withstand the barbarous hosts that overrun her rich Italian provinces, but the sinews of war—her wealth—her means—her very existence were drawn only from her Indian trade, and her rich engrossment of the traffic of the East.

But a new sea-born city is dawning into splendour. Upon the lagoons of the

Adriatic are seen the first few tenements of incipient trade. But soon they spread and increase, and Venice draws the wealth of Asia within her bosom. How she towers now amid her waters! Principalities, and kingdoms are but as baubles in the hands of her merchant princes! But other cities are seen contending for the prize—and Genoa the Proud!—the theme of the poet—and Florence the rich mart of the Medici—the birth-place of painting and the arts, are stealing fast to eminence amid the wealth and produce of the East. 'Twas strange to view the transition from obscurity to commanding eminence of all these cities. Yet I witnessed the change in all the vividness and distinctness of reality, the whole unaccountably passing before me like the mystic transmutations of a midnight vision! From earliest infancy, they flourished only as their trade increased; and even the painter, and the poet achieved his immortality only, when the sun of commerce shed its beams and blessing upon his labours.

But now another more important change came over the entire scene. No longer the Diorama presented the clear and rich skies of Italy, and the Mediteranean. But in their stead appeared the stormy heaven, and dark overhanging clouds of the Southern Atlantic, and of the extreme limit of Africa. The waves were rough and furiously high, and round the bluff and dangerous foreland were seen buffetting against them—amid the storm and conflict of the elements—two small frail barks! The effort seemed hopeless. Long and long they strove, but despair and disappointment served only to madden their chief, the gallant Vasco de Gama into new exertions. And at length the Cape was doubled. A shout pealed to heaven from De Gama and his intrepid crew! It runs wildly in my ear. *It was peal of Europe's triumph!*

"Sahib—Do puhur budjur-oua" whispered close to me, my old Sirdar bearer—"our battee sub bouj-gya." And had I been at my old trick of dreaming all this time?

# THE RIVAL FACTORY.

Full oft the rivals met, and neither spared.

DRYDEN.

There are portions in the earlier history of the transactions of the English in India, which keep pace in romantic interest with the tales of the first conquerors of America, or of the primitive settlers in the woods of the western hemisphere. In the pages of Bruce, Orme, Cambridge, Dalrymple and others, we see recorded frequent instances of highly distinguished conduct on the part of the original servants of the company of *Merchant Adventurers*—as the early applicants for a Charter were humbly designated. Many were the situations of singular

difficulty and embarrassment in which the few members of a detached factory, or "trade-house" were thrown during the uncertainty of their tenure under the Mogul dynasty, and during the aggressions of Sevagee, as well as from the base rivalry of the Dutch at Bantam, and to the eastward generally. On the Dutch first passing, in 1595, the long sacred and interdicted Cape of Good Hope, hitherto the privileged route of the Portuguese only, they immediately commenced a deadly opposition to their rivals in trade. The Portuguese empire in India had then existed for nearly a century, marked with many a deed of chivalrous daring and military enterprise; but had gradually waned in its splendour from the period of the recall of Albuquerque, in 1518, and was now unequal to compete with such active and unscrupulous opponents as the Dutch. They lost Malacca; while soon after the straits of that name and their vicinity, and the coasts of Coromandel and Malabar,

were constantly witnesses of the bitter intrigues of the rivals on shore, and of the hostile encounters at sea of the pinnaces, brigantines, and various armed merchantmen of the Europeans. The English very soon followed the Dutch in their passage round the Cape, and entered themselves as parties in the competition; but their limited capital at home, and inferior equipments in India, made them for many years the weaker and oppressed party in the eastern Archipelago, and often were they placed in circumstances of unparalleled suffering in their bold but futile endeavours to keep ground with the fierce and almost piratical Hollanders of that day.

How many events are there interspersed amid the early annals that would afford rich ground-work for tales, such as the American Cooper would delight to give. The constant warfare at sea between the Portuguese and English; the spirited capture of Ormuz by the latter; the massacre at Amboyna by the

Dutch; the gallant defence by Sir George Ovinden of Surat against the founder of the Mahrattah empire; the privations and sufferings of the troops under the Earl of Marlborough, sent unavailingly, on a public treaty, to receive the first possession of Bombay; the daring seizure of the same place, and its retention for two years by the rebel Keigwin; our early difficulties at Fort David and Madras, and the humble original transactions in Bengal; our precarious petty agencies on the Hoogly; the strange and accidental circumstances under which Calcutta was first fortified; the disastrous events which were closed by the catastrophe of the Black-hole—these and a hundred other topics, interesting to all connected with India, might be rescued from the heavy tomes of mere official records, or mercantile annals and proceedings, in which they are now buried. They would afford not only a fine field for the novelist, but might tend also to confer an interest on

Indian subjects, which all who have seen the apathy of our native country towards every matter relating to our eastern possessions, cannot fail to have wondered at, and deplored!

It is strange, that Bengal, now the most powerful of the British possessions in the East—its empire, of such recent growth, and in its very existence as an English factory, reaching back little beyond a century and a half—is, it is believed, in possession itself of no records of its original transactions. The withdrawal by Mr. Job Charnock in 1689 of the entire agency and establishments, to avoid the anger of Aurunzebe—the earthquake and hurricane of 1737, which is said to have destroyed the church, and most of the public edifices; and the capture of the town and fort by the Nawaub of Bengal in 1757—these events, with the frequent transmission of records to Europe, have occasioned the total loss to us here of all ancient papers and local documents; and

perhaps it may be questioned whether in the oldest government establishments, there is in existence a single document of a date previous to that last mentioned, viz. 1757. For the following little tale—the scene of which is laid on the banks of the Hooghly, and the events of which arose from the common jealousy of all European traders in the East, on the occasion of any new foreign factory establishing itself in their vicinity,—we are indebted, as will be seen, to other sources.

A few years after the English Company had been honoured with a permanent Imperial Phirmaun, instead of the unsatisfactory periodical authority granted by the Foujdar of Hooghly and Soubah of Bengal, and shortly after they had re-established themselves, subsequent to their hurried flight and withdrawal under Mr. Charnock and Capt. Heath,—the new chief of the factory at Hooghly, with his then esteemed most respectable military force, a corporal

and nineteen soldiers, began to assume an appearance of dignified commercial importance, and gain-inspired confidence. Hooghly itself, at that period, was an imperial fortress under a Mogul delegate of Shaista Khan, the Subah of Bengal, declaredly a patron of the London East India Company. But the entire English factory, from the chief to the lowest apprentice, (for so were the aspirants to the Civil Service designated in those days,)—including also the corporal commanding the military forces of the Bengal establishment, were soon thrown into a dilemma of considerable agitation and excitement, by the intelligence of the arrival at Saugor of two ships, bearing the Austrian Flag. For many days all was conjecture, amazement and apprehension — nor did further inquiry at all conduce to sooth, or relieve the jealous fears of these worthy gentlemen, at the approach of what they were pleased to term interlopement and intrusion:—it was soon evident, not only

to the factory at Hooghly, but also to the establishments of the French and Dutch at Chandernaghur and Chinsurah, that it would require no little exertion to secure full investments for Europe, while, such enterprising rivals as these new Netherlanders, under Austrian protection, were in the market, and ready to pay largely for every article of Bengal produce. Already had the senior supercargo of these strange ships, been introduced at the Durbar of the Foujdar of Hooghly;—rumours were loud and many, of the valuable nature of the presents laid by him at the foot of that emaculate Mogul functionary; including not only some richly mounted fire arms and costly brocades, but we know not how many golden coins bearing the impress of the Emperor Joseph*.

Already had numerous boats with ivory, Dacca muslins, calicoes, shawls, and drugs,

* We cannot from this exactly fix the date of these events; the Ostend East India Company was formed under Charles 6th, and some years later than the reign of Joseph.

been ascertained to proceed to the strange ships, protected also by rowannahs, under the seal of the Foujdar himself. Already were several of the match-locks of the Rajpoot soldiery around the fort of Hoogly observed to be replaced by long bright muskets of the well-known manufacture of Bruges. But to crown all, certain new buildings were discovered ere long to be in considerable progress at Bankibazar, a small village on the opposite bank, with indications of an incipient European-built fortress, within a few miles of the English factory itself. The appalling truth now became too evident,—a new factory, a new band of interlopers and rivals, fresh powerful competitors in the market, and all the evils of active and opposing adventurers on the same field, undermining, injuring, and ruining each other, in the race to secure the supposed wealth of India, and the political support and favor of its wavering and venal rulers.

But changeable as the wind in those days were the prospects and best promises of all human institutions in the East; and to no class among its many millions of subjects and sojourners, were vicissitudes more sudden and abrupt, than to the enterprising adventurers of those foreign nations which sought India for the purpose of commerce. The temptation of a larger bribe, the secret machination of a busy rival, or the mere caprice of a fickle chief in authority, were sufficient in one hour to undo the bright prospects and seeming security of the most thriving commercial establishments. Scarcely was the new fort completed, and the few residences of the factors began to exhibit the appearance of Flemish comfort, ere the intrigues of the Dutch and English had sufficiently poisoned the mind of the Foujdar againt the Netherlanders, to produce not only a suspension of patronage, accorded freely, while the presents of the new comers were in due course of propitiation,—but

from some unknown, unaccountable change, the last offerings were hardly deposited within the *loll durwaza* of the Foujdar's own fortress, ere the very musquets and musquetoons from Bruges itself, now newly glittering in the hands of the admiring Rajpoots, were rudely presented in menace against their late importers and possessors. This too, against a body of delegates from the new factory, now forcibly and contumeliously driven away from the *loll durwaza*, whither they had proceeded, respectfully to remonstrate against his Highness's sudden and unlooked-for inimical proceedings.

"By the Mass! Governor, we are likely to have more blows than bales of Bandanas from these veer-about Bengalees," said a young and handsome looking Fleming, addressing himself to a grave Spanish-seeming personage,—the senior of the deputation, thus rudely thrust back from the residence of the Foujdar—

"We had better reach our boats, Antoine,

without a moment's delay," replied the elder. "See our very umbrella bearers are stealing away:—there is something brewing here against us!"

"Did you not see that supercilious fellow of an English skipper?" inquired Antoine Constad, the same bold-seeming youngster of the former remarks, "How he chuckled and secretly enjoyed a poor triumph, as he passed us to make his admitted entrèe at the very moment of our repulse? A fair field and less of favor would not protect that rich embroidery of his—and black velvet mockery of a better uniform—could I but meet him away from this collection of patronising Hindostanees."

The youth was suddenly interrupted in his angry denunciation, by the senior's exclamation of "Quick! quick! away, Constad, and secure the boats—there is foul treachery intended."

At a shout given from behind the *cutwal's chouboutra*, at the moment the deputation

(consisting of the two we have just mentioned, and four other members of the Ostend factory,) were passing in their anxious endeavours to gain their boats, there rushed forth a strong array of native swordsmen. They endeavoured with much noise and no little confusion to surround and secure the little band of foreigners, who had barely time to unsheath their side arms in the suddenness of the encounter. One or two, however, of the foremost assailants fell beneath the ready arm of Antoine and another factor, and the dastardly crew were soon induced to retire again behind the *cutwal's* protecting *cutchery*, leaving the strangers to seek their boat, without further hindrance or molestation. They were not long in embarking, and in pushing into the centre of the stream; and descended as quickly as possible to their factory at Bankibazar.

Notwithstanding the exertions of the boatmen, it was some time ere they neared

the landing place of their little fort. In their progress down the stream, now retarded and tedious from the slackened state of the tide, the still and lovely evening of an eastern climate had succeeded the intense sultriness of a Bengal day at that particular season.

The calm unruffled surface of the expanse of sleeping waters seemed strangely contrasted with the fierce and bustling scene from which they had so recently escaped. The senior of the party, De Belnos, whom, the deference paid by the others, announced as the chief or Governor of the factory, sat apart in the boat, thoughtful and anxious, while the younger portion were vehemently, but in suppressed whispers, discussing among themselves the events of the day. It was evident they were not immediately pursued by other boats; but long ere they reached their own factory, they perceived on a prominent angle of their little fortress, the well known beautiful form of a young and

graceful female, anxiously and impatiently watching their approach. Her hand waved, as if to hasten their progress, pointing also to some objects in their distant rear; but as these were unperceived by themselves, the danger could not be very pressing, and quietly they pursued their way to the landing place.

"'Tis Virginie, what can she mean?" said the aged De Belnos, who had early recognised his daughter in the anxious spectator of their advance.

Antoine had observed her too, and possibly had recognised her long before his respected companion; but whatever the cause, he kept his observation to himself, and was simply content to join no farther in the conversation of his comrades, and not to remove his eye, for one brief moment even, from the lovely object before him.

"Say not a syllable of our late adventure," said the parent, "she must proceed

by this night's tide to our vessels. This is no place for Virginie."

"To the ships?" abruptly asked young Constad, in a tone of alarm.

The parent turned quietly round on his youthful companion, but there was nothing in De Belnos's countenance, on his eye meeting that of Constad, save a faint smile at the too unguarded avowal of interest, which Antoine had betrayed at the tidings of the contemplated removal of his daughter. Constad nevertheless shrunk back abashed, and scarcely ventured to look up, although in a few moments the object of his admiration, herself, had joined the party as they landed and entered the fort, and was soon wildly, half hysterically sobbing in the arms of her father, De Belnos.

"Why this agitation, my Virginie?" enquired the latter; "has any thing occurred this evening to distress you?"

It was long before she could reply: at

length they gathered from her explanation, that scarcely had they departed on their mission that day to the Foujdar, ere a native had privately communicated to her, through one of her attendants, that treachery was intended against the deputation at Hooghly; and although she had offered any sum to induce him to return and convey an intimation to her parent, yet from the alarmed and hesitating manner in which he at length consented to depart for the purpose, it was evident he would imperfectly, and perhaps not at all, convey the information of so fearful a danger.

The senior members of the factory were summoned, and were soon in close divan. Orders were given for the preparation of a small boat to proceed with a dispatch to the shipping, then at anchor in the vicinity of Culpee. The vessels had nearly completed their homeward cargoes, and the object of the present communication was to detain them until further orders, and to solicit the

aid of as many seamen as they could spare, for the protection of the fort. They were all of opinion, that the Foujdar would never have ventured on the late piece of treachery without ulterior views also against the factory itself—than which, they were well aware, nothing could be more acceptable to the French, English, and Dutch factories around them.

Virginie was to proceed by the opportunity afforded by the dispatch-boat. Amid the discussion and confusion attendant on the new state of things in the fort, Antoine had contrived to steal a brief interview with the weeping girl, torn away at the moment of danger not only from her beloved parent, but from one for whom, within these few months, she had entertained a deeper, more heart-awakening interest than her young and gentle bosom had yet dreamed of its capability of admitting. She was the only daughter of De Belnos, the descendant of a noble Flemish family, which had connected

itself in marriage with certain of their former haughty conquerors from Spain; and the result in her own pleasing person was that indescribable purity of Belgic complexion, set off by the dark tresses and brilliant eyes of the warmer south. De Belnos had been seriously implicated in some political disturbances, brought on by the intemperate measures of the emperor Joseph; but the viceroy, anxious to make a friend of so able and brave a patriot as De Belnos, and at the same time detach him from his partisans in the provinces, had selected him for the honorable conduct and charge of an expedition, undertaken with the ready funds of certain capitalists of Ostend, to establish, if possible, for Germany, a direct intercourse with India. To leave his loved and motherless child behind him was impossible,—but on the voyage, the intimacy and unceasing intercourse of shipboard had thrown the ardent Antoine and too lovely Virginie so much together, that

unperceived by the parent, and almost by themselves, they became as mutually and devotedly attached to each other, as the after annals, even of British Indiamen, and the numerous *liaisons* and ship attachments of a long eastern voyage, could subsequently parallel.

But Constad was the son of a wealthy merchant only of Antwerp; and although his education, from the means afforded by the intercourse with Holland and Germany, had been the best that Leyden and Gottenburg could afford, yet how, his waking reflections well told him, could he aspire to the daughter of one high in the rank of Belgic nobles, and who moreover prided himself on the haughty blood of Castile, flowing so abundantly in his veins? In Holland these distinctions were little thought of at that era of growing mercantile importance; but though separated only by a few leagues, and the sullen waters of the Scheld, intervening oceans could not have caused a

greater difference in these points than existed between aristocratic, enslaved, yet turbulent Belgium, and the free rich trading states of the Hollanders.

Sedulously, therefore, he suppressed, from the gaze of others, and more especially from that of De Belnos, all outward exhibition of his aspiring passion; but chance and much of opportunity, which their situation so incessantly afforded, had apprised Virginie not only of his devotion to herself, but had taught her too convincingly, that the hearts of the young and affectionate know not the chilling estrangement of rank and blood. In a word, they were pledged to each other almost before Virginie had thought of her parent's displeasure: and when it came to her recollection, it seemed cruel to cut short the young and blissful dream of her heart, or to risk her present happiness, by any disclosure to her father.

Never was there a more distressing and sudden parting. She was going away,

perhaps for ever;—she was leaving afar, and in a foreign land; her parent and her lover —under circumstances also of extreme danger, and uncertainty to them both. They were surrounded by treachery and by foes of every description;—shut up with their few companions in a weak and defenceless fort, among millions of hostile and savage assailants, without a friend at hand, or the faintest prospect of extrication or assistance.

All these reflections came gloomily before her, as in a few hours her little bark was gliding swiftly down the Ganges to her appointed refuge, the shipping, many leagues away from the now busy, and actually beleaguered factory at Bankibazar. Before she could have reached the vessels at Culpee, a large body of troops from Hooghly, and several bands of soldiery from their own side of the river, had assembled themselves in the vicinity of the fort. By the ensuing evening, there arrived from Meer Jaffier,

who announced himself as their leader, a rude and haughty summons to surrender the fort; with the intimation, that an imperial order for the seizure and transmission of every member of the factory to Moorshedabad had been received from Delhi:—certain alleged political offences, and an asserted hostile breach of a Royal Phirmaun of customs, being ascribed as causes of this violent procedure.

The reply of De Belnos was dignified and characteristic. He denied any cause of offence on the part of his factory—arraigned the Hooghly authorities, for breach of faith and common honor, in their late dastardly attack on a seeming defenceless and peaceable deputation of foreigners. He accused them of treachery at the base instigation of interested trading rivals—and finally defied the whole Mogul force; stating that his fortress could be well defended for months against their rabble, or until his own Imperial master could send ample means

for his protection, and for the certain infliction of heavy vengeance on themselves.

Attacks were meditated, however, in right earnest, on the following day. A number of boats were collected on the opposite bank of the river, and they soon appeared crossing over, densely crowded with parties of Afghans. Large flat-bottomed crafts with platforms were seen laden with cumbrous artillery, or bearing over numerous richly caparisoned horses; while elephants to the number of nearly fifty were counted swimming across, guided by their drivers, after some small boats acting as their convoy. It was indeed a busy and stirring scene, that the entire surface of the river early presented to the anxious Netherlanders in the fort. The whole of the enemy landed about half a mile above Bankibazar, and by noon four or five ill-served guns were brought up, and opened a fruitless and badly aimed fire from the open plain. The little garrison remained perfectly quiet and prepared.

They had barricadoed the main entrance, and wicket with large bales of cotton, removed from some sloops, lying ready for dispatch to the vessels, together, most opportunely, with a goodly supply of rice and salted and cured provisions, then under dispatch for the homeward voyage of the shipping. These last were most acceptable, and relieved them fully from the apprehension of being starved into surrender. The entire force of the Netherlanders consisted only of fifty-seven souls, of whom, including the factors, assistants and employès, the Europeans formed but twenty-nine in number, the rest being composed of native armed peons and up-country chokeedars, whose fidelity, it was hoped, De Belnos had secured by the promise of several gold mohurs to each, almost a fortune to them, on their succeeding with their European companions in beating off the assailants.

The fort mounted but eight guns. De Belnos was an experienced artillerist, and

after patiently allowing the besiegers for a full hour to waste their ammunition and ill-directed fire, he brought a couple of guns to bear on the open battery before the fort, and by a few shots effectually silenced their efforts, and disabled the guns themselves. There seemed now a momentary halt among the late various advancing masses of soldiery on the surrounding plain. The whole had previously approached almost within range of the fire of the fort, when suddenly, after the general cessation of movement, a few horsemen, gorgeously equipped, rode out from the arrayed multitude, and at a hand-gallop passed up under the very walls, careering around the fort, and seeming desirous, not only to reconnoitre the few fortifications before them, but to evince their contempt of the besieged and of their supposed means of resistance. A solitary shot was sent a little wide of them, by De Belnos, on their return, rather to exhibit his power than to use it in their destruction.

The gun not a little quickened their retreat into the midst of a thick column, which in a short time was again put in motion, and seen deliberately, and simultaneously with others, to advance on the fort.

It was a moment of breathless anxiety to the little garrison: but brave as the stock from which they sprung, they resolutely awaited the attack, while the appearance of the countless hosts now on every side advancing to the attack, and closing into one dense crowd of savage assailants, as nearer and nearer they sternly encircled their prey, might well have awakened doubt and apprehension for the result, in hearts even stouter than those of the devoted and fearless foreigners of Bankibazar.

The assailants halted within about a hundred paces of the walls. De Belnos had firmly resisted all inducements to fire upon their advance. His object, he calmly observed, was not vengeance, but self-defence; and whether his band were doomed to

perish, or Providence might enable them to punish the aggressors, still the name of his Imperial master and nation should not suffer in the conflict, and the Indians should learn to respect the delegates of the country whose proffered trade and alliance they chose so savagely to reject. He had barely closed his explanation, ere an abrupt and again simultaneous rush was made on a given signal, and hundreds of the leading enemy, with bamboo ladders, cotton bags, ropes, with iron drags for fixing to the walls, and other means and implements for attaining entrance or ascent, sprang forward, followed by the other dense columns, all wildly rushing to the assault.

"Now fire," shouted the firm voice of De Belnos. It was heard in the fort above all uproar of the attack, and from six pieces of ordnance, well loaded with grape and smaller missiles, pealed forth a loud reply to the murderous cries of the besiegers. The guns were admirably directed on the

thickest columns, and at once whole masses of them were swept to the earth! They paused, wavered, and hesitated:—'twas but a moment:—again they rushed on,—the headmost had reached the ditch: a few, some fifty of the foremost and fiercest, had flung their loads into its waters, and lightly armed, were floundering and struggling across it to gain the wall. "Again fire," rung the manly shout of De Belnos, and again entire groups on the crest of the narrow glacis fell struggling amid the crowds. The masses now rolled convulsively, and faltered outright beneath the shock. The spirit of the assailants was evidently unequal to so fearful a reception; a third volley completed the panic; the confusion became general, and, as with one accord, the whole multitude turned and fled from the fire of the besieged, as precipitately as their own wildly mingling and struggling numbers would permit them.

The few foremost who had gained the

foot of the walls were easily made prisoners; but they were detained no longer than was necessary to prepare a written communication to the Foujdar, demanding the cessation of hostilities; and that commissioners to adjust all differences, or make known the offences, of the beseiged, should be sent immediately to the fort. De Belnos detained two only of the prisoners, apparently *surdars*, or leaders, as hostages; but they proved to be of little importance, for no further notice was taken by the Foujdar, either of their condition, or of the communication of the Governor: while it was evident during the four succeeding days that new means of assault were in earnest preparation; and that fresh arriving bands of armed natives were hourly swelling the already over-grown hosts of beleaguerers.

On the evening of the fourth day, a new attack was plainly meditated. It occurred towards midnight, but with a success finally as little in favor of the Foujdar's troops as

the former effort. A party of the enemy did however effect a momentary lodgment on the wall, and two of the garrison were sacrificed, and several severely wounded, ere they were again precipitated into the ditch; but before day-break all was again still, and the natives had retired to their various temporary entrenchments and defences, now raised as a protection from the fire of the fort.

On the following night, all was silence in and around the little fortress, and a portion only of its brave garrison were on the narrow walls and bastions surrounding the factory, thus apparently devoted to its fate. It seemed impossible to resist the repeated and repeated attacks of the myriads the enemy shewed themselves determined to bring against them. The youth Constad had been eminently conspicuous among the gallant defenders, not only on the walls, the preceding night, but in devising and preparing every possible means of protracting the

resistance, and in cheering the hearts of his fellow companions in the garrison. He was foremost also in every duty of fatigue or watchfulness. It fell to him this evening to command the scanty guard on duty; he was slowly, warily pacing by himself the short limits of his charge—and without a reproof he saw his weary companions drop off into slumber before him. His thoughts often turned fondly to the distant shipping at Culpee, then containing all that he esteemed valuable on earth; far dearer in his estimation than their rich burthens, or those of any Argosie ever laden from the East. Her parting form rose sorrowfully to his imagination: he thought of their present separation. The hopelessness of eventual success, too, under their unequal struggle, rose before him more appallingly than ever, till his eternal separation from Virginie seemed now certain and inevitable. Slowly and despondingly he paced in that lone hour along the parapet, and cast many a gloomy and

despairing look on the sleeping thousands of the enemy. His attention was at length attracted by some low murmuring sounds—he listened again—'twas a sweet breathing voice, and there seemed strangely also to steal on the ear the soft chords and faint music of the native *sitar*. He listened, and deemed it might possibly be the strain of some female follower of the Mogul mercenaries, encamped before the fort: but while he listened on, the sounds seemed sweeter—far softer than those of the common eastern minstrel, and his attention became unaccountably, magically rivetted on the low stealing numbers that occasionally whispered their melody amid the solemn stillness of the night. They seemed to approach nearer. He bent forward over the lowly parapet, almost breathless, to catch the notes more distinctly—and, could it be possible—Holy Virgin! did his senses not deceive him?—his ear, it seemed, caught the same well remembered tones which his own

Virginie had so often wrung from the native *sitar* herself, when she had delighted her parent and others, by whiling away her own long hours of exile in the East, by learning its use, and infusing her own heavenly music into a few of the simple melodies of the country.

Could *that* chord be touched by other earthly finger? He gaspingly listened—again—again—the same wild notes. In vain he strained his glances towards the spot from whence the sounds seemed to steal. The moon had retired behind a veil of clouds,—it re-appeared—he thought he perceived something white and shadowy on the open plain beneath the rampart—it might be fancy—but the form came nearer, still nearer, and with a slight prelude, every strain of which was known, (how well known!)—the following words, adapted plaintively to a native air, rose distinctly on his ear.

Warrior list!—oh, faint my tongue,
Low the warning voice is sung,

Yet, how true the heart that steals
To whisper here, what love reveals!
Hush—thy ocean friends are by,
Gallant hosts advance anigh:
Rescue—warrior! waits at hand—
Lo!—approach a saviour band!—

Ere the last murmurs died away of that sweet voice, Constad, fearing the minstrel must inevitably be discovered, and as if urged by resistless impulse into sudden desperation, leaped upon the parapet, and with a bound, quick as the flashing of a meteor, sprang from off the rampart, and fearlessly plunged almost at one leap into the waters of the moat. Rising quickly to its surface, he passed to the opposite bank, and before the object so rashly sought by him, could command or recollect herself sufficiently to suppress a shriek, that lovely minstrel,—Virginie herself, was clasped to the beating and impassioned heart of her lover.

Not a moment was to be lost. The shriek had roused the alarm-cry, and

challenges of a host of sentinels in the vicinity;—Constad caught up the nearly lifeless form of his Virginie. Again he resought the edge of the moat, again with his precious burthen he dashed into its waters, and before the astounded native soldiery had time to level and discharge their matchlocks he was safely landed at the foot of the wall. But the shots now pealed around them in every direction. The garrison within, ignorant of the cause of the seeming attack, were at their posts in an instant—indeed, the plunge of Constad into the moat had aroused and already excited their guards. Ordnance-lights and night-fires were at once burned both by the fort and the enemy, until the objects of the present alarm were distinctly seen clinging to each other at the foot of the rampart,—Constad placing himself as a screen between the murderous fire of hundreds of matchlocks and the person of the pale and beauteous creature, clinging and nestling in terror within his arms.

The excitement, the high and fearless spirit, that had led her disguised as a native female, to approach the fort to advise her countrymen of the near advance of a re-inforcement from the shipping, had now completely failed her, on Constad so suddenly rushing to her side to share the danger of the enterprise.

"Ropes, ropes from above!" shouted the voice of Constad. "In mercy beat back and silence the fire of those dastards on the glacis!"—Loud were the peals of the ready ordnance from above, in obedience to his prayers, and ropes were as speedily lowered within his reach. Quick, yet careful as love, he wreathed, and gently secured one of them around the form of the breathless girl. She had fainted, and as they raised her to the parapet, amid (at *such* a moment too!) a cruel and angry shower of matchlock balls, her head sank in seeming lifelessness upon her shoulder. It was a horror-exciting spectacle

to all around her! As the light fell intensely on the brow of Constad, watching the ascent, agony and paralising terror for the object above him appeared stampt upon his manly visage; his very being seeming to hang on the present safety of his Virginie. He saw her reach the crest of the wall; they lifted her over the parapet, and then—then only, although a rope was lowered to him at the same time with the other, and till this moment was grasped convulsively in his hand, did he wreathe it around his arms, and shouted for them to upraise and save him also from his perilous situation. The attempt was the signal for fiercer and more angry vollies, from the countless matchlocks on the plain, at the victim thus escaping from their very fangs: but the protecting fire of the fort had beat them somewhat back, and though the pattering missiles struck hail-like on the masonry on every side—yet, unharmed and without a wound, he soon sprang upon the

wall, and again—once again—there, uninjured and in safety, the sobbing and reviving girl was breathing in re-awakening rapture on his bosom.

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Our limits do not permit us to continue the details of the brave resistance of this first and only factory of the Netherlanders; suffice it to say, that full particulars of the interesting events just spoken of, soon reached the other European establishments on the Hooghly. With one consent, the French and English factors, touched with the romantic intrepidity of De Belnos' beautiful daughter, who had thus braved every danger to share the fate of her parent,—and of those dear to her, resolved to interfere in behalf of the beseiged. They now remonstrated with the Foujdar for acts, which, with shame we avow it, they both unhappily had but too basely instigated in the first instance. They now insisted on

the withdrawal of the troops, the immediate raising of the siege, and the cessation of all violent measures against their European brethren, under pain of their own threatened secession from Bengal, as lately practised by the English, on the oppression of Aurungzebe. The Foujdar, alarmed at the menaced consequences, fearful of loss to his own revenue and means of extortion, and hearing also of the advance of the re-inforcement to the garrison from the ships, was induced to consent so far as to allow the brave Netherlanders to retire with their property. The result was, that in a few days the shipping at Culpee had received on board the late factory, with every soul of its European establishment, their goods and effects.

The records in India furnish no further account of the actors of this little tale; but it chanced that an officer of the now powerful English Company's Bengal Army, when on furlough, and travelling in

Belgium a few years ago, was at Antwerp; he was introduced to a rich Flemish merchant, residing in a noble mansion in the Place de Mer. All of that city are fond of paintings, and proud of the works of their fellow citizens; he was led through a small but pleasing collection of pictures, containing some few originals of Rubens, Vandyke, Teniers, Jordaens, and others boasting the same birth place. But one old picture particularly arrested his attention:—it was what he little expected to meet there—an eastern subject. There was a small fort—a party in it were raising up by cords, a beautiful female form, in oriental costume, from the brink of the moat below, where the figure of a youth was also delineated, wildly watching the perilous ascent of his companion. A numerous and confused enemy, at a short distance, were levelling fire-arms of every oriental description at the unhappy pair;—in fact, the painting gave, with little variation, the very event

we have been pourtraying in our tale. The explanation of the host soon elucidated the subject. The two figures, he observed, in that fearful situation, were his own direct ancestors.

In a word—the particulars given by the wealthy merchant of Antwerp, sufficiently prove that the brave Constad and his Virginie were united in marriage shortly after their return to Europe, and lived long after their brief but eventful residence in India, to be blest with a numerous and worthy progeny, and to see them, and many of their descendants rise to wealth and eminence.

# THE SUB-CONDUCTOR.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove.

SCOTT.

AMONG the many distinct and diversified portions of society into which time has split the present population of India, whether we regard its Native or its European communities, or look among the various castes or sects which seem to divide off among themselves, not only the conquered but their conquerors, —we shall scarcely discover a more isolated class,—a more exclusive and well defined little family of our fellow creatures, than that respectable part of the military list known as warrant officers, and forming the subordinate branch of the ordnance

establishment of the Honourable Company. Nay—it may further be asserted also that there are few classes of men more worthy and more truly deserving, and estimable, even among all the many millions of the East. And this is a bold word—for we have heard of the said *muslined* MILLIONS of this pretty populous quarter of the Globe, and of our British India in particular (*Gangetic* India, I should say—in our *Indophilizing* and Hindoo-College era of grandiloquence,) till such millions rise up before the mind with a countlessness little outdone by the starry hosts of the heavens themselves. But no matter with whom our warrant officers have to compete—it is sufficient for our present purpose to describe them as they indeed are—to wit, a separate and most respectable body of men: and no wonder that they are so: they are the *elite* —the picked from among the surviving essence and choice residue of the best European soldiers in the East;—the very cream

of certain of the hardy labouring ranks—the poor peasantry of the English, Scotch and Irish nations, whom restlessness, the spirit of adventure, or other such propensities, have sent forth to try their fortune with a musket or halberd in India. They are men who have withstood the tug of war and weary exile; who have successfully combatted the long assailings of the climate,—the first allurements of a barrack life, with all its evils, temptations, and demoralizing effects. They have given full proof and promise of their sterling worth and ability, and are at length selected from among their brother soldiers, and placed in a situation of trust and frequent responsibility, perhaps far beyond the highest early anticipations of any of them. In their present advancement, there is every inducement for continued good conduct, and little sufficient temptation to go astray from it. I have heard that the pilot establishment exhibits

much of the same respectable character, as well as much of the same marked separation and exclusiveness—a kind of withdrawing within themselves from the other European community and similar rank in life. Of these last I know little; but circumstances have thrown me often in the way of the warrant officers,—conductors as they are called, and I have long learned to honour and esteem many individuals from among them. There is, generally speaking, a straight-forwardness and honest simplicity, a blunt unsophisticated character of sterling worth particularly among the higher members of their list, mixed up with such frequent strong sense, intelligence, and beaming of real talent, that in my varied intercourse with them, I have been more forcibly called upon to admire—than I must confess has often fallen to my lot in my more polished official intercourse with many of their commissioned betters and superiors.

It is not an unpleasing part of a Calcutta evening drive to pass along the part of their little barracks near the banks of the river, on the southern esplanade of Fort William, where many of them are quartered. It is a range of low buildings, little characteristic in their original plan, either of comfort or convenience,—and now appropriated to conductors of ordnance, those who belong to the arsenal and other public departments at the presidency. There they may be observed on an evening—seated or standing before their respective verandahs—with their cleanly, nay—well dressed families around them: while every set of quarters exhibits the pains each tenant must have bestowed according to his own taste and notion of domestic comfort, to add a little to the external and internal economy and snug arrangements of these unpromising and scanty domiciles. Many of their tenants, from long sojourning in the east, have had engrafted on the early habits of John Bull, not a few

of the common luxuries and alluring habits of this country. Thus, the small hookah—the ready and easy rattan painted morah—the loose native pyjamah and vest, are here and there betraying themselves amidst the more military stiffness, and the blue coat habiliments of the younger part of the community. I often long to go among them to listen to the good old stories of Lord Lake and Ochterlony, with the tales of former times which these antiquated veterans could so well recount: and should any of my readers possess the same curiosity and inclination, and at any time have the opportunity to gratify them, they will assuredly not suffer disappointment, or turn away without paying a just tribute to the sound sense,—the homely, yet sturdy intelligence,—the good humour, tact, and John Bullism of these choice *musters* of our Bengal private soldiery and fellow countrymen.

At one of the quarters near the end of

the buildings just referred to, and against which had been coaxed with no little female patience and ingenuity, a very pleasing and rare creeper of the Asclepias kind, supported by a light bamboo frame, and growing prettily above a row of rich geraniums, I remember recognising from the road a year or two ago, an old acquaintance of mine, whom I had known and heard much of in earlier days at the military station of Berhampore. He was the subject of much conversation at that place, and the little history of his lowly love as a recruit, his first disappointment in the tender passion, his subsequent romantic love-adventure and promotion, must have had more of interest in their details than are usually found in barrack occurrences; for there were few families either civil or military at Berhampore or its vicinity, who had not heard of the tale, and who did not feel for the poor fellow in his first state of unaffected distress, or take

pleasure in learning afterwards of his better fortune and advancement. I will try and recall these incidents.

William Forster, for so I shall call him, came out to India in the early portion of the teens of the present century, as a recruit for the East India Company's service. It was just after the first expulsion of Buonaparte to Elba, that he had determined to wear a red coat, and as there was no opening in H. M. service, recruiting being temporarily countermanded, he was allured into enlistment for India by the promises of preferment and pagodahs, so liberally held by one of the sooth, bland speaking emissaries of the Company's recruiting establishment of Soho square. The poor lad was soon sent down to Chatham with many another raw youth and red haired apprentice boy, who, like himself, had little considered the fearful step they had taken in thus witlessly "listing for Injee." In a few months they embarked for Bengal, and after the usual

discomforts liberally dealt out to such passengers on an Indiamen, William Forster, on his first arrival, having little recovered his wonted healthiness or good looks, was rejected for the artillery regiment, and immediately ordered up with others in a similar situation to join a large detachment of the European regiment consisting of some four or five hundred men, stationed at Berhampore. This cantonment had been selected as a convenient part for the newly arrived levies for the corps and it was intended they should remain there until the early expected return of the head quarters of the regiment from Java. The recruits were a remarkably fine body of young men, not a soul among them above twenty-five years of ago, and ranging from seventeen to that extent, in all the variety and goodly promise of youthful bloom, European robustness, and activity. The former periodical supplies of bad characters and of the refuse of the jails and hulks had

ceased with the war in Europe, and the now renewed and improved ranks of the European regiments began to give bright anticipations of competing with the very best of his Majesty's infantry in India. Among the number of well-behaved and equally well-looking lads—whom we used to meet at the barrack church every Sunday at Berhampore, and were accustomed to see ranged along the benches in becoming devotion and attention to the divine service, —no one, on looking down their interesting line, attracted more remark, or exhibited a finer countenance than young Forster. Few of the residents had failed to observe him. It was not alone his ingenuous manner or his handsome features—or his seeming devoutness, or any single, or assignable cause, that attracted the eye or fixed the attention of the beholder, but certainly some one or other, or the whole possibly of these recommendations, *did* plead on his behalf; for not a soul of us, who stood by the

barrack entrance after the service to see the detachment file off to their own barracks, would not point out Forster, and remark upon the prepossessing look and promising soldier-like figure of the young recruit.

But among the members and followers of this detachment leaving the divine service, there were also other attractions seen passing before us; and though doubtless we did remark the said line of recruits filing steadily and orderly along,—and among these, as I have said we distinguished William Forster, —yet—if I dare trust to my recollection, it would suggest me, that there were other silent causes, why myself and others of the younger residents at Berhampore lingered near the church door to watch the little crowd as it separated after this Sunday worship of their maker. Following immediately after the soldiers, and only a few paces behind the latest of their files, appeared every Sunday the family of the acting serjeant major of the detachment:—And here,

if I dare avow the truth, was the magnet that concentrated the weekly gaze of many of an idle possessor of an epaulette, as well as the few blue coats and round hats, which the vicinity to the civil station of Moorshedabad, gave the opportunity of thus congregating. First came the portly serjeant major casting his eye right and left in his stern non-commissioned style of gaze on the files before him, and using no very gentle tone in his frequent "Close up there"—"Steady"—"keep the step there"—to the companies now filing off in sub-divisions to their respective barracks. After him, at a respectful distance, so as not to interfere with the high official duties and commanding position of her military lord and master, came Mrs. Serjeant-major, a good, decent, roundabout, and rather corpulent ebullition of barrack growth and breeding. But on her arm hung timidly and retiringly, one of the loveliest little blossoms of beauty and girl-hood that ever—(like the gentle floweret springing

often, we know not how, amidst the weeds and tangling thorns of the wilderness;) came to bloom forth amid the little congenial soil of a crowded military cantonment. She was gentleness itself;—her name too was Rose,—and we all admitted that she was indeed the living personification of its sweetness. Her age might have been some sixteen or seventeen—I cannot say positively —though one does love to be particular at that budding era of the maiden career, however widely and flatteringly we may choose to *guess*,—when assigning the age and due course of advancement, to more maturing womanhood.

It is not my intention just now to give a description of all the *on dits* of Berhampore. We soon however heard that the pretty Rose had made a conquest of the good looking recruit, and that the portly mamma,—the daughter and William Forster, were frequently seen, in their evening hour of recreation, sauntering together on the

bank of the river and on the high bund that separated it from the cantonments. The good matron was observed to walk rather in advance; and many of us used to envy the impassioned Forster, the frequent opportunities that were thus showered upon him of pouring his fond whisperings into the ear of little Rose. We thought him the luckiest fellow in all India! But—after some months of our envy and of poor Forster's happiness—there were no more evening walks—no more of Mrs. Serjeant-major, and Rose, and her attendant swain, on the accustomed bund: and whether the serjeant major had sternly interposed, or that, on the discovery of this grand plot and conspiracy of his dame and the young folks in his domestic garrison, he had turned young Forster to the right about, and sentenced poor Rose to solitary confinement, we could not accurately learn. But one point was certain—the whole thing was suddenly off! Rose at church for many a

following, Sunday looked sad and wo-begone: —as for our young recruit—a more miserable, hang-dog, care-worn, unenviable piece of mortality, no eye ever witnessed than the once handsome William Forster soon became, after few brief months only of his disappointment and separation from the daughter of the serjeant major.

One morning, as Lieut. Seymour, the officer in charge of Forster's company, was smoking his hookah after breakfast, in all the listnessness of an unemployed militaire —his sirdar bearer announced to him, that a soldier was in waiting outside the quarters and would not come in unless his captain was alone. "Here, my man" exclaimed aloud the lieutenant, taking down his feet from their horizontal position on the table. "I am alone, what do you want?" In walked Forster. Why what *is* the matter with you," said the officer, "are you sick, your clothes hang about you as if made for your comrade, Jones of the granadiers:—

are you unwell—or what—are you not happy Forster?"—added the lieutenant in a tone not often heard by the lowly occupant of a barrack—and with a look of surprise and pity that went to the very heart of the poor private.

"Yes—no—I ca'nt say exactly—your honor"—stammered out Forster in reply—I am not quite comfortable in—

There was a pause, the lieutenant looked on enquiringly, but the other seemed to check himself, as if he deemed it either unfit or unnecessary to intrude his own matters on the attention of his officer—although the kindness of manner towards him, had not been without more of influence than the grateful fellow dared trust his lip to avow.

"I only want leave of absence to Calcutta for two months; if you will kindly countersign the accompanying leave-certificate, Sir, that I may take it on to the commanding officer"—said the recruit.

"Leave for two months"—observed the lieutenant, "have you business at the presidency?"

"Yes, Sir," answered Forster and not without confusion.

"You are a well behaved and good lad" continued Mr. Seymour, and I will not enquire farther, there is the certificate required.

"Thank your honor kindly, and not the less for the good opinion you have of me," said the soldier. "It perhaps may not be denied to me this character which I also wish you to sign, Sir."

"Why what the devil's this?" 'Certified that private William Forster, at present lance corporal of the 2d or B. Company of the Honorable Company's European detachment, is a steady, and well behaved man, and can be recommended for permission to enter the holy state of matrimony.' "What are you going to be married, Forster?" May I wish you joy, the lieutenant

would have said, but the other looked any thing but a subject for congratulation. Seymour had heard the history of the young soldier's disappointment, and he had also heard of late the addition that Rose's father had insisted on his daughter's marrying the quarter-master serjeant of a regiment of native infantry then at the station,—a warm man, with one or two thousand rupees with his agents,—but old enough to be Rose's grandfather. But he had not learned that the poor girl had consented,—he looked at Forster, and rightly conjectured that some such catastrophe must have taken place. He said nothing farther, but signed the second certificate also, not venturing to intrude farther upon his inferior's private affairs, or affliction;—but judging that this intended marriage on the part of Forster, was but some hasty result of disappointment, or desperation, he determined to look into it.

Whatever he did, a few days saw our

hero, the disappointed lover, in a small two oared pansway gliding down the river, and a more disconsolate voyager never proceeded on the wide waters of the Ganges. And certainly never did an intended votary of Hymen proceed more sullenly and supremely miserable to his coming fate than did our hero in this, his present destination, to sign, seal, and deliver himself over unto earthly wretchedness! When he first had heard of Rose's new admirer, the sepoy quarter-master serjeant, he was dismayed, he waited a few days, and heard that it was positively an *engagement*, and that Rose had been brought to consent. Without pausing to enquire into the real state of the case, and rashly taking all for granted, in a wild moment of unmitigated and despairing madness, he breathed, in a spirit of execration almost of all around him, a solemn vow to heaven that he would shew his sense of his Rose's falsehood by marrying the first being that would take him. Nay, he imprecated

curses on his own head, if he did not, in less than two months, do his best, to be married to one of the females in the Orphan School—he cared not to whom, or what, in his delirium of anger. This new vow and determination seemed to soothe and allay the bitterness of his soul. In this feeling he came to the captain of his company, got the required certificates duly signed, and still under the same maddening impressions, he hastened his departure in a small boat, and was now idly rushing on, as we have seen, to seal his ruin and misery for life.

We must here describe the nature of the marriage our luckless recruit was determined to enter upon. Forming a part of the noble Orphan Institution at Kidderpore, and equally under the management of the officers who have charge of that honorable asylum for the orphans of officers of the army, is a sister establishment for the sons and daughters of the private soldiery. This last, however, is at the expense of the State; the

former is paid for by subscriptions of the officers themselves, slightly aided by the Government. Of the Lower Orphan Institution the elder boys are put out as drummers and apprentices to handicraft trades. The girls are sent to service, or married, as may be, to the European privates of the service. The courtships in the latter case are strangely, and of necessity, very hurriedly conducted. In the moral government of the school it would be practically impossible to allow suitors to come indiscriminately, and in any numbers, or even frequently, to the young females. Thus, a soldier wishing to marry one of them, obtains a character for sobriety and steadiness, without which he would not be permitted to become a holy Benedict. He goes to the school—is admitted to the head mistress. She is closeted with him for a few minutes, and attempts to see what kind of personage the new bridal applicant may be; she forms her opinion, returns to her young scholars, tells one of them

she has a fine, handsome, worthy—or steady, or staid, or respectable, as the case may be—husband for her! The girl's consent is asked,—she perhaps takes a peep at the swain through the venetian. The young damsel is introduced, and a few minutes are sufficient (the good old matron probably standing by) for the ratification of the first term of a contract of happiness or misery for life. The man is asked to return to a quiet cup of tea in the evening, he buys a present of some cloth for a gown, and, after the delay of a few days, the anxious candidates for matrimony are made one, and sent off to learn at leisure the wisdom of the step they have been taking, and the good or bad qualities of the object each has been linked to for ever!

And this was the description of fate our unhappy youth was madly chalking out for himself! He arrived at Kidderpore, produced his credentials to the secretary, and was forwarded on to the good mistress

at Allipore, the seat of the Lower Orphan Establishment. He soon went through the ceremony of tête-a-tête with the old matron, and now was left to a few moments of solitude and reflection. Heaven! in this brief interval, what years of thought and retrospect, and of painful anticipation of the future passed vividly before him. His lovely and once affectionate Rose,—the bright prospect he had at one time of earthly happiness with her! His home,—the scenes of his native village, and the earlier days of remembered boyhood and youthful gladness rose one by one before him. There were but few brief moments for these visions, and they must have arisen and fleeted on, in all the lightning rapidity of rushing thought, and yet they all seemed at that inexplicable moment to pass in review with the scenic distinctness and precision of protracted reality! The future, too, was fearful, and though dim, it presented itself sadly and appallingly.

The thought of the young and unknown orphan being,—whose fate he was now to link irrevocably with his own. What right had he, he asked himself, to include in his own sentence of hopelessness and blighted feeling, the heart of a simple school girl,—of one unconscious, and innocent of ill, at least towards himself? He sunk aghast as his mind glanced over these sad images—till in absolute agony he awaited the approach of the expected orphan! And yet it was strange—why this delay—why came she not? He heard suppressed whispers at the doorway. There were sounds in an anxious under tone, of solicitation and urging,—soon of painfully subdued sobbing,—at last the door opened, some figures approached him. Not for millions would he have raised his eyes in the direction of the group, or of the victim now led towards him. The conductress retired, and the intended man and wife were soon left trembling together and alone!

There was a dread pause.—It was long ere Forster could syllable forth a word, or whisper even the slightest stammering of salutation, or of acknowledgement of the presence of his companion. His looks were still anxiously averted, still fixed doggedly and earnestly away; and now his rash vow rose up in dread judgment on him to complete the agony of his present irresolution. He yet determined to speak. He fain would say something of his hope that his future conduct would repay the confidence thus reposed on his honour and protection—but the sounds died on his lips—and their very utterance seemed a mockery. Yet other words soon sprang impulsively from him. He told her his heart was broken, his every hope of happiness withheld! He asked, if the object near him could link her fate with one who declared—that his love was shipwrecked—shipwrecked too amid blind and now unhallowed devotion to—*another!*——
He was interrupted by the broken sobs of

the female beside him. "Poor girl,"—he said feelingly "thou, too, art unhappy!" Her sobs grew more and more overpowering. There was something that struck wildly on the ear of the young soldier. He wished to turn round—but again he shrunk from the effort. At length, irresistibly led—he half inclined towards her—and a loud cry burst piercingly from him—as the female form fell swooning beside his chair, and he saw—Heavens and Earth! could he believe his eyes!—his Rose—his own loved Rose, sinking breathless and insensible at the feet of her paralized lover!

It was, indeed, his Rose, strange though may seem—and, if our readers will permit, we will only just recover her from her present swoon, and raise her again by the side of the happy—the too tumultuously happy Forster, there to whisper forth forgiveness and comfort, and every fond explanation in his ear, and to let her head sink gently on his bosom in mute impulse,

of thanksgiving to the hand of providence that at length had placed it there!—and then we will proceed, ourselves, to explain the few simple events, and the wherebys and wherefores of this most extraordinary and very unforeseen denouement!

When Forster quitted Lieutenant Seymour, that gentleman had determined to look well to the whole affair, and prevent, if possible, the ruin and misery of the young soldier. He found the serjeant major incensed, he hardly knew why,—against every one, his wife, his daughter, the unfortunate swain, and on his account, well nigh with every separate individual of the whole European detachment. To the recruits he was a very tiger, and to the whole drill more stern, and implacable than ever! He grew more and more determined to marry poor Rose to the ugly old quarter-master serjeant of sepoys before mentioned; and what brought him to reason, we know not. There must have been something wonderfully efficacious in

the subsequent persuasions and conversations that took place between Seymour and the Serjeant, or possibly in the kindly exhortations of the more practised and experienced commanding officer himself of their detachment. Certain it is, that Mrs. Serjeant Major and the little Rose were forthwith dispatched in a light pulling bauleah, lent expressly for the purpose by a gentleman of the station, with a double set of dandies. They passed by the little two-oared paunsway of Forster in a sort time, and arrived sufficiently early at the presidency, to make every arrangement with the authorities of Kidderpore, who, under some little explanation by letter from Berhampore were soon seduced into the confederacy —and—and—but why prolong the tale?—in a word the young couple were soon made happy,—ay—happy as this sublunary scene could make them! Forster was soon on the strength of his company as a full corporal—then a serjeant, and ere a few months had

passed—was conspicuous in the Nepal war for some arts of personal daring and gallantry. Lord Hastings, who had heard his little history, and was ever glad to promote merit, and at the same time gratify his own amiable love of kindness, and somewhat romantic and playful benevolence, as we have already seen—sent one smiling morning for Serjeant Forster. A fine noble looking fellow, and as splendid a specimen of a non-commissioned officer as ever carried a halberd—appeared in consequence before his Lordship. The latter, after, a few compliments, such as a soldier delighted to hear—told our gratified hero — that he was from that day a sub-conductor—and his wife consequently—the affectionate Rose—the bride of a warrant officer in the ordnance department of the Honorable Company!

## LEAVING INDIA.

Which way shall I turn me?—how shall I decide?
BEGGARS' OPERA.

For some months past, my mind has been restless and disturbed with dreams and thoughts of my native country. The necessity of revisiting it, or, at all events, of a voyage to some colder climate, was suggested to me by my medical adviser and friend, as far back as the rainy season of last year; when I slowly recovered from a severe fever, and, for the first time during my lengthened residence in this land of the sun, my constitution seemed to betray the effects of too long an exposure to the baneful heat of the Tropics. I then began seriously to

think of a change. It is true, that I was well aware that old age was fast advancing on me, and that the finger of time was as busily employed in wrinkling my brow, as was the sickliness of climate in sallowing over my thin and sunken features. Yet the very reflection that the sand of my glass was fast running to it's close, made me anxious that it's few remaining grains should be allowed to fall only in the land of my fathers; and that the spot wherein I should be laid for my last long repose, should rather be the fresh grassy sod, on which I had bounded in my early days of infancy and youth, than the parched and withered soil of the East. It is true, the latter had become endeared to me, by many ties and pleasing recollections. There were spots on it where I had all but naturalized myself; while friendships had been cemented, and intimacies had arisen, as warm and as strong as even consanguinity itself. Yet such is the constitution of our nature, and

such, perhaps, it's very principle, that, as with life itself, we look upon it's earthly sojourn as probationary only, and as a passport to "another and a better world;" so, in our Indian career, there are few indeed who can settle themselves quietly and contentedly for aye, and who have not at heart the ceaseless desire to quit the present scene of sullenness and unsettled toil, to enjoy at last, in the bosom of their native country, the gathered fruits of exile and of labour.

It would certainly be as well for our Indian community, and the services at large, if it were imperative on all who come to India, that they quit it temporarily for Europe after eight or ten years of residence. If I were legislating for British-Asia, every civilian, and military or other officer should, per force, take his furlough; and it would be a positive public benefit, not to the individuals themselves only, but to the country at large, if, for the sake of

furnishing all with the means of revisiting England, the passage to and fro, and other necessary expenses, were defrayed at the cost of the state. How many contracted prejudices, and false Asiatic notions, would thus, in the prime of manhood, and the maturity of judgment, be erased from the minds of all! How many improper habits, ruinous connections, and degrading propensities, would thus in their early, or midway course, be arrested and got rid of!—It is true, that a residence in the East is not inimical, in every case, to increase of information, or the acquirement of literary and other knowledge; while there is a frankness of demeanour, a friendliness of manner, and true liberality of heart, to be met with among old Indians, which, if report speaks correctly, our colder European brethren would do well to attain a little more of. But it must be confessed, that even with the noblest liberality, there may be want of judgment in it's exercise

and application;—prodigality and profusion may be mistaken as it's attributes; error and long continued habit may narrow or misdirect it's course and power of acting, till, at length, it's best uses are without benefit, and it's very existence baneful to it's possessor. A restoration, for a few years, to our native country, while it improves the mind and enlarges the power of observation, by the varying and unceasing display of food for it;—while it renews our intimacy with our remaining relatives, and adds to our list of acquaintance and general friends, also sends us back to India with a re-invigorated constitution, and the means of more ably and easily performing our official and other duties. But more than this, it will also have enlarged our circle of thoughts, ideas, and recollections. We shall have become politically informed, (for all in Europe are politicians,) of the principal events of the leading empires of the world; we shall have seen, possibly, some of their

eminent statesmen and public characters. Their institutions, theatres, and repositories for the works of art and science, will have been visited by us;—the often-described lovely and picturesque scenery of Europe will have been the object of our actual and personal admiration; and as Indians are proverbially locomotive, we shall have passed through and inspected every noted city, and situation of celebrity. And must not all this increase our knowledge and information, and afford real solace to the mind, in it's after residence in the East? Will not the powers of conversation with our friends be strengthened and improved? our judgment, and ability to discriminate, increased? our own reflections, and reminiscences, in retirement and in the frequent solitude of India, have been happily and pleasingly added to? In fine, the very sources of enjoyment itself in this life will have become enlarged and better secured.

These were the suggestions that arose in

my mind, whenever I essayed to view my proposed return to England in a favourable light. True it is, a portion of these advantages could not appertain to me. If I should quit India, it must necessarily be for ever!—and though it may appear strange, yet this very circumstance, so often longed for in my earlier exile, and even now looked forward to, as ultimately desirable, when it came thus decidedly and immediately before me, brought with it more of regretful feeling than I could have imagined possible. To leave it without a prospect of revisiting the friends it contained, or the many scenes which were truly dear to me, now appeared a second pilgrimage from home, and a repetition of the pain of banishment. The very competency and means I had always been striving to amass, and, while so engaged, had ever considered their realization to be the *summum bonum* of Eastern happiness and exertion, now seemed, in possession, to be robbed of half

their value. Nay, avarice itself interposed to tell me that I had failed in my earlier calculation of what might be estimated as a competency; it pointed out and recapitulated, *all* that I was on the point of throwing up: and then followed hesitating doubts, such as I had never before dreamed of;—of my own unfitness for so momentous and hazardous a change in life. I could not have been worse, or more the slave of growing apprehension, had it been matrimony itself that I was venturing upon at this period of my earthly pilgrimage, instead of a return to the home of one's birth and supposed affection. And yet I was not dissimilar in my then existing state of mind to half of the old gentlemen, whom English courtesy, or rather ridicule, has been pleased to designate as Nabobs, before they can positively make up their hearts to relinquish the East. To some, it's loaves and fishes are dearly, dearly, the objects of veneration. To a few, their confirmed

Hindoostanee habits are sad ties; their hookahs bewitch them; they linger and look back upon their old establishments, comprising, among other household and domestic luxuries, that curtained and secluded *liaison*, so often ruinous, and infatuating even to our very wisest. Then the horrors of a sea voyage, and the exertion necessary for preparation; but more than all the downright, appalling difficulty of making up one's mind;—of screwing the determination to the sticking point of manfully enjoining one's agents to secure a passage.

All these doubts, and hesitations, and arguments *pro* and *con*, were busy passing before me, and the lapse of weeks left me still as undecided as ever, when a little event suddenly assailed me in the midst of my cogitations, and in the brief space of few days resolved the point as fixedly as fate itself. This sudden and abrupt dispellant of my doubts was no other than an acute attack of *liver*. I am not going

to sicken my readers with a detailed account of it's sad and very nearly fatal attack on me. A reference to any of the super-eminently talented works, which, like the dazzling tail of a comet, or the squib-like corruscations of a melancholy Guy Faux day in November, so frequently appear from a few young unpretending assistant-surgeons of our army in India, will satisfactorily exhibit the whole progress of the attack. It lasted, happily, but for a few weeks, then was the usual ——— but to cut the matter short,—by the protecting mercy of Providence and excellent medical aid, I was relieved, and pronounced out of danger; and the very first use I made of my convalescence was to send for the plan, and terms of accommodation of every ship, then advertised as homeward bound in the river.

Here again was ample food for doubt and consideration. All the various recommendations and objections came before me in perplexing array. One captain, whose ship

was unexceptionable, had a bad name in Calcutta; he not only starved his passengers, —as was hinted to me, but gave himself intolerable airs on shipboard, and was a very Kouli Khan upon his quarter-deck. Another was lamb-like and all civility on shore, but a precious specimen of sullen moroseness on board. The ship of a third had been recently employed on the coast trade, and was now swarming with red ants and cockroaches. One captain was ever in hot water with his officers and crew;—another, with his passengers, and every soul about him. This ship was a dull sailer; that rolled her gunwales under water in the smoothest sea; the next was refused a policy at the insurance offices, because she was built ages ago; while it's neighbour, with a high sounding, classical name, to prove the attic taste of some literary shipwright, or poetic Liverpool owner, was stated to be commanded by a skipper from the same city, who could not sign

his own name! All these objections were dinned into my ears, by my friends and common acquaintances; but when I referred to my agents, and those concerned for the shipping, it was a far brighter and more recommendatory tale. This captain they declared to be as gentlemanly a man as ever breathed; that a plain, honest, unassuming fellow, who toiled day and night for the comfort of his passengers; a third was excellence itself; in fact, every ship in the Hooghly, by it's respective agents' accounts, was perfection: and every captain so delightful a person to sail with, that if we could have believed one-half only of what these laudatory gentlemen asserted,—a voyage of four or five months, under such auspices, could be deemed only a description of aquatic paradise; and the sole apprehension to afflict the too fortunate passenger, would be his fears of the voyage being too speedily concluded. At length, in the midst of the conflicting characters, I

found it advisable to think of forming a judgment for myself. So, proceeding on board several of the vessels in the river, I at last singled out from the various round houses, awning cabins, great and side, after, and other cabins, exhibited for my choice, —some very comfortable upper accommodations on board the late Honourable Company's Ship *William Scott.* I am actually ashamed to say the amount exacted from me for them. True, as a solitary old Bachelor, my lavishing so large a sum, simply for my conveyance to England, could injure, or take from, no one but myself; but there was a downright feeling of annoyance at being called upon to pay what, with reference to obtaining worth for one's money, should have procured four such passages to England. I do not mean to blame the captain himself, who proved a most worthy and amiable sort of personage on board; he simply followed the custom of his brethren in the service and trade; and they say that commercial

speculation is at too low an ebb to admit of their making much money in any other way than by their passengers. But it is hard that they thus reckon on the latter alone as their sources of profit on the voyage, and that homeward-bound Bengalees should have to pay tenfold for the scanty cubic space of some eight feet by six, in which they are "*cabin'd*, cribb'd, and confined" for the wearisome period of their trip.

After settling the weighty point of securing a cabin, next came my preparations for departure. To procure what was necessary for my own use, was the work of a day or two only. A person like myself has little to trouble himself with in these matters; Bachelors' wants are few; and Sircars, and the accommodating civility of the gentry of the China Bazar soon leave little to be done in supplying and completing them. The most difficult and oppressive task with me, was how to disperse and get rid of the

things already by me; the accumulated hoard of years. An auctioneer could scarcely have undertaken their sale;—they were "too numerous to detail," or, what was far worse, they were little worth the trouble. And yet, to myself, there was not an article scattered about the confusion of my habitation, that had not some claim or other on my regard, and desire to retain it. The old single-barrelled Mortimer, a flint gun, without a hammer, and the mouth of it's barrel worn to somewhat of the thickness of bank post paper:—had not this been the solace of many a weary hour in the earlier part of this century, on the lonely banks of the Jellinghee? Then the broken fishing-rod, suspended on the wall, over my old violin-case,—was not it a valued friend for the very same reason? The scattered remains of favourite billiard cues, long since so reduced and cut away from their original length as to be unfit for use, were still fondly regarded by me, as they occasionally

met my view; one of them had won for me an anxiously-contended match, with a once formidable rival at the game. My ancient love for the whole progeny of my easy-chairs has already been explained to my readers; and now, to be compelled to part with every one of them, or, at all events, to be permitted to select only the very smallest of them, which the dimensions of my cabin would alone sanction my retaining! My books too,—many of which really cost considerable sums, and were collected at much pains,—it was mortifying to be able to keep only a limited number, such as would fill a small cabin book-case, consisting of a few feet of narrow shelves, affixed to one of the side panels. However, I made a bold effort; away went every thing to the auction room of Messrs. Tulloh and Co.; and what they realised, when flamingly advertised as the "valuable property of ———, Esq., returning to Europe," may be computed from the positive fact, that my

well known, and, by me, most esteemed and comfortable chocolate-coloured chariot, was knocked down for the sum of one hundred and fifty rupees, eight annas! and my pair of old faithful greys, which would so fondly linger in their wonted evening airing, till they often lulled me into slumber, —they could obtain no purchaser at all! not a bidder would appear, in spite of every praise and flourish of rhetoric from the auction pulpit! These last, therefore, I have been glad to include in the list of lame old native servants, *viz.*—my ancient coachman, hookerbadar, sirdar bearer, and a veteran mussalchee, for whom I have left some small means in the hands of my agents, by way of monthly pension, and proof of thankful recollection from their master, which their long and faithful services to him have prompted him to offer.

I had a busy and unpleasant enough day with my Agents, in adjusting and settling all accounts with them, past,

present, and to come ;—unpleasant, I must add, from my habitual dislike to these things; not that my worthy, useful, and most obliging friends, Messieurs M'Culloch and Co., contrived at all to add to the unpleasantness of the occupation. There was a still sadder task in store for me, that of taking leave of my various friends. It was indeed a long and painful business of one or two days,—but on this I cannot, and I will not dwell.

## AN INDIAMAN.

Horrid confusion heap'd
On confusion rose.

MILTON.

THE ship in which I had secured my passage, had proceeded down the river to Kidgeree, opposite to the Island of Saugor. It was formerly unusual for the Honourable Company's ships of eight hundred, or more tons burthen, to ascend the river so far as Calcutta, Diamond Harbour being the highest of their anchoring stations; but since the introduction of steam-tugs the river Hooghly has been less formidable, and moreover the *William Scott, our* ship, as I must now begin to designate it, though of the largest description, had been obliged to go up to the docks near town, for some necessary

repairs, and thus had afforded me the opportunity of personally inspecting her accommodation.

On the 15th of January, I embarked in one of the few steam vessels which then began to ply in the river Hooghly. I had long before this been on board a vessel of the description,—the *Enterprize*, which reached India so opportunely in the war with Ava, and made itself conspicuously useful in keeping up a constant communication with our Army, under Sir Archibald Campbell,—to me, therefore, the thing was not new; but to some of our party, who were from the Upper Provinces, it was amusing to observe how much it was a subject of wonder and admiration. Some native attendants on one of the gentlemen from Delhi, sat in stupid, fearful astonishment, when the paddles were first put in motion; and when they perceived the vessel to be fast proceeding through the waters without oar or sail—"Yih agnee-nau Feringhee logue ke jadoo

se chelta;"—This fire-boat moves by the magic of the foreigners, said one of them to his companion, in a low and subdued tone of voice: nor, I believe, to this day, is the same notion removed from the minds of the poor fishermen, and inhabitants of the banks of the Ganges;—when from a distance they watch the smoking and seemingly unurged vessel move past them on the extensive bosom of the river, and often trace it's course for miles, over the winding and level banks, by the black sullen cloud that ever streams from it, and then hangs lingeringly and almost unbroken in it's line along the clear, sunlit, and uncloud-ed atmosphere of the East.

Nothing particular occurred on our way down the river. About an hour before dusk we reached the *William Scott*, and were at first prevented going along-side by some country sloops, which were lashed to her, and from which they were now taking in the last of the cargo, together with

various packages of wines, beer, oilman's stores, and other good things for the cuddy, which betokened that the comforts of the passengers had not been lost sight of in the homeward bound equipment. At length we ascended the side; and one or two ladies with us, were *hoisted in*, as they term it, in the accommodation chair. But never since the building of Babel, and it's confusion of tongues and sounds, were mortals ever greeted with any thing like the scene that awaited us on attaining the quarter-deck. Packages, wine-chests, and claret-boxes, water-casks, passengers' baggage, sea-cots, and cabin furniture, were piled in every direction. All these, with a well jammed, or rather jostling assemblage of sailors, batta lascars, sircars, invalid soldiers, and their wives and families,—of passengers, several with a friend or two, and each with a host of their servants, who had come thus far before taking leave,—children, with their native nurses; and, to crown all, the captain's

live stock, consisting of a gaunt trio of unfortunate bullocks, tied near the long boat, to serve for a little fresh food for the crew: —around them nestling close, or struggling in terror at the confusion around them, a score or two of Patna sheep, with sundry oblong wicker baskets crammed throughout with ducks, fowls, turkeys, and geese, some of which had broken through their slight bamboo confinement, and were now fluttering and screaming about the deck and rigging, in all directions. The captain, of course, was not amidst this riot, but, with due attention to customary etiquette, was comfortably in his own cabin, or, at all events, most pertinaciously out of the way. In his absence, nevertheless, there were abundance of commanding officers: the pilot was wrangling with the sloops and steamer along side, insisting on their cutting adrift, as they were adding to the strain on the cable, in the present violence of the spring tide. The chief-mate, a very pleasant,

mild man, on most occasions, was vociferously bullying every one about him; the second officer and surgeon, furiously striving to clear a way towards the cuddy for the frightened and scared ladies, as, one by one, they were brought into the ship. Then the din of voices, the calling, ordering, boat-swain's pipes, bleating of sheep, knocking about of baggage, and packages;—altogether it was indeed a scene that no pen can describe; and often do I smile to myself at the piteous stare of astonishment which I must have exhibited on first suddenly coming into the midst of it.

As soon as I could thread my way through the difficulties at every step, I went to my cabin, where, as I had the week before sent down my little furniture and heavy baggage, particularly enjoining that the latter should be safely deposited in the hold of the ship, I hoped to be able to retire from the terrific bustle of the deck. But to my dismay, on opening the cabin-

door, my eye was here also greeted with boxes on boxes, trunk on trunk, my cot, couch and wash-hand-stand, on each other, up-piled to the very ceiling and upper-deck, without even standing room left, for the unfortunate, newly arrived tenant, of all this misery and confusion!—What with my lowness of spirits on quitting Calcutta, and my old friends, ridiculous as it may seem, I almost longed at the time to be one of the weaker sex, that I might have sat down and fairly wept in vexation and hopelessness, at this new annoyance. As it was, the turning of a straw would have made me throw up my passage, and return back to Calcutta, and I had nothing left for it, but to grin sardonically; and then affecting sundry miserable laughs at my dilemma, set to manfully, with my servant, to bring the chaos of my cabin into something of habitableness for the night. I now found my new servant, whom I had hired on the recommendation of my agent, expressly for the voyage, a smart,

handy, and useful personage; and with his assistance, or, as I should say, by his exertions, and those of one of the ship's people, whom the promise of a little grog seduced into the confederacy, we contrived to put out of the scanty cabin the trunks that were not required, and, by dint of real hard straining and labour, forced my ship couch, and it's furniture, into somewhat of their intended respective situations. This effected, and fully resolved not to venture again amidst the confusion above, I essayed to retire to rest for the night. But the smell of the ship, the new painting of the cabin, the tar, and effluvia from the hold, added to the din and noises above, which continued to a late hour, made me perfectly feverish till long past midnight; and it was only towards morning that I got into a refreshing and desirable slumber, and sunk into a state of forgetfulness of the confusion around me.

I was awakened, by what my servant

announced as six bells, (seven o'clock,) and dressing myself as well as I could, without the now much missed and earnestly longed-for ministry of the sirdar and mate bearer,—I proceeded to the deck;—but Heavens and earth! the happy change a few short hours had effected. The planking of the deck had been newly scrubbed, and was as clean as even fastidiousness could wish; there was not a package or single article to be seen; the ropes were neatly coiled round, and lying in their respective places by the gunwale. Fowls, sheep, and turkeys, all were in their pens and hutches, screened away from sight, till, in a word, there were few quarter-decks of the finest of his Majesty's frigates, that could have appeared to better advantage, than that of the *William Scott,* so very lately out-beggaring description in it's confusion, and babel-like disorder of the preceding evening. The anchor was up, and we were under weigh, standing slowly away from Saugor Island.

I was now anxious to be introduced to my several fellow passengers. Some of them, however, were already known to me. Among these, were my worthy military friend of the Mofussil, Lieutenant Colonel Commandant Bonassus, and his youngest daughter. Her sister had happily been disposed of in marriage to an aspiring young subaltern of the regiment; and the old gentleman finding himself thus released from one of his ties to India, had resolutely obeyed the instigation of his medical adviser, and determined to proceed, in search of health and renovated constitution, to the climate he had quitted nearly half a century ago. His unmarried daughter could not well be left behind; and although her Calcutta education had not greatly qualified her for an English coterie or drawing room, yet the affectionate eye of the parent was blind to the circumstance, and it was decided that she should accompany him. Another gentleman

of the same station was also on board, Mr. Chillum of the Civil Service, who, after his disappointment with the pretty Miss Alport, was equally solicitous to essay the benefit of change of climate. My other fellow voyagers were personally unknown to me. They consisted of a civilian, and a medical gentleman of the Company's service, and their ladies. These families had engaged the half of the round house, or upper accommodations: Colonel Bonassus and his daughter having the opposite cabins. An agent of the firm of Messrs. M'Culloch and Co., accompanied also by his wife, had the 'starboard half of the great cabin, of which I had secured the larboard division. There was also a poor widow of a captain of one of his Majesty's regiments of dragoons, with her two infant children in one of the side cabins, who, with some military gentlemen proceeding on furlough, completed our party.

I was introduced in due form to the

whole, on the very important occasion of our taking our seats at the first day's dinner on board. The preparations for this piece of ceremonial, that of taking our seats, had busily occupied the captain of the ship, for at least an hour and a half before the band struck up the "Roast beef of old England!" and summoned us to the cuddy. The army list and Calcutta register had been carefully studied, to assign to each, his, or her, proper allotment at the table. Dates of respective commissions had been referred to, and the order of precedence seriously consulted, before the captain ventured to place a card on the different plates, with the name of the passenger who was to be there, and there only, seated for the voyage. It must, indeed, have been a most difficult and delicate task; and when I had taken possession of *my* chair, and found time to look about me, it was amusing to observe the evident mortification of the rich Mrs. Crore, the agent's lady, when she

found herself removed at least four chairs from the post of honour at the captain's side.

I have often prided myself on my skill in judging of character from the physiognomy. And as soon as my increased appetite, which the air of the Sandheads had procured for me, allowed me to pause among the many good things which the table exhibited, I sought to bring my skill into exercise. First, then, the captain, with whom I entrusted my worthy self and comfort, for the sad imprisonment and prospective eternity of a four months' sea voyage,—but his character I had learned beforehand. Captain Clarke was at first sight a rough-visaged, hardy-looking seaman; —but on addressing you, the gentleman, and man of information, at once beamed apparent in his manner; whilst his pleasing, frank, and ready conversation never failed to confirm the impression. He was rough at times, it is true;—the discipline and

habit of control in a large vessel, had unavoidably brought this to pass. At times, also, he loved to egotise, and his ship, or the details of former voyages, were too prominently, and perhaps, too frequently, his admired topics. Yet I could not help wondering, on the first day of our assembling together, how admirably he kept up the conversation; how easily he attended to the comfort of every soul at table, and even contrived, after one or two excellent, but at first unsuccessful, attempts, to soothe and brighten up the louring visage of Mrs. Crore,—to bring a positive smile upon her softening and relenting features. At the captain's right hand, sat Mrs. Revenue, the Civilian's lady; on his left, the wife of the medical officer; and after the intervening of one of the gentlemen, and then Mr. Chillum, came the rich and stately Mrs. Crore: while, on her left hand, sat, near the end of the table, one of the military passengers, whom I now recognised

as an ex-Aide-de-Camp of his Excellency the Commander in Chief. This happy propinquity of chair to Mrs. Crore was, together with the captain's address, one of the glad means of effecting her better humour; and yet a verier puppy than Mr. ex-Aide-de-Camp, it would have been difficult for all the homeward-bound ships of the season to have produced among their list of passengers. But, as I at once predicted, he was to be a mighty favourite before the end of the voyage, with the lady of the rich agent. If my friend Captain Gossip had been on board, he might, without much embellishment, have made one of his most entertaining and facetious nouvellettes, and have been in possession of not a few little occurrences before the final breaking up of our party: —but no more on this delicate subject.

# LIFE ON SHIPBOARD.

They ate, and drank, and slept,—what then
They ate, and drank, and slept,—again!

PRIOR.

IMMEDIATELY after quitting the Sandheads, and after the pilot taking his leave of the vessel, the steady breezes, which generally prevail from the northward, in the month of January, carry on the ship, pleasantly enough, through the Bay of Bengal. But the increasing warmth of the air, as we hourly lessen our distance from the equator, gives us sad promise of what we may have to endure while crossing the more glowing precincts of the line. As we approach it still nearer, the breezes become lighter, and more uncertain. At last, calms succeed, and

the weather becomes sadly and insufferably hot. Perhaps it is this portion of the passage which is the most uncomfortable of the whole voyage, for the frequent calms and delays experienced here, make the heat of the equator almost insupportable. When there is a strong, or even regular wind, so as to give the ship tolerable way through the atmosphere, the thermometer is seldom high in these latitudes;—85 degrees being, probably, the extreme. But when there is no air stirring, the too near vicinity to the sun doubly oppresses, and the sultry closeness of the vessel, with the heat steaming from the hold, most unpleasantly betrays itself. It is odd, at this juncture, to watch the manifestation of annoyance on every countenance on board. Every face is lengthened, and gloom becomes apparent every where. It is said that darkness, and the absence of cheering light, are, to our English imaginations, the main symbols of melancholy and despondent gloom; but

travellers, who have suffered in the sunny regions of the East, will tell you, truly, that there is nothing more melancholy in nature, than the glaring and sullen blaze of a noon-day tropical sun. Although poets may love to dwell upon the horrors of midnight,—the solitude of caverns, and the still depths of the wilderness, or tangled forest,—yet these are bright and cheerful, compared with the unnatural and burning barrenness of the sunlit desert, or even the silent and deserted quarter-deck of a vessel be-calmed amidst the unbounded waters of the equator; where the stirless and tomb-like depths around reflect only the cloudless glare of the heavens, with the sun ruling in them, as it were, savagely and fiercely in his unmitigated anger.

In no earthly situation also has temper more chance of being ruffled than on ship-board: and, what is worse, under such unhappy circumstances, there is, likewise less of concealment practicable here than

elsewhere. The cabins are all so crowded together, and the partitions so thin, that it is impossible to avoid being overheard by every neighbour. Then the constant daily meeting together at table, and on the decks, where the absence of novel subjects for conversation makes the immediate circulation through the ship of every idle tale, a matter of necessity: all these things not only bring to light every dereliction from good humour, but the very existence of such annoyances places the temper itself in exposure to hourly trial and irritation.

The monotony, too, in an Indiaman, is wearisome in the extreme. The very regularity and discipline of the ship serve only to afford less of incidents to awaken the attention.—A good honest cause for downright murmuring, or complaint, would be a real alleviation of one's misery. It is true, that passengers do contrive to extract some thing or other of the kind from the occurrences on board; the conduct of the captain, the

daily supplies of the table, the quality of the wines, the behaviour of the officers of the ship, when on duty, or other such important subjects, must necessarily present themselves: from these we may sometimes construct tolerable matter for comment, or animadversion. Yet they are soon talked over into tatters; and again we relapse into insipidity, or stupid calculations as to the probable time of our wished-for release from the vessel; or it's arrival at any given points on the way. It may not be amiss to exhibit an extract from a journal of a whole day's shipboard employment: it was purposely noted down in a minute detail, not only to pass away a tedious hour, but in the hope of exciting a smile on some future day, when looking back on the sad picture of such a diary.

"2nd February, 1828.—Woke at five bells, the sun shining in at the port, rather more powerfully than pleasantly. Had passed a bad night, not a breath

stirring; and the children in the adjoining cabin restless and crying ever since midnight: could not help thinking of the poor widow and her sick boy; wonder how he is this morning; send to enquire;—the reply is, 'much the same,' sincerely hope the poor child may not be lost to his interesting and unhappy parent: determined to have a comfortable bathe to-day, but the servant pops in his ugly black face to tell me that my bucket has just broken away from the lashing, and he can get up no water for me,—wish him at the deuce for his pains. What an exertion to dress! the heat almost suffocating, and my only comfort is, that I have abundance of time to loiter away, as it wants full an hour and a half to breakfast. Plague on the ship's officers, from the captain to the purser's clerk, for their inattention to the convenience of the passengers; why, I find I have not a single clean shirt left in the cabin drawer, and yet they have put off till to-morrow to get up

the trunks and baggage from the hold! I must even put on my yesterday's linen, and be hanged to them!

"Dressed at last, and immediately go upon deck, to inhale a little fresh air, before the breakfast is announced. Find several gentlemen collected round the captain, all complaining of the heat, and anxious in their enquiries after the widow's sick boy; the poor child seems an object of general interest and sympathy. Breakfast at length declared to be ready, and away we proceed in a body to the cuddy, as if a ship breakfast could repay us for so assembling. There we find ranged out, as is daily the case, the woeful remains of yesterday's poultry, salt soft butter of the consistency and character of thick oil; eternal salt fish, ill-dressed rice, with sliced beef-junk, as hard and as salt as Irish curing can make it; pork of similar good quality, raspberry jam, excellent perhaps as Hoffman can produce it, but it's perpetual appearance and

re-appearance at each meal, reminding one only of the nonsense-verse at school which procured a flogging for a class-fellow of mine:—

"Jam, jam, jam, jam, jam jam, jam quoque, jam, jam."

"Then the tea made from bad water, with a most plentiful paucity of milk: rolls, if such they could be called, which the ship-baker essayed to give us, when his supply of yeast had turned bad, and no skill of his could leaven his after efforts to produce bread. True, all these articles and viands gave *plenty* on the board, but in *such* abundance who could have the appetite or inclination to indulge?

"But the breakfast is over; away again to saunter on the deck. Now comes forth the captain, in all his glory, with two or three of his officers armed with quadrants, the chronometers being ranged in open order in his cabin. Lo! the daily parade of taking the sun's altitude at this hour of

nine, preparatory to working the longitude, after ascertaining the sun's meridian at noon. N. B. These gentlemen not always correct to a hair's breadth in their calculation and working. There is an entry in the *Log Book* of Long. 82 6, Lat. 6 36, which would have placed the ship high and dry in the interior of Ceylon; but these are trifles."

"At 10 o'clock, proceeded to the cabin, there read and scribbled for a couple of hours. At 12, again visited the deck, to ascertain the result of to-day's solar observation, and look at our present position on the chart; next proceed to lunch, or tiffen, as we Indians term it, when wine and biscuits allure many at this hour." By the way, eating and drinking on board are the mainsprings of our enjoyment, *les grands evenements du voyage*, and although a ship breakfast presents so little to elicit the appetite, yet it is otherwise at the sister meals. By noon, the sea air, notwithstanding

the heat, has led the wishful imagination to point, as truly and ceaselessly, to the cuddy eatables, as doth the magnetism of the pole, it's ever constant needle to itself. And even after lunch, before the expiration of three hours more, all thoughts again centre in the same cuddy, where the excellent daily dinner of an Indiaman spreads out it's charms to the hungry community of passengers. Here is nothing to complain of: capital soups, fresh-mutton, geese, fowls, hermetically-sealed salmon, as good as the day it left London; and pork, whose education might satisfy the delicacy of a half-christianised Mussulman. Ham, tongues, and pies, with a long list of addenda, or intermediate et-cæteras; all these good things washed down by tolerable white wines, hock, and excellent Carbonell or Marjoribank's claret, continue to put the party into better humour than they enjoy at any other period of the day.

But to proceed with my journal. "At

one o'clock, went into the cuddy, as is my daily practice, to watch the little tribe of children at their happy meal of this hour; saw them ranged round one end of the table, with a plentiful dish of *pish-pash*, composed of the wonted quantity of rice and fowl, mutton broth, and a very mild curry. My young friends were each attended by their native servants, and as the captain, like myself, delights in seeing, or rather, in his case, personally superintending their juvenile banquet, it is quite amusing to observe their little hungry and healthy appetites, earnestly eyeing each his turn to have his plate piled up with the good things before him, and then quietly, and in the most orderly manner, making the central pyramids of rice, and other such edibles, fast disappear from the board.

"At the wonted hour of three, found myself at dinner: nothing occurred, save that three several times the captain solicited the indignant Mrs. Crore to permit

him the honour of taking wine with her. She was resolutely determined not to hear him; and at last, when her husband, in his usual unwished for interference, announced to her the reiterated request of her host; ye Heavens! with what a speaking look she acknowledged the honour! And yet all this resentment, I believe, the result of mere pique, because, the day before, he had unwittingly omitted to offer her his arm, which happened to be disengaged at the moment of her making her evening appearance upon deck. After the ladies had retired, sat rather too long at the wine. N. B. The young military gentleman at my right hand, Lieutenant Lovelace, makes a capital use of his time at this portion of the feast. Claret he takes down, bumper after bumper, with an occasional change of light Rhenish between whiles. It is also rather dangerous to let the Curaçoa bottle stand within his arm's reach. The silly young man seems to be unaware that drinking is

fast receding from the list of worldly accomplishments; and, in his ignorance, he evidently offends his own wishes and inclination, by gulping down wine, long after it's taste has been only nauseating and offensive to him.

"By 5 o'clock get away from table, and proceed on the poop for a little fresh air. The sails hang sleeping on the yards, or bent mournfully against the mast, like the flapping wings of the vampire-bat, as it hotly and suffocatingly feasts on the vital stream of it's victim. But all eyes are soon directed to the westward, from which a faint 'bank' of rising clouds would seem to betoken a coming breeze. And how anxiously is such a breeze prayed for. Not more welcome is the fountain in the desert, or the distant cottage light to the saddened and way-worn traveller, than the fresh breeze, as it springs up and first fills the sail of the weary and long becalmed mariner.

"At 6.—Tea announced to be ready; but

all prefer it to be brought out to them, on the deck. Tea on board is generally indifferent. The article itself may be good enough, and it would be a shame if it were otherwise; but the water is bad, too often not boiling, and then the milk, either from sickness of the solitary cow, or some mismanagement, or other cause, too sparingly doled out to the male passengers, to be much improvement to their beverage.

"Soon after this, the sun retires, and now parties are seen sedulously pacing up and down the quarter-deck, by way of exercise. 'Tis now 8 o'clock, (eight bells,) and the first night-watch is called on deck: retire to the cuddy, play a game at chess with old Colonel Bonassus, and half a dozen games of backgammon with Mr. Chillum, who gets quite testy at my luck in throwing doublets; and now, at half-past nine, I find myself again in my cabin, retiring to rest, for another hot and sleepless night, under the pleasing reflection, that the morrow, and

the day after the morrow, and the day after that, with weeks and weeks to linger after these, must be passed on board, in the same monotonous and wearisome manner as the day just tediously got through."

## DEATH ON SHIPBOARD.

> And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb;
> Our birth is nothing but our death begun,
> As tapers waste the instant they take fire.
>
> YOUNG.

I THINK I have once or twice adverted to the widow of an officer of one of his Majesty's Dragoon Regiments, who was our fellow passenger on board the *William Scott*. Before I had any fixed idea of returning to Europe, the history of this afflicted young woman had been mentioned to me in Calcutta; and such was the tale, that it had excited considerable interest, long before I had dreamed that circumstances would ever bring us together, or place me in the situation of being personally known to her.

It is a subject of regret, that I cannot

now minutely enter into the particulars that were then recounted to me; but, as far as my memory serves me, the following will explain them generally to my readers.

Amelia Sedley was the younger of two amiable girls, the daughters of Mr. Serjeant Sedley, a gentleman of considerable eminence at the English bar, who had unfortunately lost his wife when his children were yet young and uneducated; and who had, in consequence, necessarily entrusted them, at a very tender age, to the care of one, whose high recommendations to him as a governess made him conclude her fully qualified for the charge. And certainly, so far as wonted accomplishments and the cultivation of exterior graces avail, this substitute for maternal care and anxiety did her duty, sedulously and faithfully, towards the lovely girls entrusted to her management; but beyond this, she deemed her instructions or inculcations of little importance; and although the real goodness of heart of

her younger pupil was such, that it required little surveillance to preserve it in it's native purity, yet, in the sequel, her melancholy tale will prove, how much it is needful for happiness, that, at one too interesting period of female life, it should be shielded not only from positive error, but also steadily preserved in the path of mere colder prudence and common worldly caution.

The Governess was well born, and of good connections. Some of these were introduced as friends in the family of Mr. Sedley; and among them appeared, as a frequent visitor, Mr. L'Estrange, a Lieutenant in the —— Regiment of Dragoons. Whether by the good natured arrangement of the Lady-Gouvernante, this young Mars was too often admitted to the morning boudoir of the young ladies, is not positively asserted, but that her connivance was necessary not to have noticed that he was almost a daily visitor in their society, could not be denied. It was not, howver,

that Miss Sedley was the daughter of a man of reputed wealth; that induced the governess tacitly to sanction, or rather in every way to encourage his ceaseless attentions to Amelia,—it was not the desire of mere intrigue, or any personal advantage to herself, that made her almost a party to them,—but still, from some cause or other of self-love or family-feeling, she never let an opportunity escape of dwelling upon the praises of the young officer, to her susceptible pupil; while, to the youth himself, she would eternally direct those little banterings, flatterings, and incitements that so sway the heart of our truly vain sex, more particularly, when real fascinating beauty and feminine softness are blandly put forward as the objects of allurement.

Whatever the cause that induced her, to whom was entrusted the guardianship of Amelia Sedley's youth, thus to encourage a dangerous *liaison* with a young thoughtless

subaltern, who had not a sixpence, or prospect beyond his bare commission, and whose constitution was said to be almost ruined by his excesses on first entering the army, must therefore remain a secret. But the result was soon decided,—Mr. L'Estrange and Amelia engaged themselves;—her father wisely refused to sanction the engagement; Amelia seriously sickened at her disappointment, and then, after months of depression and tears in secret, there was a serious threatening of decline. At this juncture, Mr. L'Estrange procured a troop in a regiment destined for India; and as a change of climate was absolutely necessary for the now pining and sinking Amelia, the father had no alternative, but to avert a more serious calamity, by making the most of his present dilemma,—he therefore consented to the match; Amelia married the young and delicate soldier, and in less than two months after the ceremonial,

was embarked on board an Indiaman, with a detachment of her husband's regiment for Bengal.

They remained a short time only in Calcutta, after reaching India, and proceeded to Cawnpore, where, after giving birth to two children, poor Amelia found that the same climate that had re-established her health, was fast undermining the remaining strength of her husband. He was on the sick list when the regiment was ordered to the siege of Bhurtpore,—but to remain behind was more than his proud spirit could submit to. He accompanied, therefore, his troop to the siege, gallantly performed every duty that was assigned to him, and returned to Cawnpore to throw himself again upon a sick couch, from which, as was sadly anticipated by all who knew him, he never rose again!

For the sake of her young infants, thus left fatherless and unprotected in a far country, Amelia did essay to exert herself,

and sought to bear up with more than a woman's fortitude, under her bereavement. But, in her present circumstances, there were other pressing causes of affliction: she was almost destitute, and her late deprivations had also, in a pecuniary point of view, subjected her to much serious distress. It is true, the sale of her superfluous things could enable her to support herself and two children decently for the present; but as for her return with them to Europe, it was out of the question, until her father could kindly remit to her the means. This he did with prompt generosity, the moment he heard of her situation; and returning therefore to Calcutta, this young widow, with her fatherless infants, secured a passage to England in the same ship with myself.

On first seeing her, although her dress of mourning and widowhood, which she still retained, must have shorn her person of much of it's attractiveness, yet I had never, to my recollection, witnessed any thing so

lovely or interesting. Her countenance had probably lost much of it's early bloom; but this is common to all European ladies, after a year or two of residence in the East; yet I had never seen the sad weeds of a widow on such seeming youth and softness; and it scarcely appeared credible to me, that one so young, and, in spite of her sorrowing and pensive look, so girlish, could have gone through the little tale of affliction which had reached us, and, more than all, could be the parent of the two stout, healthy, and truly fine children which accompanied her on board.

They were two boys, the youngest still in arms; the eldest, Alfred, was said to be extremely like his deceased father; and if the resemblance was really so strong as asserted, it might plead in mitigation of Amelia's first imprudence, for it could be hardly possible to conceive a more engaging countenance than the deceased must have

possessed. Alfred was just three years old, but appeared at least a year older, and there was a bold, frank, and winning manner with the child, that, ere he had been ten days on board, he was a general favourite; not only with the passengers, but every soul in the ship, from the captain, down to the little gunner's boy, who would slily secrete ship-biscuit, or other rough delicacies for his little pet, wherewith to entice him from the quarter deck, and lure him forward for a few minutes among the admiring and coaxing sailors. The little urchin was in a fair way of being spoiled; his independence of manner, and fearlessness of movement must have cost his doating young mother many an anxious thought. And although she endeavoured to keep him in her sight as much as possible, yet it seemed cruel to confine the poor boy to her scanty cabin, and she was thus obliged to trust him to others more frequently than

she could have wished, and to allow him to rove upon the decks more freely than was consistent with her fears.

How often have we watched the poor little fellow, almost springing from the ports of the quarter-deck, in his anxiety to follow the movements of the flying-fish, when they rose boundingly from the sea, as the ship alarmed them in it's course, or the hungry boneta scared them from their own element to seek a momentary protection in the air. How often have we seen him mimicking the hearty pull and rough song of the sailors employed in working the ship, till the busy crew would unbend their harsh features into smiles, and prognosticate, with their wonted complacency for their own profession, that the boy would prove a true tar, and thorough sailor in his day.

But when the heat on board became more oppressive on our approaching the equator, the poor child shewed evident symptoms of it's disagreeing with him. In

a day or two he appeared languid and weary, with less inclination to play about with his little companions. It was apprehended that this was greatly owing to the misplaced kindness of the many friends on every side, who proffered him marks of their good will, and were ever loading him with sweetmeats, cakes, or other such little dangerous temptations to a child's sense of moderation. But although they may have assisted the attack of fever which now plainly evinced itself, yet the heat and confinement of the ship itself must be considered as the main and leading causes. By the time we were becalmed under the line, than which nothing could have been worse or more aggravating for sickness of any description, the dear little fellow was a prisoner to his cot, and pronounced, by the surgeon of the vessel, to be in a very dangerous way. On shipboard, a sick fellow passenger is necessarily an object of commiseration with most; but, in this

instance, it is beyond description, the interest that was excited in the minds of every soul in the *William Scott.* The Doctor, a good enough seafaring son of Æsculapius, but who would rather have had fifty rough seamen to attend to, than so delicate and unusually tender a patient, was hourly besieged with enquiries after the little favourite; while it was apparent, from his anxious manner and the hesitation of his replies, that his own alarm could have afforded no relief to the trembling anxiety of the poor widow herself, when she breathlessly hung on his looks, at each frequent visit of his to the cabin of the sick child. It was strange to witness the unusual stillness and silence that pervaded the cabins and passenger portion of the vessel. Not an unnecessary sound or voice was heard; and in the dead hour of the mid-watch at night, even the tread of the officer on duty was suppressed, and scarcely reached the ear, while the only sounds stirring were the

occasional movements in the widow's cabin, of those who sleeplessly watched by the couch of the sufferer; or, perhaps, what was more dreadful still to the feelings of those around, the frequent faint cries of the child itself, as it every moment piteously implored for water,—"*Paunee, Mama, Paunee!*" in the nursery language of the East, so interesting and touching, as it's accents, either of entreaty or pain, ever sound from the lips of children.

If the secret prayers of every human being on board,—if the fervency of the agonised petitions to the throne of mercy, from the lips and breaking heart of the young widow, could have arrested the all-wise and inscrutable decree of Providence,—there might yet have been hope; but the fiat was gone forth, and all worldly essaying to avert it was but vain and idle,—the boy died!

* * * * *

Silence, unbroken, breathless silence, was

still reigning throughout the ship. There were few of the sailors, who were not attired in their Sunday and best suit of clothes; the decks were cleared, the ship's colours mounted half way to the mizen peak, the bell at the forecastle mournfully tolling, in imitation of the knell of a church, everything betokening the approaching ceremony of a funeral at sea. Near the starboard gangway, supported upon a raised hatch, were the remains of the departed little innocent, enclosed in a decent, nay, almost handsome coffin, which the zeal and kind exertion of the carpenter and his gang had, during the night, contrived to make for their deceased favourite. At the present moment, the coffin was partly exposed to view, for the ship's ensign, which was lying upon it, and is always designed on these occasions to act as a pall, was a little raised, that the many wistful and anxious gazers from among the crew, might witness the respect which, even at so short a notice,

had been endeavoured to be rendered to the remains of one so generally beloved by them, and one who had wrung from their hearts so unusual a share of their rough affections.

At length, the bell ceased tolling. The captain, and all the officers of the Indiaman, appeared in their full uniforms and side arms, and approached the gangway; the captain carrying with him a prayer-book of our church. The head of every one was immediately uncovered, and while the first words of the commencement of the funeral service were issuing from the lips of the captain, the eyes of all were suddenly turned, in distressing astonishment, to the after-hatchway, for ascending from thence, with the assistance of some weeping ladies, who had vainly endeavoured to dissuade her, appeared the widow herself! There was no seeming effort on her part to assume the firmness which almost unnaturally steadied her step, and made her wish to decline the

aid they were feelingly desirous of affording her. Her feet seemed unconsciously, and yet without a symptom of weakness or failing, to move forward on the deck, towards the spot appropriated for the ceremony; and on every eye being turned in intense and wondering pity upon her, her's alone,—yes, I may say alone, of *all* around her, glanced fixedly before her on the scene, without a tear to moisten it. She was in her usual dress of deep mourning, and the only sign of life or intelligence that she betrayed, beyond the mere act of approach towards our group, occurred when she had taken her place beside the captain, and when, with a convulsive shudder, she seemed first to discover that, over her wonted dress, some friend, ere she quitted her cabin, had thrown a shawl. It was a faded shawl, of little value, but one lately employed during the illness of her lost infant in at times protecting it's feverish frame from the air, and any undue exposure. On perceiving

it, it's present use about herself seemed strangely unpleasing to her, and she hastily attempted to take it off, and on their removing it, she followed it with a speaking glance of pain and agony. They now proceeded with the ceremony, but it did not seem to touch her. Her looks were frequently turning with an enquiring and fearful expression towards the ensign, which by this time, pall-like, completely concealed the coffin, as the hatch stood partly supported on the gangway itself:—she started, however, at one part of the service, and her glazed eyes opened, if possible, wider and more strangely, when they prepared to move the hatch; and when the word was uttered to consign the corpse to the deep, and they commenced lowering it, her soul seemed to awaken to a sense and full conception of the scene before her, and she suddenly bounded forward to prevent the act. They caught and supported her, and never shall I forget the sudden though harrowing look

and attitude of intense listening, which she then wildly assumed, while her soul seemed to hang for an instant on the noise of the descending coffin. In spite of every care of those employed, it sunk into the waves with a slight plunge,—then followed immediately a cry, a shriek, piercing as agony itself, from the widow, as she caught the sound! They immediately conveyed her below in a breathless and death-like swoon, which, at the same instant, had overpowered her. It is almost unnecessary to add, that this poor afflicted young woman quitted not her cabin for the remainder of the voyage.

## ST. HELENA.

Thus trampled,—thus expell'd, to suffer here!
MILTON.

In the early part of April, after being about ten weeks from Bengal, including our short stay at the Cape, we reached St. Helena. It requires no little care in the navigator to come upon this small speck in the South Atlantic, situated, as it is, so many hundred miles from any land; and without the means of directing the way, save only those which science has pointed out, and which the silent stars of Heaven have kindly assisted in affording. When sailing upon the far and trackless main, the ship scarcely larger than one of it's countless myriads of ever changing waves, it is

strange to look around on the expanse of sea and sky, and to reflect that the slightest possible deviation from the one true course, as for days and days we bear down upon this pigmy spot, would make us leave it leagues, or even degrees, away from us! And yet almost daily are ships silently steering their way through the wide sea, and after weeks of busy and calculating toil, do they safely and steadily converge from the farthest quarters of the globe to this one minute, this one isolated rock of the ocean.

It was at day-break in the morning that we first perceived the heights of St. Helena, overhanging, as it appeared, the deck of the vessel. We had approached the island, or sighted it, as the seamen would express themselves, in the middle night-watch; but lay-to until the morning, before rounding the island for the proper anchorage. It was, indeed, a majestic sight. The sun was tipping the crests of the mountainous

rocks, while, midway, the black and beetling cliffs were yet frowning darkly and mistily, as they seemed actually suspended in air and ready to fall upon us. Still the appearance of the whole was gloomy, and not of the lightsome cheering character that mariners at sea would picture to themselves, of the first aspect of a long sought and newly approached shore.

If such then it's seeming to us, what must have been the sensations of the late Napoleon, as they were conducting him to his last earthly prison; and when the melancholy heights of St. Helena first broke upon his view!

Not a symptom of verdure was apparent from sea: bleak inhospitable heights rose precipitately from the midst of the waves; and the only evidences of habitableness or living creatures on the rock, were the frequent batteries and guard-posts ranged along the different points;—those stern and unsightly monuments of military power and

occupation, without the grace even of it's idle parade, or the glittering of it's other gay and spirit-stirring equipments.

As we rounded the projecting headland near the anchorage, a boat pushed off from the shore to hail us, and enquire if it were true that we had communicated, on the other side of the Cape of Good Hope, with the *Calcutta* Indiaman, which a few days before had touched at the island, and been prohibited from landing, as they apprised us, in consequence of having the measles on board. We answered in the affirmative, such having been, by chance, the fact, for a brief communication had taken place, and a boat passed from one vessel to the other, with mere complimentary enquiry, and, as I believe, a few letters. On their obtaining such affirmative reply, we were instantly informed that we were to consider ourselves under quarantine, and on no account would any personal communication be permitted with the shore. In vain the captain

declared that we had no disease of any nature on board, that no contagion, or apprehension of such consequence could exist, for our momentary communication with the *Calcutta* could scarcely had admitted of it, and no symptoms of infection had shewn themselves, though weeks had elapsed since our falling in with the ship:—nay, that we had since been at the Cape, whence we had brought with us a clean bill of health. In vain was all this reiterated to the officer in the boat: he could only promise that our explanation should be sent up forthwith to the Governor; and away he departed, leaving us in the pleasant predicament of being in sight of shore, without the power of visiting it, or quitting the ship that confined us.

Another boat now pushed off from the lower battery, for, by this time, we were opposite the landing place, and prepared to let go our anchor. This second boat had

armed soldiers in it, and they kept within sixty or a hundred yards of us, to enforce the quarantine; and it is evident that, had we been desperately infected with the plague itself they could not have adopted more precaution to exclude us from the shore. All this strictness, and military shew of severity, we laid to the charge of the old leaven of prison-like caution, which had characterised the government of St. Helena during the bondage of Napoleon; and, right or wrong, under our present feelings of impatience and irritation, we could admit it no excuse or palliation for such inhospitable treatment to a ship from a long voyage. To prove, however, that they were not unmindful of our comforts a string of empty barges was pulled off from the shore by single boat, and then brought across our vessel, by this time at single anchor, so that the last of them might be laid hold of by our sailors. In these boats we were to deposit our empty water-casks. They were

thus to be taken to the shore, and filled by means of a hose at the watering-place, and in the same manner returned to us, so that we might receive fresh water, with as little communication as possible, and without a soul from the island coming in actual contact with our people.

After some farther explanations, through the medium of hailing at a distance, and one or two references, and many signals, having passed to and from the Government house, the quarantine was taken off: but not until the bells from the shore had announced to us that it was four in the afternoon. It was then almost too late for a visit, nevertheless two or three of the younger passengers started off in the jolly-boat, carrying with them injunctions to engage some means of conveying a party of us, on the following day, to the grave of Buonaparte, the usual pilgrimage of all visitors of this strange insulated rock of the Atlantic. They returned at night, having

secured horses, they informed us, for our conveyance to the tomb.

On the ensuing morning I went on shore, with my fellow passengers, Mr. Chillum and Lieutenant Lovelace. The latter, though as widely differing from me, the BENGALEE, in habits, manners, predilections, and general character, I should think, as ever fancy could imagine, was yet somehow a frequent companion of mine, and almost, I may add, a favourite. The habits of shipboard had brought us in frequent intercourse and conversation; and though the confinement of a ship, they say, develops the worst traits always of a man's character, still it must follow, as with fellow prisoners or brother exiles, that there must be more of faultiness on both sides than human nature usually exhibits, if the constant interchange of communication does not beget mutual interest, and no small portion of friendliness and esteem. Mr. Lovelace was young, very young, less in

years, possibly, than in habits, and irregular thinking. He was a complete military tyro; nay, I am wrong, rather a finished graduate of a certain class of the mess-room and barracks. He knew every one and every thing, that intimacy there, of some few years standing, could introduce to his acquaintance. Thus he was a confirmed smoker of cigars, a resolute pseudo-drinker, as I have before mentioned, a would-be scoffer of many good things, in this and other worlds; at times, a professed admirer of the fair sex, and at others a poor retailer of certain mess-room wit against them, and equally good second-hand jests of the guard-room;—true slang, as I might well describe the whole. If to this I add a dash of swearing, a tolerable itch for gambling, some skill and adeptness at hitting a mark with a pistol, with an asserted proficiency at billiards, loo, and short whist, I may close the string of accomplishments, and, possibly, surprise many of my readers

by declaring, that still young Lovelace, at the bottom, was better by half than all the litst of Tom O'Shaughnessys, Major Bloods, Jack Dashalls, or *sic genus omne*, "of our's" or of this or that regiment, whom he delighted to make his models, and the shining heroes of his daily conversation. The fact was, he had entered the army at the wonted early age; and with a good heart in the main, and no bad intentions at the commencement, had failed in the proper choice of his first examples and models for imitation. He was yet as honourable, liberal, and open-hearted a lad as could be; and no wonder that our forced and continued acquaintance on board brought me to discover these among his other qualities; while, perhaps, it might have been as well for little Maria Bonassus, had the same opportunities not made her also so susceptibly aware of their existence! But this is a secret:—and has nothing to do with my present purpose, which is simply to

describe our pilgrimage to the tomb of Napoleon.

Miserable and unfavourable, indeed, was the first impression which landing tended to convey, though, before reaching the shore, the display of a few trees and shrubs in front of the lower Government house, and the general appearance of the little place called James' Town, had rather pleased us on our approach. The fortifications commence at the landing-place, and we had to cross a small draw-bridge before passing through the gateway, which leads from the walls of the fortification into a square, moderate in extent, but having a neat-looking church at one side, and connected with the main and principal street of the town. A few moments only made us acquainted with the position and extent of it's entire site, which occupies a ravine, or valley, as they call it, intersecting two high, ridge-like hills; in fact, the houses seemed to be built at the foot of a chasm in the cliffs.

At the house of a Mr. Solomon, a rich merchant, and general dealer, of the Jewish persuasion, we found our hired horses, ready equipped to carry us up the hill. We immediately mounted, and went off through the town, ascending a well constructed road, cut into the side of the hill on our left. The roads here, and in fact throughout the Island, are not unlike the winding, and, at times, parallel ascents to the Malvern hills, in Worcestershire, except that they are on a far grander scale; some precipitate, and yet rendered perfectly safe by a wall of stones, which runs along the outer edge to the very summit. Continuing our way, we were soon put above the town, and made to look down upon it, and the harbour which opened to us through the vista formed by the separation of the hills. As we continued our ascent, and got more into the heart of the little Island, verdure became apparent, and, in several places, roads and pathways were leading off, from

the main one, to the different farms, or country dwelling houses of the residents; the whole beginning to wear a more pleasing and *land*-like aspect. Still ascending, we at last came to the high lands, and here the barren nature of the sea-ward cliffs and rocks became completely changed. Trees, dwarfish and small, it is true, but with grass and shrubs, of many descriptions, rose luxuriantly around us; and the various seats of the residents, interspersed in picturesque situations in the valleys, and on the sides of the mountains, with the far sea, seen beyond and below all, through the openings in these heights, gave a pleasing and unexpected character of grandeur to the scenery, which we had little anticipated. If the hills in a few of the situations about Bath, could be brought together more grandly, abruptly, and brokenly, with less of continuous regularity in the heights themselves, there would exist a resemblance between the few cultivated hills and vallies

of St. Helena and the part of Somersetshire I have just mentioned. To us, therefore, who, from our first impressions, were utterly unprepared for such scenery, it came with double gratification, and both young Mr. Lovelace and myself paused frequently to express our delight. Mr. Chillum had not yet condescended to lose a single cherished remembrance of his beloved Bengal. The "fleshpots of Egypt" were not more holily longed for by the murmuring sons of Israel, than were the hookah and hot curries of India, both *sadha* and *dho'-peeaza*, daily sighed for and regretted by this too long expatriated servant of the Honourable Company.

"Is not this beautiful?" I exclaimed to Mr. Chillum: "Why, I don't know;" was the reply. "To my view, it scarcely resembles the worst parts of the Chittagong or Monghier districts."

Turning from my Indianised friend, I continued conversing with my more gratified

and voluble companion, Lovelace, who, by the way, had been vainly endeavouring to infuse a little of his own life and spirits into the poor mulish galloway on which he was mounted: and not until a terrible fall, and a narrow escape from a precipitate roll down one of the scarped ravines on our side, could he be persuaded to give over the attempts, and ride quietly and gravely along like Mr. Chillum and myself. He, unlike the Hindoostanee judge, was in rapture with every English-looking cottage, or bit of scenery, that struck his view, and recalled to him his remembrances of the native country to which he was so happy to return. At length they desired us to dismount, as we were to descend some few hundred yards on the side of a hill which led to Napoleon's tomb, and on proceeding that distance on foot, we came upon it, with feelings it would be difficult to explain.

A few willows, to the number of four or five, one of them rather larger than the

rest, marked the spot. They were closely clustered together, and enclosed by a plain, but neat, dark wooden railing, containing a space of an oblong shape, to the extent, probably, of twenty yards, by fifteen. Beyond, and almost enclosing the railing, was a neat hedge of geraniums, and in the centre of the whole, appeared the tomb itself; a simple stone slab, rising but a few inches from the earth, without ornament or inscription; surrounded on it's four sides by a plain iron railing. The spot of earth under these willows had been selected by Napoleon for his grave, during his last illness; in the event of his remains not being allowed to be conveyed to France; and in the immediate neighbourhood (a few yards only from the grave,) of a small spring of pure water, which the unhappy exile had been in the habit of drinking, during his many daily retirements to this sequestered retreat. The place itself was bounded by hills, rising on each side: in

the rear was a sloping ascent, on the summit of which was situated Madame Bertrand's house; and in the front, a deep dell, with hills opening beyond it, disclosed the far stretching expanse of the ocean, magnificently blending, in the blue horizon, with the distant canopy of heaven. It is here, then, we thought, as our deeply-touched feelings led us, while standing over the remains of our enemy, to forget his measureless ambition, his insatiate grasping at empire,—and, alas! one must avow, his crimes!—it is here, we thought, in this quiet and secluded spot, in the heart of this rock of the ocean, that repose the mortal relics of one who once was the terror of the civilized world! The fearful extent of his deeds, and the awe which his very name could inspire, needed not a better proof or monument than this. A tomb of sculptured marble, raised amid all the solemnity of cathedral pride,—a temple, the grandest effort of human art and magnificence, to

enclose his dust, would be nothing, positively nothing, compared to the still, romantic quiet of this peaceful and far receptacle for the remains of one, who wielded, in everliving war and sleepless turbulence, the fierce destinies of Europe; and who, if he held not to the last the high eminence to which his talents and his fortune had called him, was hurled from it only by the despairing efforts of a scared world, the nations of which banded and clung together in united warfare against him,—him, him alone, the one too mighty object of their terrors. They conquered him, and then consigned him to exile and death in this remote, bleak prison-house amidst the ocean. And, now he is dead, they dream, by neglect to his corpse, to give even his resting place and his memory to oblivion; but mark!—this high and beetling rock itself rises from amidst the wide waters of the ocean, only as the tomb and meet monument of his fate: and

although few pilgrims may seek it's forbidding solitude, yet, it will be reverenced in after ages simply, as—the sepulchre of Napoleon! —aye, and as the savage record of the fear and cautious terror of those who consigned him here to perish!

An old soldier of the St. Helena regiment has charge of the spot, and lives in a small wooden cabin hard by. He tells over, in the wonted style of those people, the particulars of the burial; and has numerous little anecdotes, such as a man in his situation would pick up, of the habits of the imperial exile himself, and of such of his suite as remained faithful to him to the last. He gave us several slips or cuttings of the willows over the grave, which we took away with us, and departed from the place, impressed with sentiments, which few of us anticipated, when we formed a party to see the tomb of this singular victim to his boundless ambition.

An incident occurred, while remaining

near the grave, which added not a little to increase those feelings. One or two very young men, who, like ourselves, were from a ship in the harbour, joined us while we were there. They at one time, unobserved by us, had contrived to climb over the iron railing around the slab, and were actually walking and moving about on the grave itself, when, in real horror at such profanation and want of proper feeling, we perceived and reprobated the act. Under any circumstances, and upon the tomb of the lowliest of our fellow creatures, such disrespect to departed mortality would have been unseemly; but at that time, the deed was not only revolting to every one present, but truly and evidently painful.

We now re-ascended the hill, and went along it's summit to Longwood, the residence of the late Emperor; which is about a mile and a half from the tomb. On the way we perceived a rich valley below us to our right, and the whole of the hills in the

interior seemed verdant and under culture. Longwood itself displayed more table-land than we had yet seen; it is now a farm belonging to the Government, and we were permitted to go through the old house occupied by Buonaparte, while alive: where they also pointed out to us the apartment in which he died. The room is now turned into a stable; and horses occupy stalls in the very spot where he lay in state! In his usual sleeping apartment is now a threshing machine; but the whole place, in it's once best state of repair and comfort, would have been esteemed in England a poor habitation for a gentleman of even moderate income.

About a furlong from the above, and situated on the same table-land, which commands an excellent view, is the new house, designed and erected for Napoleon's residence by the British Government, and which was sent out in frame, from Europe, shortly before his death. It is a handsome,

ornamental, cottage-like building, of some extent and accommodation, and was completed ere he died; but at that time he was averse to occupy it, because, as it is stated, he complained that the barracks on an opposite height commanded a view of the entire house. We heard that they had intended to remove the soldiers and barracks to another situation, so as to meet his convenience, but his death intervened, and the new residence itself, and every thing connected with it, is now useless and unoccupied, except by the people in charge, and a few persons engaged in the culture of silk worms, who are temporarily placed in a portion of the building.

In wandering about, we fell in with the last mentioned parties, who proved to be, an old Frenchman, his wife, and daughter, natives of the south of France; who had been lately sent out by the India Company, to introduce silk worms and the preparation of silk into Saint Helena. It seemed

strange to find a poor French family thus occupying a place intended once for the reception of their Emperor! Mr. Lovelace, of our party, spoke French fluently, and entered into conversation with them; when with the usual volubility of their nation, they at once engaged us with long accounts of themselves and their occupation. They had arrived only a few months previously, and were now, they said, busily and successfully engaged in the care of their new colony of silk-worms. But it was always with deep reverence, and a countenance of respectful regret, that they mentioned the deceased personage, whose intended residence they were then occupying.

The old woman led us into the kitchen, which had evidently been intended to contain every convenience for the august exile; though at present nearly every different portion of it's apparatus was lying unemployed, with the exception of only

one small grate, appropriated for the use of the French family. They pointed out to us the centre of the kitchen floor, from which the stones appeared to have been removed; and the old matron, in a tone of voice where emotion was plainly distinguishable, apprised us that they had been taken up from this spot to form the slab over Napoleon's grave. Our surprise, on hearing this, prompted us immediately to enquire, if such could possibly be fact; and never shall I forget the truly French and touching manner of her reply to me,—"Ah, Monsieur! c'est le seul tombeau de l'Empereur!"

We left the place, and, on our return to the town, perceived the signal at the mast head of our vessel, for immediate sailing. But during the way, and on our passage to the ship itself, my young and volatile companion, Lovelace, said not a word; he was too much struck with what we had witnessed. Of the fulness of his recent impression, however, I was scarcely aware,

until a few days afterwards, when on his returning a volume of mine to my cabin, and while I was replacing it on my little book-shelf, a paper dropt from the leaves, which he must accidentally have placed there, and forgotten;—it contained the following attempt at poetry:—

"TO NAPOLEON.

And *this* thy tomb!—thou victim of the rock!
Where late imprison'd, as in felon cage,
They chain'd to sullen rest thy giant rage,
And fetter'd thee to death! Dead mover of the world!
Thou badest it tremble at thine anger's shock,
Thy meteor vengeance, quenchless and unstay'd,
Till fearful monarchs leagued them, and unfurl'd
The flags of gather'd nations, to upbraid
Thee with their crush'd ambition!—All alone
Like thy loved eagle, toweringly on high,
Thou wert the mark of millions:—Mighty One!
Thou saw'st embattled Europe as it rose,
With but one awful aim,—to work *thy* close:—
Thou wert not seen to quail at danger nigh,
Though sceptred foemen, with imperial pride,
Stalk'd threat'ning to the fight, with myriads at their side.

They came and crush'd thee:—then was maddening joy,
And riot mirth, and triumph; for the powers
That singly sunk before thee, or in towers
High citadell'd afar, sat fearfully,
Waiting thy very glance, that frown'd but to destroy;—
Yes, there was merriment, and boastings high,
For each now nerved his soul, to look on thee,
And face, for once, his dreaded enemy!—
And then rose insult,—such as dastards weak
Are wont upon the fetter'd foe to wreak:—
They cast thy rival name from out the roll
Of regal brotherhood;—Oh!—this were well!
'Twere meet to blot *that* name,—to tear the scroll
Where it shone best and brightest; to expel
Thine honours from the field, where *their* poor deeds
Were, in the earth's wide scene, but slothful weeds,
And thou, the monarch oak!—Yet worse,—for then,
To tear thy image from the love of men,
They wrench'd thee from thy kindred;—from the arms,
And haply from the heart, of her,—whose charms
Were as thy deeds' fair guerdon:—in thy den
They left thee widow'd, childless, and apart,
To waste, and wither there in brokenness of heart!

Thou wert no craven despot;—it was mean
To tax thy soul with cowardice, and say,

That when thy foemen hemm'd thee in between,
Thou had'st not Cato's pride—to end thy day.
Nay, thou wert bolder still,—'twere direr far
To dare the conflict of the bosom's war,—
To face—not fear thyself, when all it prized,
It's empire and it's honours, pass'd away,
And thou wert left alone,—stript,—undisguised,
In nakedness of man, to mark the pride
Of rivals, who uprose when thou wert gone,
And revell'd in thy ruin !—Peace to thee !
Peace to thy warrior-spirit !—After-times
Shall feast upon thy glories ;—though nor stone
Nor temple rise to tell them. There are climes,
Where, when thy foes, who rule them, are no more,
Nor live in recollection, it shall be,
Thy gather'd fame shall fill the storied hour,
And prove the wonder of posterity ;
While *these* be only named—*They were with* THEE !"—

## APPROACHING HOME.

Dulcis amor patriæ,—dulce videre suos.

OVID.

For England, when, with favouring gale,
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd.

SONG.

FROM the day we quitted St. Helena, as our course was now to be direct for England, the minds of all on board began to be sadly unsettled, and impatient for our arrival. By this time, we had quite worn out our stock of general conversation. Our arguments had been so often discussed, pro and con, that, our reasoning having failed, we commenced to introduce mere asseveration, or contradiction, till, by mutual consent, after occasional angry words, and narrow escapes from quarrelling, our very subjects and portions of debateable matter

became confined to a very few necessarily stupid and uninteresting topics. The captain had actually entered upon the fourth repetition of his sea jokes, and most ancient stories; and the cuddy-table grew, at length, as unbearable, from it's dull heaviness and insipidity in the matters of conversation, as in those of food, for the grosser half of our nature; it was now insufferable, from it's eternal fat soups, lean ship mutton, tasteless pork, and daily reiteration of the same looking poultry and pastry. The steward was falling fast to his wits' ends, how to vary the bill of fare. The mutton he gave one day to the doctor to carve, and the goose to the purser; then there was the sea pie to the chief mate, and the large pillau to the captain. By a little kaleidescopean change, and transposition of similar materials on the morrow, he varied the picture: when the pillau reared it's pyramid of rice before the purser; the mutton marched up to the chief mate, and

so on with each individual dish at dinner. But this demi-queue-du-chat sort of movement, day by day, with the same viands, became as tiresome at last as even the ceaseless monotony of Payne's ever-lasting first set of quadrilles. If four or five passengers congregated together on the deck, or poop, and you caught the few languid observations that passed between them, they consisted of nothing but sage guesses as to the number of days more we were to be confined to the ship; and if a countenance lightened up at all, it was only that some man more sanguine and plausible than his neighbours, detailed his reasons for believing that, after all, we *might* reach England a few days earlier than the captain and other experienced hands had asserted.

Among other expedients to pass the time, a lottery was proposed, as is usual in these latitudes. All the party subscribed a sovereign each, the price of a ticket: the subscribers' names were put into one hat,

and an equal number of tickets, having a day of the month written on each of them, in another. For each name, a day of the month was drawn, and the party who should draw the fortunate day in which we might first see land, was to be entitled to the amount of sovereigns subscribed. This was not much unlike a lottery for the horses of an approaching match at a race meeting; and in the same way, the favourite tickets, or dates, were put up and sold by auction. Expedients like these, and a few sporting bets on the same subject, contrived to get through a portion of the time; but the remaining balance of it grew more tedious than can be described. We watched and enquired after the breeze every half hour; —the chart was so often opened and consulted, that to prevent it's being torn by so frequent an application to it, it was at length spread out on the cuddy-table, between meals, for general inspection. We neared the Western Islands; and ships,

some of all descriptions, frequently passed us. One of these we boarded, and procured from it some fresh butter and potatoes; —but, better than all, we secured a few *Times* newspapers, with all their recorded changes of the ministry;—and, at once, we burst upon a new era, a new life of times and politics. Like the awakened sleeper from his trance, we felt ourselves returned to the world, after being in ignorance of it's events, and almost of it's existence, for nearly half a year; for at the Cape and St. Helena their latest intelligence from Europe came down to the end of the preceding autumn only. Lord Wellington, now Premier,—Navarino, —Portugal, and Don Miguel,—all came upon us like the sudden and pantomimic miracles of Harlequin's wand. And as it followed, of course, that our few newspapers left us in the dark as to the *quo modo* and continuity of most of these events, it gave no little employment and exercise to our ingenuity, to fill up the interstices, and, as

far as conjecture would permit, to explain and develope the causes.

Passing over a week of final feverish impatience, and of such excited and deferred hope, that it really did "make the heart sick," the reader must now suppose us within half a day's sail of the Lizard. The wind lulls,—not a soul in their cabins, save only the poor widow and her remaining orphan, but all lingering about the decks, and every eye anxiously thrown, at times, in the direction over the larboard bow. The breeze momentarily freshens, and countenances brighten. The holder of this day's ticket in our lottery looking grave or gratified; as rise or fall the chances of our sighting the Lizard before midnight. In fact, the only thing in nature to which our situation would admit of comparison, is the feeling of a schoolboy in the excited anticipation of the hour to release him from tasks and school-misery; and yet, as I well remember, how inferior were the highest

hopes and delirium of my boyhood, under such circumstances, to what I experienced on now approaching my native country, after the sad absence from it of more than the third part of a century! Our meals in the cuddy to-day were short and hurried enough; and, what was strange, I observed, that every one seemed too much engrossed with some restless thoughts of their own, to make even the approaching event a subject of conversation, notwithstanding it's general application to the hearts and desires of the whole party. The evening closed, and we were yet some way, they told us, from the shore, though we had passed fishing craft and small sloops of various descriptions. Just before dark, one of the boats that we perceived at a distance, hoisted a signal, and bore down for us:—it was a pilot, looking out for the homeward-bound Indiamen. He came on board, and we eagerly crowded around him, as an object of intensest interest and wonder.

He was from Falmouth only the day before; —fresh, therefore, from land;—*our* land!—*our* home! I looked into his rough, honest, weather-beaten, and healthy countenance, then glanced my eye over his person and dress, and all seemed to me, so long an exile, as much a matter of curiosity and novelty, as if he had been a native of a far unknown, and hitherto unvisited country.

In answer to our enquiries, he informed us, that we were yet a few leagues from land; but if we continued steadily on our present course, we should certainly see the Lizard lights in an hour or two.

"Below there! On deck there! Lights over the larboard bow!" shouted a voice from the mast head, just as the ship's time made it two bells, or nine o'clock.

"What are they like?" questioned immediately the chief mate, whilst every breath was held back by the listening groups standing near him in throbbing and anxious attention.

"Two small glimmering lights, like stars," was the reply.

"Have your eye on them, and keep a sharp look out there," said the officer.

"Aye, aye, Sir," answered the top-man. "They are the lights," observed the pilot; "but you'll see them from deck, if we have good luck, before morning." How my heart was beating during this short conversation, and how I longed to be in the situation of the top-man at the mast head, that I might myself have the happiness of witnessing this glad evidence of approach to the haven of my wishes. Will it be believed, that when the darkness of the night, in a little time, was sufficient to cast a veil over my awkward attempts at climbing, that I actually essayed to mount the mizen rigging, and assure myself of the reality of the lights. I had stolen away from the party on deck, and unperceived, as I thought, had very cleverly and adroitly, for my time of life, managed to reach the mizen futtock

shrouds, as they call them; when the suppressed giggling of a mischief-preparing group on the poop, told me that my feat was detected, and brought me down again in no little hurry, to avoid some piece of marine practical jesting, which they were hastily preparing for me!—I could not see the lights, and was at length obliged to retire to my cabin; far too anxious, however, and too much under excitement, to sleep.

At an early hour I was again on deck. We had made a capital run of it during the night; and now, indeed, the shore of my native country was clearly and gaily to be seen as far as the eye could reach! It was a bright sunny morning, and the distant cliffs were beautifully gleaming to view, as we passed along the green wave under a fresh eight-knot breeze. During the morning we made the Needles; and before we approached them, my memory delighted to recognize the blue hills, which, upwards of thirty years ago, I had witnessed

under far different impressions; when the ship that bore me from the home of my youth, gave them to my sight, as I then sadly and mournfully thought, for the last, last time. I now viewed them once more: —they were the same blue hills which had ever risen to my mind, and became, at length, identified with home itself, whenever my fancy dwelt upon it. They were the last sad glimpses I had taken of England, and so indelibly was their scenery and character imprinted in my heart, that my joyous recognition of them made me burst forth into an almost childish exclamation of delight!

And yet how is it that the heart, even under the fulness of it's joy, soon sinks into thoughts of sadness and depression?—There was my native country before me! that bourne of all my hopes, when toiling in the East The wished-for haven was now reached by me;—I was about to reap the reward of many a year of exile and of

suffering, and yet I now found myself obliged to retire to my cabin, that I might there give way to my stealing and unconquerable fit of melancholy! I strove to place this unaccountable sadness to the parting with several of my fellow passengers, who quitted the ship here, in a boat which hailed us, and, for an exorbitant sum, was to land them at Southampton or Portsmouth. But this was far from being all the cause of my depression. Other thoughts were rushing to my breast. I could not but think of the many who had started on the same career with myself, with the same goal, the same fond hopes in view, and my mind now enquired of me—*Where are they?* —Alas: another home has been their's; and, one by one, they have sunk down at my very side, as it were victims on the way! In the very scene, too, before me,—in the land itself, from which now beamed upon me those long remembered blue hills; where are the friends of my boyhood?

where, alas! the maternal arm that pressed me, in the agony of parting to her heart? where the many fond eyes, which wept when the boy of their affection was exiled from them?—are these now to hail me?—these to beam upon me in kindly welcome on my return?——

* * * * *

The captain of our ship having determined to leave the vessel at Deal, and proceed thence to London in a chaise and four, the usual style of travelling adopted by these happy returned voyagers, when they first put foot on shore, he was good enough to offer me a seat to town. The wind rather lulled towards the evening, and it was late at night before we brought up; but early on the following morning I was roused, a little after day-break, and, going on deck, found we were anchored opposite to, and at no great distance from, the Deal Cliffs. After the many magnificent works of nature, in her wildest freaks of mountain scenery,

which I had been witnessing in Asia and the South of Africa, I most confess that I felt a momentary mortification at this near view of some of my native hills. Nor when we got into a boat, and proceeded to the shore, did the mortification leave me at the mean appearance of the town of Deal. The small pigmy houses, as they seemed, with their tiled and sloping roofs, so new to my eye, after the extensive and terraced buildings of the East, could not but awaken a remark of surprise, to the no small amusement of the captain, who bade me not judge of England by Deal, and "at all events not to look for the sunny verandahs and comfortless houses of India in jolly old England."

On touching the beach, it is not improbable, but a slight ebullition of feeling might have escaped from me, or I might have occasioned farther entertainment to my worthy friend the captain, by some Julius Cæsar-like embraces of my beloved soil; had

not a bluff well-armed gentleman of the preventive service, walked up to us and soon put all my sensibility to flight. Of course I had nothing to fear from his approach, although, I dare say, a few Trichonopoly gold chains were in possession of one of my side pockets; and I well remember that my servant had been very anxious on that particular occasion, to defend me from the chill of a fine May morning, by enwrapping me with a handsome shawl, very carefully about the loins, immediately under my surtout coat; whilst my neck and chest were protected in a similar manner. However, we met with little interruption, having merely a portmanteau each with us, for our baggage was to proceed on with the ship to the river, and at once we went off to the hotel, and ordered a chaise and four.

We were soon clear of the town, and in a fine open country. Whilst among, and near to, the houses, at Deal, their first strangeness and seeming novelty had worn

off, and on leaving it, ere we had proceeded a few miles,—whether the long torpid series of reminiscences were beginning to recover themselves in my mind I know not, but suddenly it seemed as if there was an awakening within me from a long dream-like sleep of absence and estrangement; and the whole character of the scenery before me, the cottages, fields, trees, living and other objects, burst upon my almost over-powered recollection, as things familiar, well-known, and fondly welcome to me!—I laughed outright, joyously and audibly, though with a feeling of pleasurable fulness at my heart, which almost wildly resolved itself into a fit of tears at the very same moment. Every turn of the road, every little village, barn, or clump of well remembered description of trees, now wrung from me new bursts of childish delight. Every cart and team that passed us, I put out my head to watch and welcome it as an old friend. The post-horses and boys of our

chaise were all matters of glad and admiring wonderment; and the first stage-coach that flew past us, with it's crowd of passengers, capital cattle, and corresponding equipments, forced from me so evident and loud an exclamation of joyous and astonished recognition, that they all looked back, and stared on me as on a person demented; though, I must say, the good natured, sympathising, yet, at the same time, undisguised amusement of the captain by my side, made him look like anything rather than my keeper.

At Canterbury we breakfasted, and what with the ride and lateness of the hour, I managed to eat more heartily than was consistent with the proper sensibility, methinks, of a returned exile, but the first buoyancy of my feelings was beginning to subside into calm, continuous, and joyous happiness, at finding myself once more truly and positively on shore in my own native land. Nothing particular occurred after

quitting Canterbury; till, in less than seven hours and a half, we reached London, from Deal, a distance of seventy-two miles, which piece of celerity in travelling, including in it very nearly an hour's delay for the breakfast, was no small matter of astonishment, after my most leisurely Indian habits of locomotion. But I soon found that wonder and admiration were to have no respite. As we approached the metropolis, every new turn of the road brought with it a new succession of novelties to allure my gaze,—such hosts of *Europeans!* (for thus my Asiatic mode of describing my countrymen, presented those here also to my view,) such numberless well-dressed maidens, with their roseate and blooming cheeks; though, by the bye, I must observe that this last distinguishing trait of my countrywomen at first struck me as unpleasing and excessive. For after the pallid, tintless features of my sister exiles, which I had for so many years been accustomed to in the East, the present

bloom and ruddiness around me seemed almost painted and unnatural. The various equipages, the large, strong and well-made cattle on the road, the ceaseless frequency of passing stage-coaches, the thronged pathways, and continuity of the buildings and houses by the way side, as we still nearer advanced to town, all had a full share of my constantly attracted view; till, at last, the Post-chaise pulled up at the captain's own residence, at the distance of a mile or two from the bridges. Under his late amusement at all my wild and unrepressed enjoyment of the new scenery thus brought before me, I had began, for the last stage or two, to discover a share of excited eagerness and impatience also in my fellow traveller himself. He was thinking of the rapturous and happy reception now awaiting him, in the house of his wife and family. As we pulled up, he waited not for the post-boy to alight and release him from the chaise, but flinging open the door

himself, he bounded out with almost the lightness of youth:—his own street-door was as quickly opened for him;—a joyous-looking face or two were seen rushing away from the window for the stairs, and, ere a servant had taken away the portmanteau from the chaise, I caught a glimpse of a glad group of female forms and children, clinging wildly and affectionately around my worthy friend!

God bless him! I ejaculated, as alone and solitarily I left his door, after desiring the post-boy to drive me to the Bath hotel. in Picadilly. It is meet, thought I, he should have some bright moments to repay him for the many, many annoyances of his little-enviable command of an Indiaman, and of his perpetual separation, in a sea life, from those he loves.

I would not, at this time, allow my thoughts to pursue this subject farther, and reflect that I, alas! like too many of the old, isolated sojourners of the East, had not,

like him, a house or welcome to receive on my return at last to the spot of my birth. And yet, at that moment, when I gave the order for my conveyance to an hotel, I could have sighed deeply, aye, deeply, indeed, at the houselessness and seeming state of desertion that *now* awaited my old age, on this it's escape from the far scenes that had wasted away and consumed it's manhood.

On reaching the hotel, I was led to believe, by the attention, and bustle, and respectfulness, which marked my entry, that I was esteemed a person of no mean consequence; and, yet I almost conjectured that I discovered the sly signal of an inter-communicating glance between the two waiters, while my ear half caught a remark in the passage, which sounded much like "yellow Nabob." I looked in the mirror; alas, the character was there too evident; but I did not remember at the same time, also, the chain of intelligence kept up in these matters by the post-boys on the road, where

our over-liberal payment at each stage to these gentry, served to sanction and confirm the unhappy and expensive distinction of "just arrived from Ingée!"

The bill of fare was soon handed to me for dinner; "Why, let me see," exclaimed I, while examining it, "'a turbot,'—of course, —some 'salmon,'—yes, yes, some salmon also, and oyster sauce, and lobster sauce, and shrimp ditto."

"Would you like all, Sir?" demanded the waiter, looking at me.

"If you please:—and, what meat have you? 'mutton,'—pshaw! too much of that on board:—'poultry,'—quite physic to me; —'wild ducks,'—give me a couple of these; —'Beef,'—aye, a sirloin of beef! and some beef steaks!"

"Both Sir?" enquired the man; "and pray, Sir, what vegetables?"

"Why, Sir, of *all* kinds, that you have in the house," was my Asiatic and *en prince* style of reply.

"Very well, Sir," said the waiter, and away he went, but returned in a instant with a fresh enquiry, which he thought very necessary, of "How many covers am I to lay, Sir?"

I stared at him.

"How many gentlemen dine with you, Sir?"

"None; I dine alone," was my answer. And the man went off in evident atonishment, mingled with his apology of "Oh! I beg pardon, Sir."

Too tired to go out before dinner, I amused myself at the window. All the world seemed to me to be travelling, or on the move. Stage-coach after stage-coach, at the different coffee houses and hotels in front; and the many private carriages, with their tall, handsome cattle, and appointments; so superior to our Indian equipages, with their pigmy, though certainly beautiful Arab horses. Then the hackney coaches, my old, old friends; the very identical

drivers, the very same old crazy vehicles, it seemed to strike me, of my thirty and more years' recollection. When the dinner made it's appearance, in an hour or two, I soon found myself unable to attack, or touch even half of the contents of the crowded table. Either my appetite had failed me, or the excited nature of my nerves and feelings had induced a state of feverishness that utterly incapacitated me for enjoying the *first* English dinner that greeted me, after so long a portion of my life. I could not help smiling, when I looked at the table, and recollected how often in India, and on ship-board, during pauses of idleness and listless conversation, with others as idle and listless as myself, we were wont to fancy what should be our chosen viands for dinner after landing. And now, like the toys of boyhood, or the many hapless realizations of man-hood's hope, and anticipation, the often wished-for means of enjoyment were before me, all uncared-for and untouched! My

dinner, in it's quality and selection, was not much dissimilar to one I have since heard of, which was ordered by four gentlemen, who disembarked at Southampton from India. They each agreed to order their respective dishes. Thus, in the fish way, there was a huge salmon before one, soles in front of a second, cod a third, and turbot the fourth. Then followed separate joints of meat, for they agreed in no single description,—a round of beef, a fillet of veal, a quarter of lamb, and a haunch of venison. An equal variety and abundance betrayed itself in the game and pastry; as also in the fruits, wines, and dessert, till at last there was not a person about the hotel, from the landlady down to boots and the helper in the yard, who did not contrive to steal in, to peep at the newly arrived foreign gentlemen, at their plenteous and diversified repast.

## THE BENGALEE AT HOME.

Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti!
HORACE.

To THOMAS ALPORT, ESQUIRE,
HON. E. I. CO.'S MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT,
SAHIBPORE, BENGAL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My last letter will have apprised you of my safe arrival in this long desired land of promise; and now again, in farther fulfilment of my assurances and pledges to you of regular communication, these well-filled sheets will prove that I am not unmindful of my Indian friends and former kind correspondents. May you, in return, as regularly keep me acquainted with all I should wish to hear of from the East; for, though far away from it, I cannot forget that within it's quarter of the globe have passed the best years of my youth and manhood;

and, in spite of the realization of all my earliest and maturer hopes, as far as regards my retirement at last to this home of my fathers,—I now find, like half the old Bengalees and Indians, from either Presidency, the heart is busily confessing that the best and *happiest* hours of my earthly pilgrimage are not those which superannuation and retirement are now likely to give me; but, strange to say, the very moments that I more than half consumed in murmuring and fruitless wishes, in yon distant land of the sun. Even upon my sad and positive assurance that this is fact, and that it is also an avowal I almost daily hear from the concurring lips, too, of many of the East Indians, who here herd and congregate together, even to a proverb,—still your own good sense and understanding would be in difficulty to comprehend all this, or to supply you with the causes. But I will endeavour to give my view of them. It is not, as some suppose, the mere

circumstance alone, of our being transplanted into another soil, after so long a naturalization elsewhere; though this is something. It is not,—although it is the generally received notion,—that we have been too much *en prince*, in Asia, to settle down at last into mere citizens and humble individuals. As to the last point, John Bull soon knocks off from the Nabob, the little towerings and over eminences that, at times, would distinguish him; unless, indeed, it is desirable to flatter and caress the said Nabob for a while; to cajole from him a few of his Asiatic gleanings, or his shawls, or other little amassings; but this effected, no one knows better than many a son of John Bull, how to turn his back, and shelter himself again in the happy protection of his national coldness and reserve. The true cause, however, I would say, of the disappointment of our Indian *Revenús*, is that our life in exile, from the moment that it commences, whether as a writer, or cadet, or general

adventurer, is, from it's youth upwards, a series of looking-forward, of hopes, and ceaseless longings. Promotion, therefore, increasing means and advancement in rank, are yearly holding out to us their spur and incitement:—even if home, with it's ever kindling and seducing allurements, were not to awaken anticipations, and brighten the prospects before us; yet the very looking forward, day by day, for changes, removals, and other expected contingencies to advance and improve our career;—all these things tend to place us in a state only of unsettled excitement, and glad aspiring. But at home, when the first confusion after reaching England has subsided, when the novelty has worn away, and the canker of inactivity and want of employment begins to eat it's way into our spirits and enjoyment: when our disappointment in many of those, whom we expected to recognize as dear and worthy friends, comes with it's disheartening and annoyance,—then it is that the dull and

changeless prospect before us, and the seeming weary, tasteless, unprofitable retirement we have chosen, become involuntarily and gloomily contrasted with the many heart-stirring events we were formerly participators in, amidst the fresher days of our manhood and now-departed vigour.

You remember old Pelham, of our cavalry, or, at all events, you must often have heard of him, when on the staff, and, subsequently, in high political employ at Scyndeah's and other courts. He was the life and soul of the service,—active, intelligent, and a more careless and happy soldier of fortune never stepped forward in the race of preferment. You may see him now, musing and melancholy, every day in the Oriental Club-room; without a seeming joy to revive him. He sits silently and heavily with the newspaper on his knee, or this month's *Asiatic Journal* before him; as if, with the old courtier of our Immortal Bard, he could say:—

"Let me not live,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the scoff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions!"

But I could mention dozens,—some from habitual and natural discontent, and others in mere restlessness and the spirit of murmuring, who now rail as much at old England and it's climate as they did in their worst of days at the burning miseries of our Hindoostan. I am truly ashamed, my dear Alport, at these avowals of my growing disappointment here:—even to you, I am mortified at exhibiting this distaste for an accomplished wish, and, like a child, thus feeling dissatisfaction with a long desired toy, the moment, almost, that it comes into my possession. Still I am informed, for my consolation, that my present little annoyances in England are likely to be less and less a subject of complaint to me, every month that I

prolong my stay in it; that the reserve and cold repulsiveness that now meet me on every side, and chill me wherever I turn, will be less offensive to me, every day that I farther experience them; and, more particularly, when time shall disclose to me, that, from under their unpleasing exterior, real honest worth will often beam forth with welcome and kindness, so soon as a little acquaintance and necessary cautious delay, has enabled the Englishman to know that his kindness and greeting are to be deservedly bestowed.

At present, I must say, my impressions are far from being favourable. I see, or fancy I see, cold, calculating, self-considering, self-consulting, and self-advancing caution the main-spring of action of nine-tenths of the community around me. Many unhesitatingly avow that they are so actuated, and take pride to themselves for their asserted proper prudence and policy. They turn up their eyes in perfect horror,

or humiliating pity at any piece of common liberality on the part of one of their Asiatic fellow-countrymen; and his habitual unrestraint in minor expenses is looked upon by them as a down-right aberration of reason, and proof of mad extravagance and folly. They affect to ridicule,—in fact they do not understand, the fellow feeling, the friendliness and sympathy, that East Indians entertain for each other, and would also for the new circle they are here thrown into, until frequent repulses, or, what is more abhorrent to an Indian, petty meannesses in money matters, have driven them in disgust to seek for sympathy and common enjoyment only at the hands of those, who have learned, under the same warm and glowing sky, to think and feel like themselves. Why, the very management and necessary control of one's yearly income, which is surely enough attended to, if it be made to meet every object of present and future exigency,—is in England made a study, a

science, a very end and being of life; till, at last, every busy purpose, aim, and action of domestic and out-of-doors existence, are made alone subservient to it's policy and dictates. If all this proceeded from the just and laudable intent of never exceeding one's means, or from the proper desire of advancing one's friends or family, there could be little reason for taking offence at it's display; but, after all, what is it? and if we analyze this "management," and English practical economy in the middle ranks, to what does it resolve itself, and truly direct all it's efforts and aiming?—Why simply to this one enviable endeavour,—*videlicet*, with a certain income, of a certain extent, to exceed the style, and seeming, which would be only fitting and proper for the real amount, and to affect the establishment, bearing, outward shew, and semblance of living, on an income, half as large again as that in actual possession. I defy all the "*managers*" in England to contradict this; and yet this

poor ambition, this sorry prize in it's best and happiest attainment, is the cause of the many real privations in secret, the eternal abstinence in many essential points, the petty meanness and shrinking from openness and true liberality, that mark and characterize society in England, to the first view and conception of those who return to it. In India, such habits are not only unknown, but unnecessary;—the income of a man there is as well defined as his rank or situation; and a reference to the Red-Book discloses, to a fraction, his monthly salary and receipts. He must be a fool, or worse, therefore, in public estimation, to exceed his known means; and as there is no need for vying in such external display, and no apprehension that the coming monthly pay-day shall not bring it's well-ascertained allowance,—be it great or small,—there is, evidently, less care in the expenditure, and more scope and liberal use of it, than under the circumstances I have shewn at home.

Should you think, my good friend, I am doing our countrymen an injustice in this character I am pourtraying for your information,—make a trial of it yourself, the moment you have realized fifteen hundred or two thousand a year. I mention these sums, *for with less, take my word for it, you had better stay where you are!*— But we will suppose you are so possessed; and that you have besides an *indispensably* needful spare purse, after your arrival in England, of two or three thousand pounds, to secure and furnish a residence suitable to your income, and to set yourself up in the same seeming style, that others of known similar means are adopting around you. Now then you will imagine all to be plain sailing;—your wife was a good economist in India, and will soon learn the same practice of domestic intelligence here. 'Alas! my worthy friend, all your miseries are now to thicken on you, unless you can ruthlessly learn to fix laws,

like the Medes and Persians,—that your bread shall be doled forth on an averaged allowance to every inmate of your family;—that you shall consume, to an ounce, so much butcher's meat per week;—that your grocer's, fruiterer's, fishmonger's, washer-woman's, brewer's, and coal-merchant's bills, shall be within some fractional amount; that your servants shall be watched at almost every mouthful they consume; that your own private table be limited to made-up dishes, scanty as conception can picture, or positive hunger admit, so that your *company* days may shew like plenty and good cheer; if you cannot arrange that your clothing, amusements, wines, and personal comfort,—but why prolong the picture? The simple solution is, that, at the end of three years, you would buy knowledge in these matters by woful experience, and discover that after all your endeavours at economy, and all your new miseries and privations, you had no more "*made the appearance*" of your

more "managing" neighbours, than if you had, after all, lived within your income! It is ten to one but that you would find your capital less by two or three thousands, than it was before the trial, and yourselves obliged to retire to some cheap out-of-the way part of England, to rusticate and recover yourselves in good time!

It must be granted, that want of management and common prudence, on the first return of many, have obliged them again to exile themselves. But I still contend, that there is such an essential difference between the habits in every way connected with domestic life of the residents of India and the parent country, that it must require familiarity and full acquaintance with the value of the latter, before one of ourselves can relish or properly appreciate his residence here. But a truce to this murmuring; notwithstanding the delight of unburthening one's mind to a good old soul like yourself, who can forgive even while you smile at

these *sad* ebullitions of Bengalee discontent, so inconsistent, and so at variance with every former opinion and anticipation. I must proceed to business, and give some account of myself, as you desired, since my arrival.

After my first one or two days of introduction into London, and after a most magical change had been wrought on the person of your old friend, by the kind assistance of an *artiste* of the thimble, most necessarily residing in the *west* end of the town, and who now put me out of conceit with my best fashionable Calcutta equipments, I began anxiously to await replies to letters I had despatched by the earliest means, on my arrival, to my own native part of the country, Ashton, in * * * shire. My own parents, you are aware, died during my infancy, and you must have heard me frequently describe my uncle's seat where I was kindly received, and my education provided for, until my appointment for India

made me bid adieu to it, and England together, when I was little more than sixteen. My good and kind uncle died within a year or two of my quitting his home: and the property came into the possession of his eldest son, who was ten or fifteen years older than myself, and whom I had very little opportunity of knowing; for he was chiefly in London, before my departure, in pursuit of his then profession of the bar. It was this relation whom I had addressed through the first Post-office at landing; and although there had been no correspondence between us for upwards of twenty years, except when he briefly acknowledged the receipt of a pipe of particularly fine old Madeira, which I had presented to him from India; and in doing which, it appears, I made an unfortunate Indian mistake, in not paying the duty at the same time,—more essentially, as I had taken religious care to discharge that cost with a shawl for his maiden sister, which I

forwarded by the same opportunity with the wine:—yet I had no doubt that our near relationship would make him happy at my return. At all events, I took pleasure in writing to the son of my first guardian and benefactor, and was proportionably distressed, when the reply reached me, not in his hand writing, but in that of his son and successor also, the old man having been called to his fathers about a year since, and the property having again made it's regular transfer to this other descendant of the family. I had seen, in my time, too many fall away from before myself, to feel surprise, mingled with my pain, at the tale of death, the new possessor's letter to me described, or even at the many, many changes and lapses, and departures for ever, that his little history of the family now detailed for my information. Yet such an utter and entire breaking-up of our large circle, as the communication described, can scarcely be pictured to the

mind, except by those who, like many of ourselves, leave home in early youth, and return to it again after years and years of absence and interrupted intelligence. This old maiden aunt, the lady to whom I had sent the shawl, was almost the only soul living who could remember me, excepting, perhaps, a few ancient domestics and people about the estate. She was staying with his family, and my young relation sent me a very pressing invitation to visit them immediately my "engagements, would admit of it." I had no engagements, for I had found myself in London, in a single day, to be a mere stranger, an idle looker-on, in the world around me, where all were busy, and all had friends to greet and gladden them, except myself. Pleased, therefore, was I to put myself into the first convenient coach, and, in a few hours, was at the town of Fairborough, within two miles from the scene of my youth, and not many miles, also, from a large public school in the

neighbourhood, where I had received my first and only education.

As I approached Fairborough the appearance of the country rose again to my recollection, something in the same manner as the hills in Hampshire presented themselves as we sailed up the channel to the Downs: but here and there, as we advanced, particular objects seemed to gleam on my memory, like the indistinct recurrings of a dream, and I perceived that I recognised old friends, not only in the villages, and occasional groups of trees and features of the landscape, but also in the countenances even of the people, who were passing: though, it might be, the grandsires only of these accustomed tenants of the soil, could have been personally known to me. At last we neared the town, and then the unchanging and undisturbed appearance of certain old enclosures and grounds, whose lineaments were too indelibly marked in my memory to admit of doubt; these flashed brightly

and gladly to my recalling view, and my eyes glistened, and my hands almost involuntarily clapped together in loud testimony of my fond recognition. From the town, I had determined to walk to Ashton House; partly that I might wander, thus, through the well-remembered and cherished scenes of my boyhood, and a little, also, that I might see if my maiden cousin could recognise me, when taken by surprise, after the many long years of our separation. When I quitted her father's house, she was a lovely, blooming creature, in the prime of beauty and girlhood. In sober fact, the person of my former blue-eyed damsel of St. John's Church, about whom you so often have quizzed the poor BENGALEE, in India, was first remarked by him for it's truly wonderful resemblance to that of his fair cousin at Ashton. I was, I remember, as a boy, a constant and favourite companion of her's, and my mind again brought her before me, with her light tresses and

laughing eyes playfully beaming around, as we often wandered together in the lawn, and amidst the surrounding fields of her parent. But the coach stopped, and I was roused from my reverie by being put down to commence my pedestrian completion of the remainder of the distance to Ashton. I now turned off the main road; every object was familiar to me;—the stream by the way side, the little mill, which I now approached, the very gate that led me to the well-known pathway, the old game-keeper's lodge, the ancient hollow oak, and even the dilapidated railing by it's side, all seemed as if I had never quitted them. I paused and looked around me:—was it a dream?—was I again within the hallowed influence of those often thought of, often regretted land-marks of memory? I could scarcely believe it possible; so unchanged, so freshly, so distinctly, so unnaturally, as it seemed, the same objects I had quitted in the last century. I felt within me a dreamy,

a melancholy overpowering feeling of awe, and for a few moments I looked wildly and fearfully around, as if my late exile to India was but a sorrowful and eventful dream; and I expected to be greeted by the voices of the departed guardians and companions of my youth, in the very scenes of our former communion, as if I had never been separated, never been torn away from either one or the other! It were vain to describe my emotions; one moment, in the sudden timeless glancing of a thought's retrospect, whole years of bewildering events rushed freshly and vividly through my mind. Again all seemed a blank, and I was standing in the identical, the too well-remembered scenery of my boyhood. And I breathlessly enquired of my heart if all was real? Oh! who can paint these workings of the soul, at such a moment, these solemn re-awakenings of long silent feelings, with their painful associations? I could have sat me down by

the path-side and wept like a child: aye, wept wildly, and yet unconsciously, at the intensity of the solemn and overwhelming sadness! And why, Alport, should I conceal it?—I *did* weep: for at that instant, every remembered passage of my long and chequered life rose busily, tumultuously to my heart; my early bereavements, my fatherless childhood, the pangs of youthful parting and banishment, the errors, follies, failings of my manhood, and, worse than all, the many, many friends whose eyes were now closed in the dark and voiceless tomb; while I was alone, aged, weary and companionless in the world: nay, in this one too fondly recollected spot and portion of it, with the sun shining brightly and unnaturally on the scenery of early days, to mock me now on my return to it in my age of solitude and seeming desertedness!

I will pass over my approach and introduction to the few remaining inmates of our house. It was long ere I could make

them recognise my identity. The old maiden aunt of the family circle, my cousin, whom I have before described, she could not be made to believe that the now wan, healthless, and debilitated stranger, from other climates, was the same person as the ruddy, fair-haired boy she had known in earlier years. It had occurred, that a portrait of me, taken just before quitting England, was still retained as one of the family pictures, in their breakfast room. In her reminiscences, therefore, of me, and whenever events, or casual conversation, had recalled me to her mind, the memory and idea of her absent relative had been retained almost solely in association with the flattering picture daily before her. Her first repugnance of belief, and almost horror, at the change, under other circumstances and feelings, would have been more than half ridiculous; and we have, in fact since, often smiled together at the recapitulation of the circumstances

of our meeting, and at her unconcealed dismay at first seeing the poor withered BENGALEE, whom she so fancifully decked forth in her day-dreamings, and expected to recognize in his once youthful bloom and pictured comeliness. She, also, wofully betrayed the withering finger of time upon her features; the once laughing and bright eyes hardly retained a glimmering of their former expression, though, after a time, I could retrace, in her features generally, something like faint lineaments, or momentary looks, that struck upon my recollection, and gave herself again before me. These traits more and more recurred, on farther renewal of our acquaintance; and, at last, frequent exclamations and mutual bursts of recognition of our former selves, became a source of remark, and no little amusement to ourselves, and to the circle of the new family around us.

Of course, I was led again about the ancient mansion. Some of the rooms little

altered, and in these every piece of old furniture seemed familiar to me; and, as with a long absent friend, it occasioned much delight to my conductors, to witness the pleasure of my renewal of acquaintance. The fixtures I immediately recognized, and among them were one or two boyish attempts of my own; chalk heads and grim old Romans, and other school performances, which grinned at me as I passed them, with their well-known and long-toiled-at features. The neighbouring village too, and my school, at some miles distance, were not forgotten in my tour of visiting. The latter had dwindled away in celebrity and actual connections, as much as, to my mind's view, it's grounds, buildings, and offices generally, had unaccountably shrunk in size and real extent, from what I had erroneously fancied of their magnitude and supposed spacious dimensions. The play-ground seemed reduced to half it's imagined space, and the school dining-hall, used, as I well remember,

for our regular Christmas fêtes, before the vacation, and as a ball-room for the reception of company from the surrounding neighbourhood, this said banquetting apartment, which my dreaming recollections had swelled out into a magnificent and spacious building, now suddenly diminished into a room not so big as the centre hall of your own bungalow, at Sahibpore. But I must quit all this detail; for though, my dear Alport, you earnestly besought it of me, and entreated a "full, true, and particular account" of all my English adventures and impressions, yet, in mercy to your patience, and in consideration of the postage (no little matter, let me apprise you, in the estimation of all receivers of letters in this goodly, economising country!) I must even repress my epistolary vein, and briefly turn to some few other subjects.

I have not travelled much about my native country since my return, although you may remember it was my firm intention

to do so. Next year I trust to be more fortunate and enterprising, and not to follow the example of many of your old Bengal friends here, who are complaining of want of employment and daily amusement, and yet neglect to visit the various novelties and hosts of things well worth seeing, even in their immediate vicinity and reach. London, Bath, and Cheltenham have hitherto been my main, and almost only, places of resort. At the latter two, so many returned Indians are in the habit of congregating, that they have, deservedly, obtained the name of Asia Minor,—upper and lower. But I observe, that, out of their own circles, all my wise brethren, most pertinaciously and properly, drop the East Indies, when moving about and in different societies. The old distinction of "bilious gentlemen with calico shirts," is now no longer considered enviable, for, in the first place, the inroads into the purse, under such an honourable designation, are

more ruinously deep than may be convenient; and again, people in England, even if well-informed on common subjects, are so utterly ignorant, and so contented in their ignorance, upon all Indian subjects, that many who have relations and near connections in the East, deem it the very essence of annoyance, to be instructed that Calcutta and Madras are not one and the same city; that because one brother is at Bombay, and the other at Delhi, they do not daily meet and dine together; that Calcutta is now something else than the mere site of the once famous Black Hole, the only idea they have of it; that a population of nearly ninety millions of British subjects, and a rich portion of the globe, as extensive as the whole of Europe itself, can be worth hearing of, in comparison with the state of to-day's weather; the performances and merits of Sontag, Pasta, or Donzelli; the grave explanation of some purchased or bullied member of Parliament, as to his

change or inconsistency; the last dying words and confessions of some poor devil of a malefactor damned into notoriety, to fill up the columns of the *Times* or *Morning Herald;* or the knowledge of what is of more hourly importance than all to the middling classes here, the birth, parentage, lineage, country-seats, habits, and property of the various branches of our peerage, of whom, perhaps, three Peers are the utmost that the said classes have seen, or ever will see, even at a distance.

By the way, I was beginning at Bath, a short time ago, to imagine myself under a most melancholy mistake as to my years and present appearance. I commenced, from several circumstances, to doubt whether *middle age* aptly described my time of life; the happier distinction of *young man* seemed not so distantly, so very distantly, left behind me. My few remaining gray hairs, just above my ears, were coaxed up by me to cover over and conceal the far

extent of baldness in their vicinity, and there were certain little twitterings and odd sensations renewing their pulsatory symptoms about my poor heart, which somehow reminded me of certain similar heart-beatings of mine, which are so wofully connected with the memory of Saint John's Church. I am wrong, perhaps, in saying that my new pulsatory sensations were about the heart, for, after all, it was little more than the mere vanity of the poor, weak, old gentleman, that in my case was touched. But it seemed, for a few days, wonderful to me that I could, so humiliatingly, have undervalued my personal qualifications, and many still remaining amiabilities, for a family to which I had recently been introduced at Bath began to overwhelm me with such kind, condescending, and flattering attentions, particularly the unmarried part of it, that it is only surprising that the head of your old friend was not more turned than it proved to be.

It is true, that the said unmarried personages were not *too* young; but still sufficiently in possession of personal charms, or the power of making them up, to be very captivating: and when they so smilingly condescended to avail themselves of the old BENGALEE to chaperon them up and down Milsom Street, and to the Pump Room, and Concerts; and when one of them so perseveringly kept her kind station by my side, and her sentiments, and likings, and antipathies were ever in unison with mine, it is not surprising that the little twitterings I have mentioned began to be very busy within me. I sent off to town for a new hat, of less ancient breadth of brim; ordered a new morning frock-coat, in which I vainly endeavoured to compress the elderly exuberance of my waist, so little in accordance with the other shrunk characteristics of my person; and, in fact, after one or two evening concerts and parties, in which I always found myself seated delightfully

in dangerous propinquity to these young ladies, I began very gravely and seriously to wonder what was the matter! The result of the affairs was nothing more or less, than my finding myself, one morning, very snugly in the corner of one of the York-house London coaches, to which I had retired without beat of drum, or word in annunciation of my departure. I have now again returned; but is it not too bad, my dear Alport, that steady old gentlemen like myself should be subjected to these dire assailings and temptations?

You must not expect from me any description of the vast improvements which have been introduced into England since the peace; I must reserve all those sage and grave remarks for my future epistles. But the alterations in London itself are surpassing any thing I could have conceived. The New Park, and the handsome extended ranges of buildings in it's neighbourhood, the various new edifices, removal of old and

inconvenient streets, the lighting by gas, and general amelioration of the whole metropolis, are constant objects of my admiration and astonishment whenever I visit it. Altogether, there has been a vast change throughout England since I left it; and though my boyish years at that time deprived me of much power of early observation, yet, in the very things that could strike a youth of common penetration, here has arisen a grand and distinguishing alteration. In our day, boys of sixteen and eighteen were modest, retiring, shame-faced if you will, and waited patiently for a few additional years of prolonged education, and further acquaintance with the grave old society they met with, ere they considered themselves men, or capable of wholly acting and thinking for themselves. Now, a boy of ten is six years at least in advance of former days; he is already half through the common classics, and, by twelve or fourteen, has more Latin and Greek, and

general accomplishments in him, than used to accompany his father and uncles, in their time, to college itself. By the time he has quitted school, in dress, manners, frequently-offered opinions, and ease with the other sex, he now takes his standing, fearlessly, in the ranks of the best of his elders; and wears an eye-glass, smokes cigars, and affects puppyism, or worse, as well as the worst of them. Nor is this advancement and hot-house quickening confined solely to such education. In all ranks, the march of intellect seems to have urged every thing forward. Thus, with our very peasantry, from the cheapness of manufactured finery, and steam and machinery-produced articles on every hand, their very style of dress is far beyond my ancient remembrances. On my journey up from Deal, I remember laughing heartily at the country girls, with their light, and almost colourless chintzes, with deep flounces and French fulness of sleeves, and general style,

walking along the road-side, with silk and other bonnets, which would have cut down into three moderate sized ones, at the very least, for their grandams and progenitors. I positively observed, also, what gave me great offence, until undeceived by my fellow-traveller, who informed me that the young, elegantly dressed lady, whom I perceived near a gentleman's seat, familiarly leaning on the arm of a servant in livery, was *not* a lady of the family, but simply the lady's-maid, or house-maid, of the establishment! Then, again, literature has found it's way so intimately behind the counter, that the middling tradesman seldom misses a course of lectures in his neighbourhood; and there are now few points in which he is not as learned as his lordly or other customers. He sells few articles on which he could not chemically, scientifically, or philosophically expatiate. Whether all such advancement brings improvement for individuals in it's train, I leave to graver casuists

than myself to discover; but in the arts and sciences themselves, the strides are daily as rapid as they are immense. The public and private establishments, where machinery is now made productive, and independent of animal labour, and of the uncertain skill and application of handicraft, are works of wonder and interest in every part of the country. The means of travelling are so simple and safe, the roads so improved, and the sea communication by steam, with the sister kingdoms and other places, so expeditious and certain, that the benefits of constant communication, and the interchange of information obtained by mutual and general travelling, have far exceeded what our fore-fathers could have dreamed of, in their best anticipations of progressive improvement, for their wonderful and commanding country.

And now, my dear Alport, having endeavoured to detail a few of these, my

first impressions at seeing again my native country, I must bring my epistle to a close. It is not often that I can find sufficient time, in-doors, for so long an effort of penmanship. My whole day is passed in wandering about, and in spite of my sallow looks, I contrive with my great coat and umbrella to brave an occasional shower, as boldly as the best John Bull about me. Do not mind the old distinguishing leaven of murmuring that pervades my letter; it is now part and portion of a BENGALEE: and, although I sometimes assert my willingness, and even desire, to get back again to Bengal, I do believe it would be a severe trial now, to relinquish the solid comforts and sterling worth, to say no more of it,—of my native country, even for all your elegancies and "luxuries" in the East.

You will not forget my regards to your estimable lady: my long letter to herself

will have described my several visits to your children's respective boarding schools, and how well and happy I found them.

Adieu! my worthy old friend; and believe me,

Your's ever, and most sincerely,

THE BENGALEE.

BATH, *April*, 183—.

The following little glossary was printed with the edition published in England for the benefit of purely English readers. There are few *here* to whom it can be necessary—but as the present publisher is kindly flattering enough to think the work may, by possibility, be read elsewhere, he has printed it with the rest.

## GLOSSARY

OF HINDOOSTANEE, AND OTHER LOCAL TERMS, INTERSPERSED THROUGH THE BENGALEE.

*Arrye-sou rupeeah*.....Two hundred and fifty rupees.
*Ayah*.....Nursery, or female attendant.

*Baboo*.. ..... .....Of the class of native gentry, merchants, &c.
*Banian* ..... .....A Dealer.
*Banka*. ..... ...Buck, blood.
*Barasett*.....Formerly a Military institution for our Cadets.
*Bat-cheet*..... ....Conversation.
*Bearer* .....Palankeen bearer, who acts also as house servant.

*Beebee-sahib* ..... Lady.

*Beer-shraub* ..... Ale.

*Bengalee* ..... An Inhabitant of Bengal. This term is frequently used in India, when describing, *en badinage*, one under the Bengal Government; or, in contradistinction to a Madrassee, or Mull, for one of the Madras Establishment; or, "*of our side*," or Duck, for the gentlemen of Bombay:—Mull being from Mulligatannee, a favorite and excellent dish on the Madras Coast; and Duck, from a species of dried fish, so called at Bombay.

*Budgerow* ..... A native accommodation boat.

*Bunderbust*..... ..... An agreement.

*Bungalow* ..... ..... A thatched building.

*Burra-khoose*.. .... Very glad.

*Burra sahib* ..... .... The great man of the place.

*Cala-feringee* ..... Literally black foreigner; the Portuguese are thus known.

*Chillum*... ..... The preparation of tobacco in the hookah.

*Chinsurah & Hooghly* . Two stations on the banks of the Hooghly, within thirty miles from Calcutta; formerly foreign Factories and Settlements.

*Chit* ..... Corruption from Persian khut, a letter or note.
*Chobedur* ..... Bearer of stick of office.
*Choppah* ..... A thatched roof.
*Chuls over the kates* ... Goes over the fields.
*Conjeed* ..... Starched.
*Compound* ..... The lawn, grounds, or enclosures.
*Cossitollah* ..... The Cheapside of Calcutta.
*Cranny* ..... A Clerk, Writer, or Office assistant.
*Cutcherry* ..... Court House or Public Office.
*Cuwab* ..... A Dish so called.

*Dâk Office* ..... The Post Office.
*Deek our mihnut* ..... Toil and trouble.
*Dehk* ..... Look.
*Dhye* ..... A native Nurse.
*Diggeree* ..... *Vulg.* decree.
*Doolee* ..... A litter.
*Doost* ..... Friend.
*Dubhashees* ..... Madras servants, who act as valets, stewards, and footmen.
*Durbar* ..... Native Levee or Court.
*Durcast* ..... Institution of suit, cause.

*Foujdaree* ..... A criminal.

*Gardens* ..... Houses with grounds, about four miles from Calcutta.
*Gomastah* ..... Agent Factor.

*Goose*.....Bribe. It is to be remembered that all this is the mere "*lingua franca*," the lowest of bad Hindostanee.

*Haram*.....The Women's apartments. In it's *Anglo-Asiatic* use in Bengal, the words of Virgil, are not inapplicable :—

"Et ductus cornu, stabit sacer hircus ad *arem*."

*Hathee*.....Elephant.
*Hazree*.....Breakfast.
*Ho-chuka*.....All over, done up.
*Hyran sort of work*....Killing work.

"*In the Service*".....A distinction preserved by the Honourable Company's Civil Servants.

*Jamah*.....Vest.
*Jawab Club*.....A Club of unfortunates. *Juwab*, —answer, refusal.
*Jootah-gowahs*.....False witnesses.
*Juwabed*.....Refused.

*Khansumaun*.....Butler, or head table servant.
*Khana-khat*.....Eat dinner.
*Khelaut*.....Robe.
*Kidgiree*.....Rice and dried peas, boiled together, with spices, &c.
*Kingkhaub*.....Gold tissue cloth.

*Koee-hye*..... ..... Koee-hye? who is there? who waits? the words used for summoning a servant in Bengal. The frequency of their use have made our neighbours of Madras and Bombay nickname us Koee-hyes.

*Kydees* ..... Prisoners, or convicts.

*Lattees*..... ..... Sticks or staves.

*Leil-walas*..... ..... Indigo Planters.

*Lotah* ..... Brass pot.

*Loot-wallas*. ... ....Thieves.

*Mar-peet*..... ..... Personal assaults, a beating.

*Mofussil* ..... The Country, in contra-distinction to Town.

*Mokuddumah*..... Decision.

*Moonshee*..... ....A native teacher of languages.

*Nawaubee* ..... Of, or belonging to, Nawaub, or *Nabob*, as John Bull will have it.

*Paun* .. . .....Betel leaf.

*Pish-pash* ..... A dish so called,

*Pucka fever* ..... ....Fever in it's worst and most bilious shape.

*Punkah* ..... ..... A fan; large Punkahs are suspended from the ceiling, and pulled backwards and forwards by a servant.

*Puonee-teen*..... "Quarter less three;" thus it would here mean 275 rupees.
*Pyjamah* .....Drawers.
*Pykes & burgondosses*,..Men armed with swords and spears.

*Rassye* .....A silk quilt.
*Rooksut* .....Dismissal.
*Routee*..... .....Tent, so called.
*Ruee-muchee*..... .....Fish so called.
*Ruyuts*... ... .....Tenants.

*Sadha, Dho'-peeaza* .....Curries of particular descriptions, plain and otherwise.
*Sahib-logue* .....Gentry.
"*Sahib, Sahib, dâk budlee hona bearer logue, kooch buxish mungtha.*" .. .... } "Sir, Sir, the dâk is changed, the bearers want a present."
*Saul Forest* .....Saul, a strong and heavy timber, much used in house building.
*Serampore*.....A Danish Settlement, about sixteen miles from Calcutta. It is the *Alsatia*, or place of refuse for all English debtors.
*Seristadar*..... } Native Civil Officers.
*Omlah* ..... }
*Shikar*..... .....Hunting.
*Shraub*..... .....Wine.
*Shroff* ... ... .....A Banker.
*Sircar*..... .. ... .Broker, or out-door clerk.
*Sirdar* .....A Chieftain, head man, or leader.

*Subadar*.....A Native Officer in the Sepoy Regiments, the rank corresponding with that of Captain.

*Surdar bearer*.....Head bearer, or valet.

*Suwaree*.....A suite, or train of attendants.

*Tarhund*.....A mode of preparing the Hookah.

*Tiffen*.....Luncheon, or repast, at noon.

*Tonjaun*,.....An open Chair, or Palankeen.

*Uttr*.....Uttr, or Attar of roses.

*Vakeel*.....Accredited Agent, Chargé d'affaires.

*Writers' Buildings*....A large range of public buildings, for the accommodation formerly of the young Civil servants of the East India Company, when in the College of Fort William.

*Zenanah*.....The female private apartments in the Harem.

*Zid*.....Mischief, devilry.

*Zillah*.....District, province.

*Zuburdust*.....Violence or force.

*Zumeendaree*.....A landed estate.

THE END.

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